

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS



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SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE, K.C.M.G., J.P.,
MAHA MUDALIYAR.

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF

MAHA MUDALIYAR

SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE

K.C.M.G.

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY MAJOR HERBERT NOYES



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DEDICATION

I do not consider any apology necessary for the length of this dedication. Indeed, in the circumstances, I rather think it is my duty to make it clear how and why these reminiscences came to be indited. For more years than I care to remember friends both in England and in this country have tried to persuade me to undertake the task. I was, however, reluctant to do so, mainly because I have always been very busily occupied, and doubted whether I could find . . . after day . . . dead.

both local and foreign, to old files of newspapers, and to a

But I have taken
utest fact before I
recorded it, and I can assure the reader that this volume contains a faithful account of the outstanding events of the long period with which it deals. My aim in writing my story has been rather to reflect an interesting era than to emphasize the part I played in it. And therefore I am able, without outraging modesty, to present it for what it is worth

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.



INTRODUCTION

THE author of this book, Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, K.C.M.G., Maha Mudaliyar—that is to say, Great Chief—and his career are so faithfully described in the letter addressed to him in the following pages by Sir Hugh Clifford, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., late Governor of Ceylon, that, intimately as I know him, any further remarks concerning his personality would justly be considered superfluous.

As regards his memoirs, however, I believe I am correct in saying this is the first work of its kind that has been written by a member of the old nobility of Ceylon. When one reflects that the history of the island dates back to 200 B.C., and that after centuries of internecine strife—the Arabs, Malabars, Portuguese, Dutch and British have used its fair and fertile lands as an arena for their own disputes until comparatively recent times—it is small wonder that a work of this description should so tardily appear.

It should appeal to many in that it affords in many respects a plainly set forth point of view of the representative of a race of chieftains who, if

their feudal greatness has passed, still remain a power in the land; secondly, because it is, I think, throughout, an expression of the author's very sincere appreciation of the manner in which he has been consistently received in this country. Of the popularity it will achieve among Sir Solomon's countrymen there can be no doubt. For the noble lords and kings and princes appear in its pages, make their bow and pass on—alas! that so many of them should have passed away—known folk here by no means less or good named than the host of innumerable Ceylonese friends and acquaintances will be remembered by them long after this book has passed out of print.

Personally, I regret that I could not have devoted more space to descriptions of the beauties of his native land, but those of us who know and love the "Pearl of the Orient" will have no difficulty in filling in the gaps.

Ceylon! At once the response to the mind's eye a vision of Adam's Peak towering above the clouds; a white, Pali house rising from the low lying shadows of the shores; breaths of warm perfumed air blown seaward to our ship. Later, through hot, vivid streets and crowded pettah, by smooth red laterite roads to the palaces and cinnamon groves and the plantations of the lowlands; or northwards and

upwards to the dark green crests of the inland, the water-cleft ravines of the foothills, the panoramic glories of Kadugannawa, to the lush beauty which is Kandy, till at last, in the chill of the evening, Nuwara Eliya, the Ultima Thule of the voyager, is reached, and the sun sinks behind Pedrotalagala Hill.

HERBERT NOYES.

VILLA NENETTE,

MOURILLON, LE VAR.



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GLOSSARY

Ambalam, a roadside shelter.

Appu, butler or waiter.

Boutique, a booth or small shop.

Ch. 10, Sec. 10.1, p. 10.1

C.S.O. 10-1-1-1

Dalada Maligawa, relic of the Temple of the Tooth.

Diyawadana Nilame, lay official of the Temple of the Tooth.

Emydavittata, a small tortoise.

6.2.1. *Case 1*

G.O.H., the Grand Oriental Hotel, Colombo.

Hackery, a bullock sulky.

Hoppers, rice-flour cakes.

Kachcheri, Government Agent's Office.

Kraal, elephant stockade.

Kndumbi, tuft of hair on a Tamil's head.

Mahandiram, a lesser chieftain.

[illegible]

Mudaliyar of the Gate, chieftain of the Governor's household.

Y. C. F.

Padda-boat, a house-boat.

Pandals, triumphal arches.

Peraherra, a procession.

Prüfungsausschuss 2. 1. 1984 9. 1. 1984

030705, 71, v. 1, no. 1, p. 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913,

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Spree, a distressing Eastern remedy.

Tappal-cart, a mail-cart.

Thuppotti, Kandyan waist cloth.

Vedaralas, native doctors.

Walauiwa, residence of a nobleman.

Yakko, *i.e.*, "You devil."

CHAPTER I

IN THE BEGINNING

I WAS born on the 22nd of May, 1862, at Horagolla, Veyangoda, and was the third child of a family of six, five of whom were girls. One of my elder sisters, as well as one of my younger, has predeceased me, and of the three who remain two are still my near neighbours in Veyangoda, and the other, though domiciled in Colombo, has very real associations with our old home district.

No one who has resided in it, I think, can but hold in affectionate remembrance its atmosphere of placid contentment and repose, and especially to us, whose family history has for more than a hundred years been bound up with the place, Veyangoda always beckons compellingly wherever we may wander. Often and often again, on my frequent visits to England, the pleasant farmhouses and country seats in the Midlands has put me in mind, with some yearning, of the fertile and milder Southern land that I call home. For although the riot of verdure, the wealth of drooping coco palms, and the sweet scent of the areca and cinnamon, have no counterpart in England, both countries appear to me alike in the perennial greenness of the countryside, the homesteads set in the

fields, the land sloping upwards in the still and windless evenings. And if in place of placid sheep and the sleek, homing cattle, we can but show the slow-moving buffalo, quiescent in their wallows or standing, fly-flicking, in a coat of shining steel-grey mud, and a few goats browsing on the plain, we shall be able to bring home to us the scene of our early life. My revered grandfather, Don Solomon, Don Solomonik, with whom our connection with the British Government was inaugurated when the first British forces landed in the maritime provinces, erected the original building at Horagolla some time in the year 1820. He was then Mudaliyar of the Siyane Korle East, an office in which my beloved father succeeded him, to be succeeded in turn by me.

How different things were then in Ceylon can be imagined from the fact that at that period the road to Kandy was under construction, and had indeed gone no further than at the most, Ambepussa. It was, however, owing to my grandfather's and my father's services, rendering Sir Edward Barnes—who was Governor here from 1824 to 1831, but who arrived in the Colony some years earlier—special mention is made of the services rendered by Don Solomon in facilitating the onerous task of building the Kandy road. He had, I believe, been put in charge of the entire section from Colombo to Ambepussa, much of it within our own district, and these testimonials from distinguished officials bear witness to the manner in which he performed his duty.

There is an interesting story in the family relating to the selection of the exact site on which Horagolla still stands. My grandfather lived in a temporary house for a short time, and, on looking for a suitable position, he came one evening upon an *Emyda, ttilala* (a small tortoise)—“Kiri Ibba” in Sinhalese. Without hesitation he immediately determined that his foundation should start there. And so it did. The *walauwa*—residence—has, of course, in recent years, been modernized and renovated, and I have added a storey to it, but its venerable aspect well accords with its years.

The example of Veyangoda epitomizes the vast changes that have overtaken the country since the British occupation. In the years when Horagolla House was in course of building, much of what are now the fields and richly yielding paddy and the low hills were covered by the dense and impenetrable Ceylon jungles. In the morning in Don Solomon's backyard of Horagolla, it used to be seen, not without trepidation, in the morning. Alas! today the only elephants in Veyangoda are some domesticated tuskers, tame and docile as children, shrunken scions of ancient lineage. *Sic transit gloria sikera*.

Some years after he had retired, with long and meritorious service to his credit, my grandfather, the Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate—a title of honour conferred in recognition of those public services—and of Siyane Korle East, passed to his rest. That his devoted work and unswerving

loyalty were appreciated by the British Government is indisputable by reason of the many medals and other marks of official esteem he from time to time received. On his death, on September 15th, 1859, despite the fact that he had never been even distantly connected with the military he was granted the unique distinction of military honours at the funeral. One hundred and fifteen troops were ordered by the Major-General then in command of the Forces in the island, to parade, the Major-General, Major H. L. Maydwell, D.A.G., and three rounds were fired over the grave of my revered ancestor.

It is by reason of the many valuable services, I firmly believe, that the British have been able to strengthen their hold on the countries that have come under their sway. Where they have failed to ring true to that test of fair play, they have lost, as they lost the American colonies. But they have seldom been found wanting in this respect.

To me it was not granted to see my distinguished ancestor, Don Christoffel Henrius De B. . . succeeded Don Solomon, when he retired, and it was two years after my grandfather's death that I was born. I well recall those early days in Veyangoda: very primitive to the mind's eye they now appear, with our motor-cars, electric lights and railway trains and our well-ordered roads; for in those days there was no train even to K. . . what roads there were. The doings of Utuwankande Sardiel, the brigand, are still fresh in the minds of the

people. His rightful place is in the same category as Raisuli of Morocco.

As the only son of the family, I had, of course, to move soon to Colombo for my education. But when the Rev. S. Thomas, during Warden Miller's Principalship, the death of my dear mother, Anna Florentina Philips Panditaratne, necessitated my leaving school. My father was then in his declining years, and the affairs of the family were in a state of confusion. He and active persons of the family were unable to give me the education I needed. He gave me a pardon in the name of the Government. He gave me on my departure from Mutwal. He was one of the greatest and most earnest educationists and Christians I have had in this country.

The Rev. E. F. Miller came out as a bachelor, and it was some years later that he went back home with a wife. The Bishop's carriage and pair were placed at the disposal of the couple from the pier to College House, but we unharnessed the animals at the foot of the hill and hauled the vehicle up amidst an overwhelming tumult of jubilation. So overwhelming, indeed, that in the midst of the excitement one boy, Henry Ashmore Pieris, fell down and had the wheels over him in a trice. It spoke volumes for his constitution that he was none the worse for his misadventure. As a matter of fact, he became an excellent sportsman and a good boy.

But my schooling did not end at St. Thomas' College. The first establishment I went into was conducted by a Mrs. Creamer in Jampettah Street. The old lady, whose name lent itself to cruel, if not

inappropriate, adaptations, was a sister of my friend Frederick Dornhorst, and he himself was one of her pupils. Of the others who sat at the feet of Mrs. Creamer, Felix Dias and his brother Chapman and the Rev. O. J. C. Bevan were my contemporaries. "Ossie," I might mention incidentally, was far and away the most mischievous of a by no means unmischievous lot.

Having assimilated all that Mrs. Creamer's modest establishment offered in the way of education, I migrated to an establishment in Union Place, managed at this time by Mrs. Bailey, the mother of Allanson Bailey, C.C.S., quondam Government Agent at Kandy, and who died quite recently. My education at this school was a privilege. Probably the most vivid of my more impressionable years. With Bacon and Warden Miller blurs the preceding pictures.

Circumstances conspired towards my attending St. Thomas' College rather than the Academy, the more so as one branch of our family has had a distinguished connection with the Church of England in Ceylon. I was at first a day boy at St. Thomas' College, Mutwal, living at Modera Walauwa. My aunt, Mrs. Dias, resided at Paradise Garden, our property in Skinner's Road South.

It was about this time I was awarded the dignified sobriquet of "D.D." by my schoolmates for the reason that I went to school daily in a cart drawn by a donkey. The dignity was not a solitary one.

I shared it with L. O. Liesching, who also drove to school behind a donkey, a black one. Mine was grey. Often Liesching and I, returning home from school (he lived at Maradana), would race each other down Skinner's Road South to the grave peril of ourselves and the pedestrians. I generally won, one glance at my uplifted hat from the corner of his eye being sufficient to make my thoroughbred bolt for dear life. Those were great days!

I next entered the C. J. . . . where, of many contemporaries, I may mention "Natty" Martin, now Burgher Member in Council, and the late lamented Justice Wendt. Joseph Grenier and the late Advocate A. de A. Seneviratne were, if I . . . on the staff at that time.

I must at this point not omit the fact that I received my first flogging from Francis H. Pereira, indisputably the ablest Ceylonese schoolmaster of his and a subsequent generation, and popularly known as "Magister Magistrorum." It was the old story of being tempted and being unable to resist over again. In front of me in class sat a Tamil youth with his *rudumbi* (tuft of hair) pushing itself out from under his headdress. On some pretext I got out of the room, obtained a piece of rope and twisted a noose at its end. After that the rest was easy—and delightful, up to a certain point. Noosing the delicious *rudumbi*, I tugged at the rope to find Humpty Dumpty Vythilingam sprawling over the back of his stool.

Precisely. In this case it was I who was tempted, and I fell into the trap. But it was also "another thing," Æschylus, . . . fiddling!

I recall one other class-room incident that was . . . learned when I was in the Lower VI. Warden Miller took both the . . . and one morning he asked us what David heard when he was nearing the camp of the Philistines. The question ran the gamut of the semicircle we formed without a satisfactory reply . . . and just too late for my turn I remembered in a flash what the answer should be. By that time, dear old Miller was giving us "one more chance," and I motioned to an Upper VI. boy, stretching out my left hand and moving the other transversely above it, with the object of conveying that it was music. Up he jumped, . . . his ill-gotten knowledge, and announced, in the . . .

"Fiddles, sir! Fiddles!"

"Fiddlesticks, B——!" roared the usually staid Warden, momentarily shocked out of his composure. "You have not prepared your task."

It is not difficult to imagine the pandemonium that ensued. I refrain from giving the name of the bright scholar who misread my code, for he is . . . I will not say he brought the house down, because it would at once be questionable literary expression and an inadequate description. To this day I retain a vivid impression of the frantic gesticulations with which he . . . the rest of that lesson.

The *Hall Appu* of that time was Napoleon, a distinct institution of the College for many years. He stood in the same relation to the Hall as Warden Miller to the College itself, and both had in common a passion for economy. Of Nakiya, who lived in the next garden and baked our cakes or *hoppers*, I am not competent to say the same, although to judge from the lamentation he set up whenever a few mischievous boys made off with his morning hamper, he must have wanted better sense and a sense of decorum or a deplorable lack of humour.

Rather dapper was the dormitory attendant of that time, short and very dark for a Sinhalese, but no end of a buck. Once when term was ending the rumour that I had a bottle of bear's-grease in my room reached his ears, and he thought it was a better use than applying it to his own face. He dug into a pine chest. When we were in our classes, therefore, he made tracks to my den, dug out the magic bottle and daubed some stuff generously on his cheeks.

When we next set eyes on him he looked like the Soul's Awakening done in pink brimstone—certainly like nothing on earth. What he had actually lathered his cheeks with was Calvert's Crystallized Carbolic Acid, and the poor man had an enormous blister on each cheek. I saw that he had a copious application of Lucca oil—the only palliative he hadn't tried, I think—and the agony was somewhat allayed. But for long after he looked as if he had had a bad attack of leucoderma.

A great to-do has been made about the cruelty Chinese girls are subjected to because of John

Chinaman's adoration for baby feet. What, I should like to ask, about our Ceylon butlers and the
 "Talk about bear's-grease!"

To satisfy the curious it might perhaps be added that the carbolic acid had been purchased by me to take home, as I had found it a very efficacious and simple preservative of the birds I, from time to time, brought down. Siyane is rich in different varieties of bird life, and I do not think I can boast of such plumage. But in painting their
 worth mention.

At one time we had a Doctor of Music as organist at the Cathedral, Harry Drew by name. He wedded Miss Down, Lady Principal of a school now superseded, which was known as Bishop's Gate School. I suffered a nasty attack of jaundice while at St. Thomas, and the late Dr. J. L. van der Straaten advising me not to go into College for at least a term. I was, with the special permission of the Bishop, boarded with the Drews for that period, and attended school from there.

This was the first time that boys were admitted to this school, and I was the only

Mr. Drew organized the choir to a fine pitch of excellence, and several leading officials and merchants were enrolled in its ranks. He did not spare I can fairly say he did not spare us.

He also assisted on the staff at St. Thomas', and

on one occasion he had a rather upsetting experience. One of his boys had brought to school a few ripe coral-red *ni miris* (*Capsicum minimum*) and placed them on a desk. Their quaint slight shape and brilliant colour tickled Mr. Drew's curiosity—he was new to the island—and he at once asked what they were and whether they were edible. On being told and answered in the affirmative he promptly put a couple into his mouth and munched them. The result's description is beyond all description. Drew rushed about with his mouth gaping, like a man demented, until one of the Sinhalese masters advised him to make tracks to the kitchen as quickly as he could and soothe his palate and burning tongue with scraped coconut. Drew disappeared into the kitchen and he was not in evidence for the rest of the day.

The boy who practised this joke could not, of course, be punished, as what he had said as regards the capsicums' edibility was academically correct, although the result to Mr. Drew was disastrous.

My recreation at school was, at first, cricket, but bicycling was a craze in those days, and I was a victim to the craze. Everyone who is old enough will remember the *Weyangoda* bicycle, with its overgrown 60-inch wheel. I imported a machine from Singer's in Coventry, and my career on the wheel was remarkably successful, considering the risks attending the crude mechanism. My only mishap occurred once when riding down a gradient in Veyangoda in a mixture of moonlight and dusk. I took a shadow on the road ahead for an animal of some kind—dog, perhaps, or bull!—and clapped on

my brakes of a sudden, with the result that the hind-wheel kicked over my head and I had a nasty spill.

But, donkeys and bicycles notwithstanding, I was also making that acquaintance with horses which is, I trust and indeed know, reciprocated. Curiously enough, my first lesson in driving was learnt at the hands of Bishop R. S. Copleston. One day after school I was driving a pony turnout home to Paradise Garden, when a carriage came up behind and obviously wanted to get ahead. I very accommodatingly moved to the right. But the carriage moved on. I moved still more to the right, and moved yet again, stopping ultimately by the very verge of the gutter. Someone was then called to me by name. I looked round from my reins to see his lordship. I was, of course, known to him, and on the spot he brought me into the primary and most important rule of the road. His lordship was himself a very capable horseman.

I was entered as a boarder at Mutwal in 1873, during which time my school life was bad, but I was sent home on medical advice. Of my adventures at school I could tell interminably, but they do not, I dare say, differ from the generality of schoolboy pranks. School life, however, like everything else, does seem somehow to have become regulated and rigidly drilled in the passage of the years, and the modern generation of schoolboys seems to become more exemplary and less imbued with animal spirits than the last.

Discipline, of course, there must always be. It is a necessary ingredient in the making of men. But I think fathers in the old days approximated more to that classic example in *Tom Brown*, who sent his son to school with the admonition that he was sending the boy there not to "pass damned examinations, but to become a gentleman and get to know the sons of gentlemen," who would be men when he was a man. That attitude need not and did not prevent several of my contemporaries making an honoured name both in the professions and in the public service of the country.

Such a system of things had of necessity the defects of its qualities, and we were wont at times to suffer from the want of strict supervision over the functioning of caterers and other of the College servants. But if we were not so well fed we were not so well educated. Witness the instance already quoted of a boy being run over by a heavy carriage and coming up smiling! *Eheu fugaces!*

Again, I well remember a pitched battle that was waged between the de Sarams and the Tillekeratnes—a most blood-curdling affair. All the contestants in that encounter but one have gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Dr. Gerald de Saram, one of the most loyal old Thomians alive today, was the sixth of the six de Sarams pitted against Jimmy de Saram, George, the surveyor, Charlie, Christie, Willie, and Gerald were truly an unequal match for John, Francis, and Pole Tillekeratne. But even against such odds the Tillekeratnes, plucky as any, could not with honour

desist. "Return with thy shield, or on it!" said the Spartan mothers. On the other hand, the de Sarams would not be persuaded by the onlookers to cease the affray. Another Southerner, a Silva of "Buona Vista," partially remedied the situation. "Buona Vista," as we called him, was well endowed with brawn, whatever else he lacked. Like David slaying his ten thousands, he seized three of the de Sarams and held them as in a vice—Christie and Willie each under an arm, and Gerald, I think, between his legs. But the intervention of the authorities prevented the now more equalized contest being fought out to a finish. I forget what exactly the feud was about. Probably it arose from mutual youthful indiscretions, and the trivial seemed, in a moment of heat, a matter of the first importance.

The sequel was solemn and serious. Bishop Copleston presided over a court, in which the masters sat as jury, to try the culprits, and the sentences ranged, if my memory serves me aright, from banishment for a term for John Tillekeratne, to execution for the principal offenders. Participants on either side were punished accordingly, the authorities taking a very stern view of schoolboy conduct. I saw a brawl between schoolfellows. I do not think a parallel could be drawn from any other school in the island, or more than a very few from schools anywhere in the world. Finally, the authorities had to step in to quell animosity among boys, even among "the young barbarians of the island." It is better so.

My father dying in 1881, I was called home,

and I felt now, with a very real pang to the scenes of my youth. Associated with St. Thomas' as the sea has always been, whether at Mutwal or the Mount, just as the hills are with Trinity College, Kandy, I have no memories connected with it. Two sad tragedies, in which College boys of promise were the victims, had made parents of my time nervous, and I was an only son. My father had, therefore, made me swear an oath to give the sea a wide berth.

I was nineteen years of age and in the College Form, then the highest a student could reach, when I left St. Thomas'. It may not be out of place to give in a few words the impression the Warden gave me:

"Sir John Dies B. who has been a boarder in St. Thomas' College for upwards of eight years. He is a youth of good abilities, and has won his way into the list of honours of the College School. His knowledge of English literature is a far wider acquaintance with English literature than is usual even among English boys. He bears an unblemished character, and his courtesy and gentlemanly bearing have won for him the regard of all.

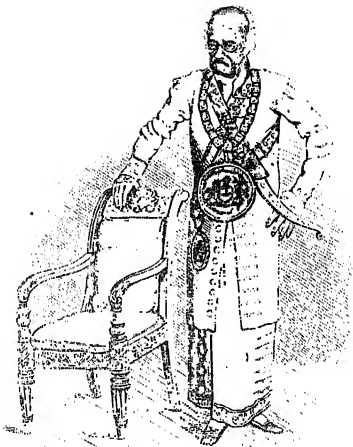
"I venture to predict that these qualities which he possesses in an eminent degree will greatly help him in the discharge of any duties he may be called upon to perform. He leaves us with our sincere wishes for his future welfare.

Signed E. F. MILLER, M.A.,
"Warden."

Emerson Tennant refers to my grandfather, in his *History of Ceylon*, as "a tall and venerable

figure . . . a noble specimen of the native race.' My father and myself inherited at least the first characteristic, and both of us have been tall. I have also ever since my boyhood led an open air life, with riding in the country as my favourite exercise, and that has helped me, in spite of the tax imposed on my time and strength by social and official engagements, to preserve my vigour unimpaired.

I always detested the sedentary life. Whatever its virtues may be, there is, in my case, no reason to regret the prejudice.



DON SOLOMON DIAS BANDARNAYEKE.

[Bassano Ltd.

MY GRANDFATHER, DON SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE, MUDALIYAR
GOVERNOR'S GATE AND OF SIYANE KORLE EAST.



CHAPTER II

FIRST FRUITS

ON what proved to be my last Sunday as a school-boy, I was at Matins in the Cathedral when a servant came up and whispered to me that my brother-in-law, Mr. Obeyesekere, had met with a serious accident and that he was hurt. I slipped out quietly and whipped up my dog-cart to Modera Walauwa, where my sister and the Hon. Mr. J. P. Obeyesekere were then temporarily in residence with Canon and Mrs. Dias. My sister, pale as death, met me, and I could see that my parents, who also happened to be in town, had arrived even before me. My mother was considerably agitated.

I hurried in to find "Tab," as we called him, in great pain from a broken knee-cap. He was driving his four-wheeled dog-cart down after service in All Saints', Hulftsdorp, when the horse, a high-spirited black Australian, took a sudden jump opposite "Hill Castle," and tore forward at so great a pace that the dog-cart was hurled to the lower end of St. John's Street. The cart was thrown out and sustained the injury which cost him his life and killed my mother prematurely. Felix and Chapman, his step-brothers, who were also in the dog-cart, escaping without hurt.

Dr. W. G. Rockwood, the most eminent surgeon of his day in Ceylon, and Dr. van der Straaten performed an operation on my brother-in-law, and for some days he lay in a state of suspended animation that neither inspired nor forbade our hopes of his recovery. In the meantime my dear mother, who was greatly upset and constantly coming over to see him, contracted an illness which, in her unsettled condition at the time, proved swiftly fatal. She died a day before my brother-in-law.

Thus between September 10th and 30th, 1881, we had two funerals in the family. Those were sad days for all of us.

One of the most important events I have said, was my leaving school and returning to Vellore to assist my father in the administration both of his official and private affairs. It was the beginning of an affectionate apprenticeship which lasted until I succeeded him as Mudaliyar, on his retirement in 1887.

The first Royal visit to the island, the official celebrations of which I played a part, occurred in 1897. The Royal couple, the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King George V.), arrived as passengers on H.M.S. *Hacchete*. All Colombo, with a few others, gave a rousing reception, was *en fête*, but as soon as they could get away the Princes proceeded to the kraal at Labugama, which had been arranged by the chiefs of the Sabaragamawa Province. (For the benefit of those who do not know the term, or who have not seen the film "Chang," I should explain that we use the word "kraal," which is no doubt



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SIR JAMES ROBERT LONGDEN, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1877-1883).



a survival of the Dutch occupancy of Ceylon, to signify the enclosure into which the wild elephants are driven.) It was on their way thither that my father and I received the Royal Party at the old Hanwella Fort, which now serves as a rest-house.

Although Hanwella is across the river and in another district, it has been for a long period closely associated with our family. For eminent services rendered there in 1803, my grandfather, Don Solomon, was awarded a gold medal and chain and other marks of honour by the Hon. Frederick North, and Hanwella Fort has since then been in our direct charge.

It was on this historic spot that Prince Albert, the Heir-Presumptive, invested me, at the request of the then Governor, Sir James Longden, and on the earnest recommendations of Mr. F. R. Saunders, Government Agent, W.P., at the time, with a sword and belt and the rank of Muhandiram (or Chieftain) of the Governor's Gate. To commemorate this event, which took place just where, twelve years earlier, my father had entertained H.R.H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, the Government gave me special authority to attach to my name of Bandaranaike the additional names of *Thero Mahipala*, which signifies "The Prince to whom was invested with a sword by a Royal Prince." The authorities were chary of granting me the right to assume these names, but Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore), who had by this time succeeded Sir James Longden, swept aside the mumblers with one gesture. But I digress.

Their Royal Highnesses lunched at Hanwella as the guests of Sir Frederick (then Mr. F. R.) Saunders, and left after a halt of two hours for Kraal Town, I following on my famous country-bred pony, Satanella.

One incident on that journey is worth recording. When we were about half-way to Kraal Town, it was found it prudent not to go on. Prince George dismounted to lead his charger round. Prince George, on the other hand, took it at a flying leap to the wild delight of the onlooking planters, who greeted the Royal midday's drive with salvo on salvo of applause.

That day I doth hedge about a King's son, a presumptive, exceedingly reserved, and most of his time was spent in the companionship of the Governor alone. No such future responsibility weighed then on his younger brother, and Prince George was always full of fun and gaiety.

At Kraal Town I was the guest of the late Mr. Philip de Saram. As I was about to depart in company on the first morning, I heard somebody sing out from a tree-top:

"Come up! Come up!! Come up!!!"

Looking about to locate the caller, I found Prince George beckoning from what was known as the "Crow's Nest" built especially for him. He had seen his brother invest me with my rank on the previous afternoon, and had handled the short silver-hilted sword with evident interest, but my name was too tricky for him. His Royal Highness pointed to me, as distinct from the others,

and, with great stress on the pronoun, sang out again:

"You come up!"

I immediately scaled the ladder, and, for nearly an hour, enjoyed one of the most delightful tête-à-têtes I have had. The Prince was full of jolly anecdotes. The cruise of the *Bacchante* was to him a tremendous picnic.

Of his stories—not to be taken *sine magno grano salis*, on peril of indigestion—one in particular has stuck in my memory through these forty years and more.

An elephant, brought from India, died in the Zoological Gardens, London, and Harley Street, and was taken to the dissecting room for a post-mortem examination and discover the true cause of death. One of them, in the phrase of the Prince, was "a bit groggy." This "groggy" individual stood on the monstrous table, and the others set about opening it. Open it did with such a whizzing noise that one fell right in, and was only extricated with some difficulty.

It is impossible to reproduce in cold print the Prince's style. It was inimitable. But all his stories were naturally and seasonally of this elephantine type.

The elephant was not the only one. Prince Albert had to leave before it was completed, and Prince George, who stayed on a little longer, was able to watch only a few captures.

It is interesting to record here that my friends organized a banquet, in honour of my investiture, at Wheeler's Hotel, a temporary hostelry in Kraal

Town. Sir Hector (then Mr.) Van Cuylenberg presided, and my recollections of the reason and the soul of that function are vivid and warm.

My father, who had now served the Government for over thirty-five years and was now turned sixty, approached the authorities for permission to retire. Sir James Logan, as well as Sir Frederick Searle, were consulted, and they all advised him to retire, although they emphasized that in the event of his feeling compelled to retire, they would have no objection to his successor.

In the next year I received the administrative appointment of Muhandiram, Siyane Korle East, and for two or three years I worked with him to guide me, and he helped me to render of my very best to the Government, as my ancestors had done before me.

On the King's Birthday, 1891, I received my Gate rank at the hands of Sir Arthur Havelock. Certain factors had worked to withhold it from me for two or three years previously, and Sir Arthur, who was on leave of absence, was not present when he returned, and the rank was not granted due. The Government, however, decided to grant me the rank, but ultimately we waited the few months that intervened.

The visit of our former Governor, Sir William Gregory, in 1884, was celebrated with gorgeous magnificence in Colombo. The Racquet Court at night was a glittering blaze of colour, and supper was served to Sir William and a party from Queen's



[W. & D. Downey.

T.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE
AS NAVAL CADETS.



House in the Floral Hall. These buildings and open spaces have now, of course, been superseded by the less picturesque but more useful rice-sheds.

In England Sir William had been a great racing man, but a series of reverses on the Turf caused him to exile himself in a position in keeping with his birth and breeding, and as long as he was in the island of Governor-General, and the first of his race.

Like Baron Hirsch, of whom the Countess of Oxford tells, I, too, was once pilled for a sporting club, but I did not need to emulate the gallant Austrian's method of making a club. It was in 1890 that I expressed to Major Morland, then A.D.C. to Major-General Dunham-Massy, a desire to join a club, and he suggested the Colombo Gymkhana Club, in order to participate in the sports meetings they periodically held. I was very ready to join, and when he told me the General (who was President of the Club) was more than willing, I submitted my name as well as those of my cousins, Felix and Charles. They were elected in due course. But the hitch arose from the fact that up to this time the Club had remained exclusively European, and although the majority of members were sensible enough not to be ridiculously narrow-minded, the Gym. had, like many a Club before and after it, its "little core of rot." Getting wind, therefore, of likely opposition, the General gave the widest publicity to the fact of our application for enrolment, and even consulted the Council of the Club.

Sir Arthur Gordon sprang from a caste that has nothing to gain from a pinchbeck pretence of superiority, and he promptly warned those most

concerned that he would withdraw his patronage if and as soon as he heard we had been definitely denied admission.

A full meeting of the Club was eventually convened and the General recommended from the Chair the election of "these three young Sinhalese sportsmen." Anticipating what was to follow, however, he invited discussion, and asked anyone in the room who had any objection to do so frankly.

No one spoke, and he thereupon said that he took it that silence meant consent and that we would be unanimously elected. But the ballot that followed showed 7 blackballs as against 44 votes in favour of election, and as the rule laid down that 1 in 7 is sufficient, the 7 were "pilled."

"Redan" Massy's Irish temper was roused, and just as, I suppose, he had stormed Redan, he stormed and let the seven blackballers know the result. Then and there he proposed a resolution that election in future be by Committee and not by ballot at General Meetings, and after the members dispersed, the Committee met and elected all three of us members of the Club!

On the next day, I received a communication from Major Morland informing me of our election, and also of all that had taken place. I wrote back thanking the General and everyone else for their sportsmanlike action, but pointing out that, in the circumstances, we had better resign from a Club where such displays were at all possible.

Morland wrote back at once to say that such a



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THE HON. SIR ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, G.C.M.G., AFTERWARDS
LORD STANMORE, GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1888-1890).



step would be to let our opponents at the G.O.H. and everyone who had insisted on our election, and that the Club could very well exist without the seven malcontents. We, therefore, remained members. But the blackballers stood not on the order of their going; they promptly resigned and I never heard that the Club missed them much.

The matter was taken up by the Press, and the behaviour of the "little core of rot" came in for severe strictures, excepting in the columns of one paper not difficult to identify. No criticism, however, was more outspoken and unequivocal than that in England, and I remember one paper in particular, *The United Services Gazette*, snubbing the seven "upstarts" as it termed them, and paying a high tribute to the military and the Civil Service of this Colony for the sense of responsibility and fair-play displayed.

A few months later, at the G.O.H. Bar, I knocked up against a European I had known for a long time. Addressing me, he said:

"I notice that of late you've cut me each time you saw me!"

"Oh!" I replied, with truthful surprise. "If I have, it is because I have been busy."

He thereupon said: "Oh, yes, you have; and I know why. It's on account of my being one of those who blackballed you at the Gymkhana Club Election. I'm awfully sorry about it, but I must do it as Mr. Blank, who had had me elected a member of it, prevailed on me to do so!"

I laughed sardonically, but thought to myself

that he who wrote the words "*in vino veritas*" had not erred greatly.

Among the batch of Australian horses brought out from Australia by the late Mr. C. H. Pate was a horse named Forest Queen. She had been snapped up in double quick time by a man in Colombo, and I had to pay an exorbitant figure before I got her for myself. But I have not seen Forest Queen's like before or since in this country, perfect picture that she was both in saddle and harness. In saddle, however, she was an inveterate buck-jumper if she'd had no exercise for two or three days. I knew this from bitter experience as she threw me on more than one occasion—not very much to be wondered at since she once got the jockey Wiles off in Victoria Park, and started a mad career through the city, only to be brought under control in the grounds of "Green Lodge" in Skinner's Road South.

At about this time I had an Irish groom, O'Connell, in my service. He had his full quota of the proverbial Irish wit and humour, and something not even all Irishmen have—great strength. He liked to give frequent exhibitions of his prowess, and once, I remember, he carried a full-grown donkey round the stable-yard as if it had been no more than a lambling.

Out shooting at Wexham, I was going with a valuable pack of fox-hounds, and, without a tremor, that the dogs had encountered a biggish roe-buck. The dog was in the act of attacking it while it was still in the act of running. I couldn't get a shot in without risking the loss of possibly more

than one of the pack, but, fortunately, I was in stout boots and leather gaiters, and was thus able without any fear to jump on the cobra and get it underfoot. But after I had got the pack out of the way and sent the cobra to pieces, one of the finest of the terriers ran up and huddled at my feet. I knew it was all up with her, and in half an hour she was dead. She had been bitten on the lower lip.

O'Connell rose with a truly Hibernian sense of pathos to the mournful occasion, but though the monument over that poor animal's grave is still in existence, the plank tombstone with the painted epitaph composed by my groom has vanished into limbo. The lines were rather quaint and Irish; I can only recall the opening:

"Here lies Baby, a poor suffering creature . . .

Was met by her death by a cursed cobra sting. . . ."

Baby, of course, was the animal's name, and . . . a knack she had . . . teeth as she came running up when called.

But . . . I couldn't relieve Baby of any of her dying agony, I once effected a cure on a villager who was brought to me when a cobra bite had taken him to death's door. It was late one evening, after dark, when he was carried into my bungalow at Weke and laid under the porch. . . . half an hour had elapsed since he was bitten, he was already devoid of his senses. . . . to lose, and with all the expedition I could command, I at once administered a treatment in which my father had great confidence, and by means of which he had cured many a patient. It consisted

of an internal dose of the juice extracted from fresh lemons as well as the application of it externally, and in addition the application of a number of leeches on to the place bitten and immediately around it. Of course, one must be careful *not* to apply the lime-juice just about where the leeches are to be introduced, as that is their great aversion. The time on this occasion was really well bestowed, as only minutes were lost in getting a large number of leeches through the simple expedient of sending a man to stand in a swamp and collect them into a bottle as they swarmed up his legs.

My difficulty was to administer the lime-juice internally, as the man's jaws were locked. The servants who attempted to force them by force, injured the teeth and caused him to bleed. They got the lime-juice up through the wind-pipe is the last stage before death consequent on snake-bite by a rattlesnake. They proposed to stop proceedings, but on my orders they carried on, and by midnight the patient was able to sit up and look about him. Next morning he was able to swallow food and lived a normal life-time.

1887 was the great Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria, when there were very sincere celebrations throughout the Empire. Statues were unveiled in every city of size or importance in the Empire, and the enthroned Queen, whose gaze meets the visitor to these shores on his egress from the jetty, originally sat, white and plump and dignified, in the Gordon Gardens.



MY FATHER, D. C. H. D. BANDARANAIKE, J.P., MUDALIYAR
GOVERNOR'S GATE AND OF SIVANE KORLE EAST.



I remember a story from an Indian city which erected a Jubilee statue of bronze.

"We are glad," the people said, "that the Great Mother is brown like us!"

On our estate at *Horagall*, beside the Kandy Road and almost *adjacent* to the Leopard's Den, stands a *pinthalaya* (drinking-fountain), to give refreshment to weary travellers, built in 1887 in commemoration of that notable year.

My father had retired at the close of 1886, amid expressions of regret from all the leading Government officials. His health was not what it had been up to this time, and forty years of unsparing labour in the service of the Crown had made heavy calls on his reserves of strength. Yet, although he had been born so long ago as 1826, and had been a boy when the *Reform Bill* proposed a new heaven and a new earth for the *British* democracy, the distinction between age and infirmity was underlined in his case. He was grey, and a little weak and short of wind, but upright even in his last days.

The transition from *Muhandiram* to *Mudaliyar* of *Siyane Korle East* caused me no inconvenience, for I had become thoroughly acquainted with the duties of my new office. The *Korle* is one of the healthiest in the low-country, and covers 116½ square miles. It contains a population of nearly 70,000, scattered over nearly 200 villages, most of them peasant, and I think it would be hard to find a more contented district in the island. Most of it is under cultivation.

More occupied now with my multifarious public

duties, and also with the matrimonial affairs of my sisters, the next years were busy ones. During this time I also set on foot several improvements on our various properties.

In the February of 1889, Dr. and Mrs. Henniker-Rance, of London, friends of Felix Dias, and since we first met warm friends of mine, arrived in the island on a holiday. They had quite a round of visits to various parts of the country, and spent a week at Batadola with my sister, and another at Weke. Both of them were very fond of riding, and we had many sports in the country as well as some shooting.

It was during their stay at Batadola that William Barnes Bartholomeusz, who had been a most faithful and loyal secretary first to my father and then to myself for no less than forty years, departed this life. "Bart," as he was affectionately known to us, died on, I think, March 18th, and lies buried here beneath a magnificent *Ficus Benjamina* tree. There was no church here then and no consecrated burial ground, but Felix Dias read the funeral service.

The Tsarevitch, who was in the island in the latter part of February, 1891, and I had the honour of entertaining him at Hanwella as we had previously the Prince's sons. The impression I received was that the Tsarevitch in his style and manners was utterly different to those members of the British royal family I had previously met.

His Imperial Highness also was on his way to a kraal and lunched at the old fort with his party, the repast being composed chiefly of game. The

party indulged largely in tea, which was served after the Russian fashion—cold, with lemon, boiling water, and sugar added.

This pleasant function recalled the greater day when the British Princes had lunched at Hanwella. Prince Albert was by this time dead. I remember how the telegram carrying the sad news reached me on the race-course at Taldua, while the annual meet was in progress. The bands were immediately hushed and the racing stopped.

An even sadder fate awaited this Tsarevitch who came to Hanwella, for, more than twenty years later, as Tsar of all the Russias, he lost his throne and was butchered by the Bolsheviks.

I did not join the party to the kraal, but remained behind at the rest-house. Later in the evening, just before dinner-time, a carriage drove up and I heard the occupants being told that the place was closed to the public. But a stentorian voice called to me and, on stepping out, I found that Messrs F. J. and G. de Saram, the founders of that great Ceylonese firm of lawyers, with the former's son, Leslie, then quite a little boy, were the callers. They explained to me that they were on their way to Colombo and did not know where to go for the night.

As I was the sole occupant of the sumptuously furnished caravanserai, I invited them in, and as far as dinner was concerned, I was able to do them rather well on cold game and something slightly stronger, I dare say, than tea served in the Russian fashion.

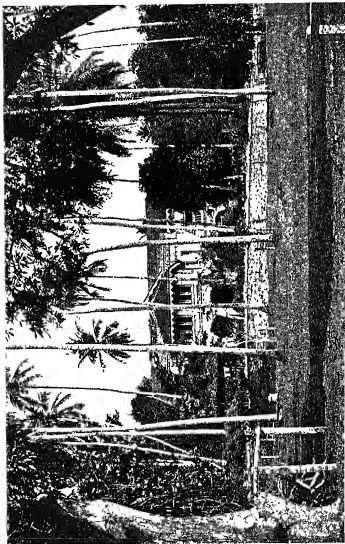
Knowing, however, that the kraaling could

scarcely before the excitement had begun only to increase by curiosity as to the reason for their hurried departure was excited. But they chose to be very reticent on the subject, and would have it appear that the climb to the bungalow of their intended host, Mudaliyar J. D. Perera, was a little too much for the heart of the eldest of them. From what I learnt later, I rather fear that the company was.

In 1891 I won the Governor's Cup at Nuwara Eliya. It was then a race for galloways, 14.2 and under, and C. J. R. Le Mesurier piloted my Arab pony, Mahdi, to victory. Mahdi was a remarkable little chap, and used to run against English and Australian ponies and beat them by lengths, as once he beat Colonel Churchill's famous Steelback. The late Harry Payne-Gallwey won many a victory for me on this pony. His brother, S. Payne-Gallwey, also found many mounts in my stables.

My brown Australian gelding, Gillaroo, won several races for me a few years later, including the Fort Plate and the Stewards' Plate in '92, and the Turf Club Plate in '93. He might have won the Blue Riband in '92 if a "pro." had ridden him instead of Le Mesurier. In the latter year a peculiar accident occurred. I had trained Gillaroo up her career, and he took him down a day before the January meeting, where he was entered for an event called, I believe, the January Turf Club Plate.

Jockey Wiles carried my colours and won comfortably, with Mr. Dan's Norbert second and



HORAGOLLA HOUSE.

[Plate I.]



Colonel Corse-Scott's Contessa third. Corse-Scott immediately lodged an objection to the effect that my horse had carried three pounds more than he should have. The Stewards held an enquiry, and my explanation was that to make sure of the weights I had consulted the Secretary, Major Forbes, and that he had pronounced my figures to be correct. After a long conference, the Stewards decided against Gillaroo, as well as against Norbert for committing the same error, informing me at the same time that they had no alternative, as Colonel Corse-Scott refused to withdraw his technical objection. So I won the race and Corse-Scott took the stake! The trouble was that there was a by-rule which said that when only horses of one class ran the scale was to be reduced by three pounds. Norbert's owner, who committed the same error as myself, was Mr. C. H. Pate, an astute turfite, as his business was a subsidiary one.

CHAPTER III

THE CALL OF THE WEST

IT was Oscar Wilde who said that all good Americans when they die go to Paris. "And bad Americans?" he was asked. "To America!" was the reply.

I do not know that such a cynicism could justly be made to apply in justice to Sinhalese and London, but a good many of us when we die might quite conceivably go to a more tropical place than the world's metropolis. I strongly felt the call of the West in my youth, but my time had always been occupied by other things; and it was only in 1895 that I found the opportunity to embark with six months' leave of absence. April was well on its way when I sailed on the P. and O. s.s. *Paramatta*, one of the older type of vessels that have now been scrapped.

It was a pleasant surprise to find to speed me with a festive repast and a farewell dinner at the Bristol Hotel, I remember Sir (then Mr.) Hector Van Cuylenburg presiding, and my sitting between him and the late Philip de Saram, then Magistrate at Avissawella, who had put me up at Kraal Town in '82. I had just been vaccinated a little above the wrist, and the usual inflammation

was causing me considerable discomfort and increasing my temperature. It was a full moon in the circumstances that all Philip's exuberance found vent—between split sodas, of course—in vigorous thumps on the sore arm. I repeatedly told him what I had up my sleeve. I might, for any effect that had, have spoken to the wall. Philip's fervour was not to be chilled by cow-pox.

Right down from the eighties, I have regularly attended the Kelani Valley Races at Taldua, and each time I went up in the early days, I was the guest of Philip, who was a leading proctor of that station and later Police Magistrate, at his "Palace of Eternal Pleasures"—a name that was afterwards changed to the equally extraordinary "Ivy House, Great Portland Street, Avissawella," as a result of Philip's falling in love. The house was picturesquely situated on a rise from the main road, and had a long flight of steps leading up to it, from the top of which a very attractive view was obtained. On one occasion he and I came down after dinner and were about to enter his famous *palace*, a luxuriously upholstered and drawn by a pair of smart trotting bulls, to go to the Taldua grounds for the lotteries, when we noticed considerable commotion in the market-place, accompanied by shouts of "*utang utang*" (a horse bolting!)

We had scarcely grasped the situation, when a horse, drawing an empty doli, came at a furious pace, hove in sight. I knew the animal would slacken in taking the hill opposite the rest-house, and started racing him with a good lead. Just as he came abreast of the rest-house, he was checked by the

with one hand and tugged at the reins with the other. This brought the whole contraption to a standstill, and I turned and led the horse and dog-cart down to where my companion was standing, waiting for me, but instead of the kudos I legitimately expected, Philip treated me to a wiggling in his inimitable manner—all the more impressive for his slight stammer—for my “foolhardy and reckless conduct”!

We handed the trap over to the syce who had arrived by this time, and proceeded on our way, to find, after some distance had been covered, Christopher Ross-Wright and Wyndham Baker, who turned out to be the owners and late occupiers of the dog-cart, making a vigorous search for the turnout. We told them of what had occurred; and they explained very plausibly that what had happened to them was that, on the way from Taldua to the rest-house, one of the wheels had slid into a drain and telescoped all three occupants plump into seats in a wayside kaddy (shop), whereupon the horse had left on the career from which I had stayed him.

It was lucky that we hadn't been already on our way and encountered the runaway turnout in the neighbourhood of the Sink bridge!

Philip, Dr. Suman and Belcher, who had just joined the party, Mr. Ross-Wright—who has been a J.P. and U.P.M. in many planting districts these long years, and is a different man now—and may it long be so!—and Mr. Baker, Esq., a P. & A. agent.

Philip himself was well known as one of the most inveterate practical jokers this country has produced.

Some of his jokes, however, were of a pretty serious nature. For example, he once sent his own obituary notice to the papers and had funeral chits printed and circulated broadcast. People in deep mourning began to pour into his Colombo residence to the consternation of his aged mother and his sister, and others mustered strong at Kanatte. To a few of his friends, however, he said at each visit, him and to whom he could not breathe a word about the affair lest they gave the show away, he said there was to be a *pukka* cremation that evening at the General Cemetery of an Indian Maha Rane who had died aboard a ship. These gentlemen inquired of him the date, the place, the time, the day, the hour and what hour the cremation was to take place, only to be asked in horrified accents: "Is de Saram to be cremated?" And the pandemonium that ensued can well be understood.

The perpetrator of the joke was well out of Colombo, quietly enjoying its effect, but the Press, (the *Ceylon Observer* in particular) was very wrath at being victimized in this manner. Ferguson, the editor, wrote a scathing denunciation, one of his friends, however, said that he had seen a "bee in his bonnet." Philip, however, did not understand this expression and swore he "never wore a bonnet" so how could he have "a bee" in it?

One old gentleman who had specially come down from Kurunegala for the occasion, waxed very indignant, and wrote a vitriolic letter saying how much he had been inconvenienced and how much the journey had cost him in hard cash. Philip

wrote back, requesting him to send in his "bill of costs"!

But some of his jokes were outrageous, as when once, before leaving for Europe, he held a raffle of all his goods and chattels, and included in the list of prizes a coffin and a woman—Baby Nona or something of that sort!

After entertaining those who took tickets at a sumptuous breakfast, the raffle took place. The coffin was drawn by a planter, who opened it on the spot, and found nothing more gruesome than a bottle of champagne, a champagne cutter and a glass inside it!

The number against the girl's name was alleged to have been drawn by a clergyman, who was at once informed of his luck—I am not sure it wasn't by wire—and asked to remove Baby Nona.

Philip evidently discredited the maxim that a joke is a "very serious thing"!

I was also given a farewell lunch at the British India Hotel by the Kachcheri staff and chiefs, at which J. P. de Vos presided.

Brindisi was the first European port of call for these liners at that period, the mail route running up through Italy, via Mont Cenis, to Calais, Dover, and London. To me the Italian port was the gateway to a new world. The enormous horses, harnessed and bitted after a fashion strange to me, the music and melody of Italian airs reverberating on the breeze, and the lilt of their strains, filled Brindisi with fascination for me.

I did not linger long, however. My leave was strictly limited, and my farewell visit to the Maha

Mr. J. P. Dias Bandaranayake, had shown me an invalid who would never be capable of discharging his duties again. He himself had, indeed, endeavoured, I cannot say with what measure of earnestness, to dissuade me from leaving the island just before hinting that vacancies might very soon occur, and that I would be well advised to be on the spot. I laughingly told him I would not for anything postpone my holiday any longer, and took my leave of him. I never saw him again.

From Brindisi I travelled practically with the mails in what was called the *train de luxe*, being confined to my compartment which I'd contracted *en route*. On crossing the Channel at Dover I was met by my old friend Dr. Henniker-Rance, and one of my agents' men. We entrained for London, passing through country of characteristics strange to me beyond measure, and were met at Charing Cross by my sister Amy and Mrs. Henniker-Rance. We took a horse-bus and drove to 10, Castletown Road, the address of my hotel, which remained my headquarters during the whole of my stay in England. My cold compelled me to keep indoors for a few days, and as soon as I could safely get about I saw to it that my wardrobe was replenished with an English outfit.

What most surprises me when I look at London is, I think, the enormous but excellently regulated volume of traffic. It was so, at any rate, in my case. My first impression was that some big event was occurring somewhere, and that everybody was hurrying hither and thither. That is the kind of

the month except the August Week processions on the Race Course in the old days. I went about everywhere, and was astounded at the lavish hospitality extended to me on all sides by people to whom I was a perfect stranger. I was the recipient of the most flattering invitations, and was everywhere received with that courtesy which is in England, as elsewhere, the hall-mark of good breeding, and to be met with as a rule among the aristocracy and upper-middle classes.

One of the most enjoyable weeks of my stay was spent at Hopetoun House in Scotland. Lord Hopetoun, afterwards the Marquis of Linlithgow, and father of the present Marquis, entertained me there in his superb and extremely ornamental mansion overlooking the great Forth Bridge, of which a magnificent view is afforded from any one of the 365 windows of Hopetoun House. The estate consisted of 42,000 acres, more or less, in South Queensferry, and there I saw the "fallow deer" in its wild state in forests as old as the days of Hengist and Horsa, and also pheasants in large numbers in their natural haunts. Lord Hopetoun's presence gave me some food for thought.

From time to time I was called to witness the famous Dublin Horse Show. I did not miss the golden opportunity to choose a fine animal, and "Dublin," as I called him, served me eight years, and won several prizes in Ceylon. While in the Irish capital, with due apologies to Ulstermen, I received an invitation to visit Major-General Dunham-Massy, who had commanded the Force in Ceylon from 1888 to 1893.



W. & D. Downey.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE AS A MIDSHIPMAN.



General Massy had been one of my warmest friends while in the island, and I have come to learn that he made repeated representations from Ireland to Queen's House, in strong support of my claims to the Maha Mudaliyarship, when the time came.

Another acquaintance introduced by the General happened to be Sir Frederick Saunders, who has already been mentioned by me as a friend of our family, and the two of us together went all the way—truly a long, long way—to Tipperary. There, at Grants-town Hall, the General's place, we spent a pleasant time, his daughter proving a very charming hostess.

It was then time to return to London, and I crossed back to find myself deep in the social swim. To the young bachelor London life offers manifold attractions. Add to that the fact that I had the entree into the very best society, and solve the equation. Balls, theatres, and supper-parties were the order of the night, and I was *Morning Post*-ed on several occasions with the most polite references.

On July 18th, 1895, I had the honour of being received by His Royal Highness the Duke of York (now King George V.) at York House. As I have said, I had made his acquaintance when, as Prince George, he visited Ceylon with his ill-fated royal brother, Albert, and I was no stranger to him. I believe we even recalled the "groggy doctor"!

A few days later I received a communication from Marlborough House, where King Edward, then Prince of Wales, resided, to this effect:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
 Pall Mall, S.W.,
 22nd July, 1895.

SIR,

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to inform you that the Duke of York has spoken to him about you, and that His Royal Highness will be happy to receive you if you would have the goodness to call at Marlborough House at half-past eleven o'clock on Monday next.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Signed FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

I obeyed His Royal Highness' command with considerable anxiety. On Monday, July 23rd, 1895, was the date of the first occasion on which it was my privilege to see the Prince of Wales.

The extremely genial manner which made him one of the most popular Princes of the last seven generations, and which has since been imitated by many of his successors, was fully manifested on this occasion. On July 23rd, 1875, and said he perfectly remembered my father, and the two ancient family swords with which he had presented the Prince. At the time of those occurrences I had been only thirteen years of age, and it is not surprising that that royal visit had made but a faint impression on the tablets of my memory. But it causes me very great pleasure to think that within one week I was honoured by two royalties, who later sat on the British Throne.

The news of the death of C. P. Dias Bandaranayake reached me at this time, and, as can be imagined, occasioned much surprise. Before sailing from Colombo I had been asked to forward my applica-

tion for appointment as *Maha Vudhiyar* (Hon. High Great Chief)—and I told him to forward it to the authorities if the vacancy arose. From London, when I heard that the ailing Maha was in a grave condition, I wrote to the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Edward Noel Walker, and desired him to make a note of the fact that when the vacancy arose, I would be one of the applicants. Sir Noel in his reply remarked on the coincidence that my communication and the intimation of C. P. Dias Bandaranayake's death had reached him on the same day in Colombo.

CHAPTER IV

SOME ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS

HARRY WENDT and George de Saram, of F. J. and G. de Saram, were in England about this time, also on their first trip to Europe, and the three of us were about to go on a dig together.

On one occasion we were returning late at night from some theatre and took up a position on the pavement opposite Charing Cross Station, from where I had to catch my bus, Wendt and de Saram, whose diggings were quite close by in Craven Street, waiting to see me safely off to West Kensington.

During this wait, two women, whose evening had evidently been passed in a gin-palace, brushed past us reeking of alcohol, and I casually remarked in a whisper to my friends: "Aren't they jolly drunk!" I have been told that gin makes a person momentarily sharp of hearing. These women, at least, provided a concrete proof, for, turning back and marching up to me, they started a wordy warfare on the spot: "We are not drunk," they shrieked in a shrill voice. "Did you say we were drunk? You can say we are! Is that all?"

Rolling up their sleeves as for a boxing contest, they hurled these darts at me, and naturally non-

plussed, I threw a glance in the direction of my friends. One was star-gazing—sighing, I have no doubt, for other worlds to conquer—the other's face was like chalk. I realized that here there was no succour.

It didn't occupy me a moment to realize this, and I, therefore, let loose a flood of Sinhalese, using all the equivalents of Billingsgate that I could command!

The effect was magical. Each time the harridans became talkative, I administered similar doses of like intensity. Then the situation was saved by a kindly bobby appearing on the scene. Quietly touching the women with the tips of his fingers between the shoulder-blades, he said, "Walk on, please," and following them to the pavement's end, saw them on their way. He then returned, gave me a salute and said: "I hope those women have not been abusive, sir?" I replied that, knowing the condition they were in, I hadn't taken them seriously, and thanked him. He gave me another salute and walked away.

On the following morning I met F. H. M. Corbet, well known and loved of many Sinhalese, and he surprised me by offering me his "heartly congratulations." To my enquiry as to what entitled me to any, he replied: "Your presence of mind last night!" and added that had I bandied words with them in English, the women would have created a very annoying uproar.

Corbet had been informed of our nocturnal experience by the two preoccupied parties, and when I asked him for enlightenment as to the

reason for the blue-coat's extraordinary courtesy, suggested that he was actuated perhaps by the hope of future benefits to come. I had thought the London policeman too awful a person to tip; I wonder if I am wiser now.

Wendt, de Saram and I went to Epsom for the Derby that year, going down on the top of a coach. It was a drive worth experiencing, with its several changes of horses and the unforgettable sights to be seen on the way. There were no motor vehicles then, and the volume and variety of the traffic on the road: from costermongers' donkey-carts to the most sumptuously appointed equipages.

The Derby that year was won by Lord Rosebery's L. G. S. ridden by J. Watts. Lord Rosebery was then Prime Minister, and he had wealth (he had married a Rothschild heiress), a heavy kind of bluff, and a fine sense of duty. But he was also a true nobleman and an ornament to the public life of his country, and his spirit was double of the Premiership and the Derby inspired endless enthusiasm. Horse and owner received an ovation that surpassed anything else in the world so much as to be almost intolerable. It would have been a proud day for a prouder man than Rosebery, and Rosebery was as proud as they make him. He did not say a word.

The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) also won a race on the same day.

The St. James's Palace was crowded and in the royal box on a corner, and on being asked his opinion of the sport, is said to have remarked,

with a smile of benignant approval: "Oh, it's quite all right, and it is as it should be. The Prince of Wales wins one race, the Prime Minister another, and the rest may be won by anybody!" To him, of course, it was all patently a mere stage-managed pageant!

Talking of the Shahzada reminds me that we were both received at Marlborough House on the same day. It happened, however, that my call was just before the time fixed for His Highness, and the enormous crowd that had gathered to see this imposing personage, who looked like a British and German ambassador on the same day, had arrived and was left. Unable by any conceivable means to rid the worthy citizens of their misconception, I was compelled to receive the cheers and drive on.

It was the Shahzada's first visit to England, and many were the amusing stories about him that went the round of London drawing-rooms. I might mention one in particular. On being shown over his suite of rooms in Dorchester House, which was specially prepared for his accommodation by the Government, he mistook a highly scented cake of Pears' transparent soap for some kind of confection, and after smelling it for many moments, suddenly munched it. If Turkish delight means Armenian massacres, as Chesterton surmised, Persian delight would quite suitly be Pears'—the stuff the baby is so happy to eat!

I was elected a Member of the Sports Club, St. James's Square, during this visit, on the proposal of the late Sir Walter E. Davidson, one time of the Ceylon Civil Service, and later Governor of New

South Wales, an office he held when he passed away quite recently in 1923. I still continue a member and am one of the oldest in length of membership.

The Sports Club has its own lawn at Henley, and I took the opportunity of going down with Wendt and de Saram as my guests to view the annual Regatta. We lunched there, and a curious incident arose from my running my eye down the wine list and ordering a bottle of Pol Roger. The waiter took a long time in executing the order and eventually came and placed before me a bottle carefully wrapped with a napkin. Somehow my doubts were raised as to whether it was the brand I had ordered, and I found it had no label. The waiter swore it was Pol Roger, that the label had been blown off and that the cork flew off.

I wasn't at all satisfied with the explanation, and insisted on the man's proving that what he had brought was the brand I ordered. He kept coming on and going off the scene in evident flurry, but I refused to be satisfied until certain proof was forthcoming. All this took some time, and de Saram kept telling me, saying: "Keep quiet! We are only lords of the manor." Eventually when the waiter found me adamant, he made a humble confession and craved my pardon, saying that it was Club champagne and not Pol Roger. I preached to him, and told him that when he next served any gentlemen from the East, he was not to think that they did not know one brand of champagne from another. The lawn table was crowded at the time and my attitude was warmly applauded.

English; and none of us knew French, Wendt made Cæsarian efforts to make him understand our wants by speaking in Latin. Never were the advantages of the Modern Side by implication so powerfully displayed! Wendt's ablative absolutes were completely lost on the barbarian Gaul.

As a last resource, one of us said, "Beefsteak," and to our considerable relief a dawning of knowledge was apparent on the waiter's countenance. He smiled and muttered something and went off, and after some delay served us with what he called beef-

steak, a dish of the vegetables and fruit, but I noticed a small old harness he had picked up in the backyard. When I pointed it out to him, he said it was a joke, and I pointed out the harness with ferocious mien. He nearly died of fright, but when I drew out a cigar, stuck it into the revolver and fired it, no one more hugely enjoyed the joke. The revolver was only a cigar cutter.

The incident was so amusing that we induced the waiter to come out and stand in the doorway, and kodaked the restaurant. What breath-arresting tales of Oriental unscrupulousness surged in the man's brain when he looked at the polished barrel pointing at him, it is not difficult to surmise. What a futile futility of trying to hustle the East, your Continental European can give weight and distance to the coloured man for subtlety and cunning and all the grosser wickednesses, and still have something in hand.

Our difficulties were dissolved by a Swede who was in the custom of dining in the same restaurant as we patronized. He realized our position and very courteously helped us with the menu. One day we met him by appointment to go to the Scala, and it was clear from the honours and go the "whole hog."

Gathering from our remarks that we had never before tasted it, he advised us to try it. It is on first acquaintance, but grows attractive with intimacy. On first tasting it, I felt disinclined to swallow another drop, but in deference to our host and his elaborate process of preparation, I gulped it all down. It gave me in a few minutes the same feeling.

My feeling was able throughout and marked from the kindness beyond computation, from the Henniker-Rances above everyone else, came to a conclusion in September, when I sailed for home. When I landed in Colombo early in October, I was innocent of anything that had transpired with regard to the vacant Maha Vihara.

There was a sumptuous dinner-party that night at "Summer Hill," Mutwal, arranged by my elder sister, Mrs. J. P. Obeyesekere, as a welcome to me, and although toast after toast was proposed and responded to, no mention was made of the office that to all intents had not been filled.

Next morning, as I was about to proceed to the

Kachcheri and the Secretariat to report my return from leave, I received a letter from the Government Agent informing me that I had been appointed Maha Mudaliyar, and requesting me to fix a date and place to receive my *Act of Appointment*. *As the letter had been forwarded to him for delivery.* When I reached his office half an hour later, I could not help being strongly conscious of the mixed feelings with which he had watched my elevation, less than eighteen months earlier, to Gate rank. He congratulated me, and asked me whether I had come to receive my Act of Appointment. I promptly replied that I had come with no such intention, but had come to pay him my respects and report my return.

I next called at the Secretariat and saw the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Edward Noel Walker. He welcomed me cordially and offered me his hearty congratulations on my appointment, and enquired whether I had not yet called at Queen's House. On my replying in the negative, he suggested I should do so at once.

I, therefore, went across, and was received by Captain Lowndes, Aide-de-Camp, but was unable to see His Excellency. Captain Lowndes, however, undertook to inform Sir Arthur that I had called and reported myself.

On the same afternoon I received an invitation, which of course I accepted, to lunch with their Excellencies at Queen's House the day following. I was very warmly welcomed by both Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock, the only other guest being Mr. F. H. Price, then Mayor of Colombo, after



[Pitté Ltd.]

SIR ARTHUR ELIBANK HAVELOCK, G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1890-1896).



whom Price Park is named. It had been several years earlier, when Mr. Price was Assistant Government Agent at Kaffraria, that he had had an interview with Benjamin Bawa, who was then just starting in practice as an advocate, he had said to me: "You mark my words: that man will one day be at the top of his profession." How nobly Bawa fulfilled that prophecy of which he was ignorant! Price himself was a *persona grata* at Queen's House, and had been untiring in the furtherance of my claims to high office, and his presence was, of course, very appropriate on this occasion.

During the course of luncheon, His Excellency asked me whether I had received my Act of Appointment. I replied, "No," but that I had received a letter from the Government Agent of the Western Province asking me to fix a date and place to receive it, as it had been sent to him for delivery. At this His Excellency said that he had signed the Act of Appointment five days before I landed for the express purpose of having it *sent on board to greet me on my arrival*. His Excellency added that the Secretariat had no business to forward it to the Government Agent for delivery, and directed his private secretary to require the C.S.O. to recall the Act of Appointment at once and send it up to Queen's House.

Sir Arthur's term as Governor was drawing to its close, and it had already been arranged that the chiefs of the Western and Southern Provinces should be allowed to take their official farewell of him on October 23rd, 1895. His Excellency took this opportunity of publicly investing me with the

insignia of office, in the presence of the chiefs, and in doing so called upon the Government Agent to read the Act of Appointment. That official ceremony was a long and tedious affair, and I was heavy with anxiety lest he should swoon away.

His Excellency himself then placed the sword and belt of office over my shoulders, and subsequently I briefly made my thanks for the distinction conferred on me. The ceremony then terminated.

From Queen's House I drove to "Summer Hill," where I was met by my family and held a reception. The scintillating lights and blue uniforms of the chieftains added much to what was, I think, an impressive scene, and in the course of the afternoon I recall J. C. Molamure, the Police Magistrate, proposing my health.

It was some days before I could leave Colombo by an early train, accompanied by a large number of officials. I well remember how I started from "Summer Hill" that morning rather later than I had planned, and had to travel by a slow train to Mutwal to the Victoria Station. A thoroughbred mare, Olive, was between the shafts, and all I could do to enforce half so stringently as they are now, I might have had to face in the police-court on a charge of neglect. At any rate, I caught that train, and that was what mattered most at the moment, for missing it would have meant disappointing at the least 50,000 people. I was accompanied on the train by Sir (then Mr.)

S. C. Obeyesekere, the late Richard de Livera, Chapman and Felix Dias, Felix Dias, who even then was regarded as "every man who commits suicide is 'temporarily insane,'" and several other friends.

Queen's weather ruled in Veyangoda that morning, and the sun perhaps as well, for the journey to Horagolla occupied over two hours, assuming itself into a triumphal march without precedent in recent Sinhalese history. I must say, in justice to myself, that I played the part of the "Conquering Hero" to perfection, and if I am not mistaken, the soldiers of the "Queen's Band" regarded me as such an one!

I must have listened to quite half a dozen addresses of welcome in the course of those three miles of decorated roadway, and delivered as many speeches in return. The advantage of his strategic position on the platform to draw first blood. Leaving the station, we sat ourselves in carriages, and were given the place of honour in a procession of Lascareen Guards, tom-tom players, conch-blowers and dancers, the brass band above mentioned, and the band of the 1st Buffs, who sum up the

"'A little more of such notes' wrote next day in a morning paper: 'The eagerness with which pretty S. . . bestowed their glances on the young and handsome Maha Mudaliyar made one rather regret that one was not oneself a Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate, a Maha, or something equally attractive.'"

At various intervals the roadsides were lined

for long distances with bamboo poles, and several *proscenios* or triumphal arches—under each of which an address was presented that necessitated acknowledgment, spanned the route. The sharp crack of guns and a riotous fanfare heralded my entry in each of these, and as we got deeper into the East, acrobats and devil-dancers did their best to add to the enchantment of the fleeting hour. Acres of illuminated paper *lanterns* of every conceivable shape and size were suspended from the poles, and the entrance to Horagolla. It was square and dignified, and inscribed with words of welcome. The *House*, where I received and responded to four more addresses. One can have too much even of a good thing.

Such, then, was my *home-coming*. It warms the cockles of my heart to think of it. It may not have been the highest form of Art: it may even have been crude and bucolic in sentiment; but it was tremendously genuine.

In the evening there was a pyrotechnic display, and I entertained a number of guests to dinner.

On the Wednesday of that week I participated in a notable ceremony when the Bishop of Colombo laid the corner-stone of our new church in Pat-talegedara, St. Mary's. And when I had set Horagolla in order, I returned to Colombo and went into residence at "Summer Hill."

A gold sword of honour, gorgeously bejewelled and subscribed to by the public, was presented to me in 1901, Sir Harry Dias making an eloquent speech in handing it over. In responding, I com-

pared the gift to the sword of Damocles, which would descend on the narrow path of breadth from the path of my strict duty.

At about this time I accepted an invitation to spend a week at the home of Mrs. Walter de Livera, and her husband, who was then Police Magistrate there. I determined that I would drive down there direct from "Elie House" (a distance of, roughly fifty miles) in a four-wheeled dog-cart, and Mr. Francis Daniel, who was also going down, on a visit to the Martins, chose to accompany me. We started very early one morning with a pair of very high-spirited country-breds, one being the son of a famous racer, and the other the son of Warrior, also a performer of some note in his day. All went well till we had proceeded some six miles out of Colombo, when a village pig darting across our path gave the horses a start. For a fairly long time I caught a glimpse of the drains, but I eventually got the animals in hand, and we drove undamaged and serene into the Jaala Rest-house.

After half an hour's rest there, we commenced the next lap to Negombo, driving the same pair. The road was very rough, and as we were crossing a temporary structure, one of the planks gave way, and a pony went down. I used the whip with some effect, and with very little struggling he regained his feet, and we went on. I was relieved beyond measure if the struggle had been prolonged or more violent, we might have

ringing. I thought I would just teach him a lesson, and caught him with the point of my left shaft, not with such force as to hurt him, but just enough to throw him off. If . . . nothing more happened except that my companion was scared out of his wits.

But an adventure I had when driving a curricie drawn by a pair of Timor ponies up San Sebastian Street, was rather more serious. Something went wrong with the reins; all chance of checking the team . . . impotently, I jumped off, and only regained my feet after losing a diamond ring and performing a series . . . The horses tore on as hard as they could pelt, and . . . into a turnout that happened to belong to Sir S. C. Oleyeskere. This brought sense to the Timors, but the animal in the other carriage, a spirited Cape horse named Forester, broke himself free and careered down Lock Gate, turned into Skinner's Road, and, bolting as far as Korteboam, cleared the parapet wall, only to be secured on the beach by some fishermen, after great effort. My ponies were unhurt, but the trap was badly damaged.

A few days . . . Maha Mudaliyar, Sir Arthur Havelock laid down the reins of Government and sailed for England. Subsequently, I received the following letter from him:

*S.S. Massilia at sea,
28th October, 1895.*

My DEAR MAHA MUDALIYAR,

I have much pleasure in expressing to you the satisfaction and confidence (already expressed verbally) which I have felt in appointing you to fill

the distinguished office of Member of the Council. Your good services in the past, your successful acts, and the example of your energy and industry have pointed you out to me as the person best qualified to fill the position.

For the benefit of your family will, I am desirous to maintain a high standard of efficiency as a public servant.

With great wishes,

I remain, etc.,

(Signed) A. E. HAVELOCK,
Governor.

Subsequent to His Excellency's departure the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Noel Walker, administered the Government, with Captain Lowndes as A.D.C., until the arrival in 1896 of Sir Joseph West Ridgeway.

Sir West was accompanied by Lady Ridgeway and little Miss Vi, and was attended by two brilliant Officers of Staff, the late Colonel (then Major) R. J. Mork as A.D.C. and Captain R. J. Mork as A.D.C. and Captain R. J. Mork as A.D.C.

Sir West at once gave the impression of being a strong man, and Lady Ridgeway's appealing personality charmed everyone who had the pleasure of seeing her. She was a very beautiful woman.



[Plate Ltd.]

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. WEST RIDGEWAY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,
K.C.S.I., GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1896-1903).

CHAPTER V

AT QUEEN'S HOUSE

SOME two months after his arrival, Sir West was called upon to do the honours for an Eastern Royalty. This is always a delicate task at Queen's House, not because our Oriental susceptibilities are easily offended, though that is partly so, but because the idiosyncrasies of a king, when he is a king, are hard to understand and difficult to appreciate from the European view-point. The father of the present King of Siam had, moreover, certain peculiarities which, if they were always amusing, were also at times apt to be not a little disconcerting.

His Majesty arrived off Colombo on April 19th, 1897, in his own yacht, and one of the most important events of his stay was to him, naturally, his visit to the Temple of the Tooth. I was detailed to escort him to Kandy, and to see that every possible comfort and convenience of his stay pleasant and comfortable was meticulously arranged.

Unfortunately the King's Pavilion was at the time undergoing repairs, and a suite in the Queen's Hotel had to be engaged and placed at His Majesty's disposal.

A contretemps exhercisingly funny in retrospect

occurred on the day of the visit to the Dalada Maligawa Relic of the Temple of the Tooth. His Majesty conveyed some valuable presents he had brought from Siam for the Temple authorities, and they in turn had planned to make certain gifts to the King of Siam, Buddhist Royalty as he was, as a memento of the occasion. We all arrived at the Maligawa in great state, the Government Agent, the late Mr. J. P. Lewis, being responsible for all the necessary arrangements.

The Shrine Room was eventually opened, and the King and Queen, with the Royal Party entered, Mr. Lewis standing outside on the threshold. I myself had got a little further back to get a breath of fresh air, when I heard some extraordinarily loud talking. I hurried in, and the first words I heard, which I had not expected to hear from His Majesty, were:

"We do, indeed, thank the members they have given us! The valuable presents have brought. My brother last year was permitted to take the privilege of the privilege."

So saying, His Majesty turned abruptly on his heel, walked across the corridor and down the flight of steps into his State Carriage, and, accompanied by his retinue, drove back to the Queen's.

It should be mentioned in fairness to everybody that the Diyawadana Nilame Giragama - the lay Buddhist - was acting at the time, and that the late Hon. Mr. T. B. Panabokke acted as his *locum tenens* in that important office. I learnt later

that the King had held out his hands to receive the Tooth, to be met with a suave, "It is not the custom, Your Majesty!" Whether the acting *Nilame* (official) was ignorant that Buddhist Royalty are entitled to this privilege, or whether, clothed in a little brief authority, he had put on extra "side," I am not competent to tell. But I well recollect the scene: the picturesque palm-shaded Temple of the Tooth, from the balconies of which one can look down at the tortoise ponds and across the beautiful lake, and, in the bare, cool interior, the yellow-garbed priests jealously guarding their most sacred relic—the warranted (by them) "Genuine Buddhist" European authorities, however, dispute, if not deny, its genuineness. Be that as it may, merely to look upon it is a privilege—for only on certain days is it visible.

The sedate and quiet Mr. J. P. Lewis was greatly upset at the untoward incident, and didn't seem to know which way to turn. He followed to the hotel and had a consultation with me, and we decided that His Majesty's Government should be acquainted with the facts by wire. This was seen to by Mr. Lewis.

His Majesty was not to be seen again till dinner-time at 12.30, when he entertained a large party. The Kandyan chiefs had arranged an elaborate performance of the Kandyan dances, and the King did not deign to give one glance over his shoulder and through the windows of the dining saloon at the corybantic agility of the Kandyan youths or the shimmering caparisons of the Kandyan horses. Nor

did conch and tom-tom prevail greatly against the ominous rumbling of Majesty's displeasure.

Nevertheless, the King was most genial to his guests that night, and his hospitality was thoroughly enjoyed.

On the following morning, a representative number of Buddhist priests called at the hotel and interviewed me with regard to the incident. They desired me to tender their respectful apologies to His Majesty and explain to him that they were not to blame, but that the lay authorities had acted in ignorance. When I complied with the request of the priests, the only reply His Majesty made, in a low, confidential whisper, was:

"Maha Mu-da-li-yar—tell them—I am not—angry!"

I would I could convey on paper the tone and diction of the King. I am able fairly to imitate him in conversation. But for the fact that it would savour of disrespect, I might describe his manner at that moment as comic. There is no other word.

I conveyed the Royal reply to the priests, and, as we were about to leave for Colombo, I advised them to line the passage which led from the foot of the staircase to the State Carriage. They readily consented, and as the King passed them, he gave each monk a friendly nod, but said nothing.

On the train I travelled in His Majesty's compartment, and for the first time since the previous afternoon he gave vehement vent to his pent-up rage.

"Who," asked His Majesty, "was that big-bellied rascal in the Temple?"

I said, "Mr. Panabokke, Sir."

"Eh?" bellowed the King. "What bokke?"

"Pana-bokke," I replied, emphasizing the first two syllables. He swiftly dived deep into a long-winded discussion on the subject, and in alluding to the tooth relic, made certain comments which I'd rather not repeat.

There was another and more deplorable incident that night at the Jetty. His Majesty and some of his suite left in the State Barge for the Royal Yacht, leaving, as usual, two Princes and an aide-de-camp to see the Princes to the ship. In the meanwhile, a small boat from another vessel in harbour, slipped on the rocks and capsized. A man, who had been standing on the bank, was thrown into the water by the onlookers. He clambered to the landing somewhat shamefacedly, and the first person whose grin stung him was one of the Siamese Princes. Unaware, apparently, of the Prince's identity, this person—who, by the way, was a well-known bank manager—retorted with a stinging reply, and the young man with a resounding thwack on the cheek.

The *aide* drew his sword in a flash, but the regrettable affair terminated less gravely than it well might have done. The Governor, Sir Noel Walker, and Major Knollys, the Inspector-General of Police, who were both present, and who sternly insisted that the offender should make adequate apology on the spot. Which he did forthwith.

His Majesty sailed next day for Europe, a

and comfortable. Above all, His Excellency had extended the invitation expressly and only for dinner. I was deputed by the Governor somehow to do it without treading on Siamese toes.

As I left Queen's House on the 11th of January, I passed West's house, and found that he had not been in error, but that he had acted on Sir West's orders with regard to the invitation to stay the night. But the fat was in the fire!

I was, of course, hail-fellow-well-met with the Marquis and Baron Sunthorn (not to be confused with Gilbert's Bunthorne, who, yearning for the indefinable, was brought face to face with the inexplicable). I went over and fixed the matter up to suit everybody, and ultimately His Majesty elected to go to his own luxurious apartments on the yacht rather than sleep a few hours in what would, comparatively speaking, have been an uncomfortable room.

As Lady Ridgeway was unable to come down on the night of the dinner to His Majesty, we had a real *à la carte*, and the King was not the least of the guests. The merriment and conviviality that prevailed. At one moment particularly his boisterous *basso profundo* attracted breathless attention, when he said, "From the day I set foot in Europe I had games every night! *Long and uncomfortable pause.*) But the *stroke of the hand* was (*holding his nose*) too high for me!"

This was apropos of the snipe just then going round!

The first elephant kraal during Sir West's régime was arranged in his honour by the chiefs of the North-Western Province somewhere in 1899, in Nikaweratiya, Ceylon. Mr. Ward-Jackson and Marker and myself going in attendance on His Excellency. At Kraal Town, whither we drove from Kurunegala, we were housed in a temporary but comfortable structure, as is usual in the circumstances, and the drive-in was exceedingly successful, some fifty odd elephants being kraaled.

The noosing operations are always the most interesting in the whole of the process, and at the Nikaweratiya Kraal one incident illustrative of the manner in which they are conducted occurred. A baby elephant, not more than twelve hands in height, was captured in the stockade, and brought out and secured to one of the posts of the grandstand. Finding the fondling of the ladies and gentlemen present a poor substitute for mother love, the baby began to call loudly to its mother, and, Rachel being called to her post. To bring the mother elephant into the stockade was decided upon, and the baby was slipped in through a door near the corner furthest from the bunched-up herd.

The mother no sooner noticed her offspring hurrying to her than she ran up, caressed it all over with her trunk, and then, to the utter horror of the onlookers, she took the poor little thing, crushing it.

The baby was "outcast"—it had associated with

men, was tainted by their touch, and was a thing unclean. Therefore, to the mother, who had seen her baby's loss of caste and smelt the human touch on its body, it were better that the baby should be killed—for the honour of the family!

One young elephant was presented to His Excellency, and another to me by the chiefs on this occasion, and both were kindly taken care of by Gungun Diyawadana Nilame. Mine was sent down a few months later to Horagolla, and His Excellency's was retained by D. W. Dullewe to be reared. When he was laying down the reins of Government, Sir West presented the animal to its foster-father.

While we were on our return journey—Nikaweratiya Rest-house being two to three miles behind us—one of the body-guard horses in front suddenly dropped and rolled over with his rider into the drain. The carriage was stopped, and Marker, W. J. D. . . . that the Sikh had received only a bad shaking, but that the animal had both his knees very badly cut.

I . . . my opinion that the accident was not due primarily to tripping, but looked more serious than that, and advised the destruction of the horse. My friends guffawed and thought that advice ridiculous, and it was decided to send the animal back to the rest-house, to be stabled there till we sent a vet. from Colombo to do the needful.

The horse, however, hadn't been led much more than a mile before it dropped dead. The

laugh, when this news reached us, was on my side.

I have seen many of the dhobies who have been affected by severe sunstroke.

About 1896, a very serious dhoby strike was experienced in Colombo, when all the dhobies (washermen) went on strike and washing was at a standstill. The principal cause for it was the municipal authorities' prohibition of washing being done in certain places, and a new bye-law insisting on registration and licensing fees, and the strike continued so long that all classes of the general public as well as the shipping lines were seriously affected.

When Sir West summoned my aid in this emergency by communication to "Queen's House," I sent a letter to the Municipal Council, and by discussion on the subject with the Government, the Municipality and themselves, they agreed to resume work, and there and then followed me in a body to the Town Hall and complied with the new requirements. Mr. F. H. Price, then Mayor, was profuse in his thanks for the aid I had been able to render.

The carters' strike will, however, always remain an ugly slur on the name of Colombo. The grievances of the carters have been redressed without any resort to threatening tactics, as they were chiefly connected with recently promulgated regulations requiring drivers to sit inside or on the platform of the vehicles, and so forth. Carters are usually cantankerous, and people who

should have known better played on this weakness to pay off petty personal spite against the authorities. Mobs collected in Queen Street, and altogether the strike was attended by incidents of a very disgraceful type.

CHAPTER VI

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE Ridgeway régime was pregnant with events, but the most important of its significance. 1897 was the year of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1901 was the year in which the present King and Queen visited Ceylon as their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and 1902 saw the Coronation of King Edward.

Sir West created his own precedents. As the time drew closer for the Jubilee celebrations in London, he determined that Ceylon should send to England a certain number of civil representatives at Government expense, a thing which no other Crown Colony was doing. I was chosen one of these, and was requested to submit the names of one other low-country gentleman and two Kandyan chiefs for His Excellency's approval. Since I had already been selected from the Western Province, I suggested that it would be most advisable to choose the other low-country representative from the Southern Province. At that time the leading personality in the south at that time was Gate Mudaliyar E. R. Gooneratne, he was ultimately chosen. A prolonged consultation with Mr. F. H. Price, who

had an intimate knowledge of Kandyan men and matters, led to the selection of L. B. Nugawela Ratemahatmaya and K. B. Kobbekaduwa Ratemahatmaya from the hills. The Hon. Mr. T. B. Panabokke, of Temple of the Tooth fame, also went to England for the occasion at his own expense, and, at his request, the privileges of a representative were extended to him.

On the eve of our departure, the late Sir Harry Dias entertained me to a farewell dinner. The *Ceylon Observer* of March 10th had the following reference to the function :

"The Maha Mudaliyar may well count himself happy, as in other things, so also in the testimonies of appreciation and esteem that are accorded him. On Saturday last he was entertained to dinner by Sir Harry Dias at Maha Nuge, where a large and representative company had been invited to meet him on his departure for England on his mission to the Diamond Jubilee. Such a company under one roof and under the presidency of such a host is an honour of which any man might be proud. Sir Harry Dias is one who never fails to adorn whatever he puts his hand to, and needless to say the gathering was one of the utmost interest and success. The following were those who were present : Sir E. Noel Walker, K.C.M.G.; the Lord Bishop; the Maha Mudaliyar; the Attorney-General; Mr. J. B. Brown; the Hon'ble L. F. Lee; the Hon'ble L. Wendt; Mr. F. H. Price, Mayor; Mr. John Ferguson; Mr. P. Arunachalar; Mr. F. C. Loos; Mr. Hector Van Cuylenburg; Mr. J. T. Blaze; Mr. S. C. Obeyesekera; Mr. Felix Dias, C.C.; Mr. Solomon Seneviratne Atapattu; Mudaliyar; Mr. W. Chapman

"Sir Noel Walker then proposed the health of Sir Harry, and it was received with such enthusiasm that it was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm. The party broke up after having spent a most delightful and memorable evening."

"The *Mariner*, which we understand, sails on Wednesday next, and we would take this opportunity of expressing our congratulations both on the honour he has received from the friends of the Government, and on the many proofs he has received of the esteem in which he is held by those whose appreciation constitutes the highest praise."

The four of us sailed in a German boat, and throughout the voyage and their stay in London it was necessary for me to initiate my *profes*s into myriads of mysteries. We went ashore at every port at which the liner called, and the astonishment and surprise expressed and displayed by them at the various sights they saw gave me a measure of amusement which almost compensated for the nuisance they sometimes collectively proved. They could not, of course, help their shortcomings.

On reaching London we went into rooms that had been booked in advance for us by Mr. F. R. Saunders, at 13, Brunswick Square, our landlady being a Mrs. Fernan. I had personally intended to install myself temporarily at Bailey's in South Kensington, but I elected to stay with my friends, as they were total strangers to London. The building seemed quite well known on a recent visit I looked them up through curiosity, their identity had changed, and I found myself in the headquarters of some feminine club. Still more

recently and even more curiously, I heard from a Mrs. Murphy of Paris, who said she was the daughter of our quondam landlady, and I sent her a trifling gift.

My endeavours to persuade the Kandyan gentlemen to adopt the more modern modes of European dress were of no avail. When they rejected my suggestion almost haughtily, retorting that they would do no such thing for anybody, I left them to stew in their own juice. They stewed.

On the second or third day after their arrival they ventured out on foot on a shopping and sight-seeing expedition, clad in what they termed their "undress uniform." But they hadn't proceeded a hundred yards from our diggings, before they were hemmed in by a mob of street Arabs and all the other elements of a Cockney crowd.

"Where did you get that 'at?" chortled the 'Arrys.

"Oh, they're wearing pincushions on their heads," chimed in the 'Arriets, with sundry other comments on the other parts of my friends' habiliments.

My Kandyan friends, Nugawela and Kobbekaduwa, both bewildered beyond measure, beat a hasty retreat, and after they had been acknowledged as my friends, they turned to me on my advice, and implored me to lose no time in assisting them to procure European clothes, in one and the same breath. This I did next morning by ordering a "growler," securing them as best I could against the public gaze, and rushing them down to Hope Brothers' in Regent Street. Even here the brief moment of

scurry across the pavement was long enough to attract a crowd to view these strange specimens.

Anyhow, I lost no time in getting them deep into the trying-on rooms and hermetically sealing up the doors. Re-appearing specimens were produced, and in a twinkling the conservative chiefs were overhauled and sprucely clad in bowler hats, striped trousers, and smart boots, while one affected a crooked walking-stick and the other a "brolly"! Aladdin with his wonderful lamp had to take a back seat from Hope's that spring morning.

To me the whole affair was no whit extraordinary. Imagine Tutankh Amen sauntering into the Trocadero of an afternoon, garbed in the Egyptian dress of his period.

The two Kandyan chiefs were anxious to taste the rare delight of a bus ride, and to please them I agreed. The bus we boarded had unfortunately little vacant space at the top, but we contrived to wriggle into three seats in different positions. Nugawela went right forward and took his seat next to a woman. We proceeded very far, when this "lady" abruptly turned in her seat, stretched out her hand and, touching his long beard, exclaimed, "Oh, you *dear* old man!"

Nugawela, clearly scared out of his wits, sprang bolt upright and nearly jumped overboard. Greatly concerned at the situation, I shouted to him frantically from the rear (in Sinhalese, as likely to exercise a soothing influence on the old man): "Don't be alarmed, *yakko*! Sit down!"

He obeyed, and we continued our journey undisturbed, the amorous female, who had obviously

been celebrating somewhere, soon reaching her destination and not forcing her unwelcome attentions on this innocent from the outpost of Empire! Evidently she had been attracted by his noble and venerable appearance, for Nugawela, sometime Diyawadana Nilame at Kandy and uncle of the present holder of that office, was distinguished by a long, full beard (*à la* Dundreary) and a fine presence.

Naturally the Ratemahatmayas did not get the hang of English hours, and on one occasion, notwithstanding my advice to them overnight, they strode out at 6 a.m., and called on the late Mr. R. W. Ievers, C.C.S., who lived not far from our lodgings. On being informed by the maid that he was asleep, they insisted on his being roused and their cards being presented to him. They were, of course, told to go away, and after waiting for a few minutes, they came down on their hands and knees for a few minutes.

Moreover, the Kandyans and their Kandyan servant did not at first dovetail quite exactly into the boarding-house arrangements, and petty complaints regarding the attendant's incursions into the servants' quarters in the small hours of the morning, and of his masters' offences against *les convenances*, were frequently brought to me.

Many a humorous situation arose over the arrangements for the Kandyan toilette on days when there were State functions. Half a dozen valets would have their hands full with two Ratemahatmayas to adorn. My friends had only

one, and I recall a certain occasion when one of them adopted the expedient of working his forty yards of cloth round his waist by 'y' to 'z' to a bedpost and spinning round like a top till he reached the other. Rather ingenious, I thought.

It was Meedeniya Adigar's *thuppoti* (waistcloth) which in a later day inspired an alien princeling, whom he passed in the corridor of a Colombo hotel, to enquire gently whether that was "a native lady in a delicate state of health"!

I had, as valet and general factotum, dear old John Arachchi, afterwards Muhandiram of Queen's House, whose high comb and uniform attracted not a little attention in London. Lord Stanmore asked the Ceylon party to tea one afternoon, and specially requested John Arachchi's presence. When we went down John received a nice present of money from our host in consideration of services rendered when, as Sir Arthur Gordon, Lord Stanmore had been Governor of Ceylon.

We attended all the functions held in connection with the Diamond Jubilee, and had official seats allotted us in Downing Street to view the great Procession, unforgettable for all time to those who witnessed it. The Life Guards resplendent in scarlet and gold, the Queen's coach bearing the Queen in state, were some of the elements of a magnificent Imperial pageant.

I retain a vivid impression of Lord Roberts, very striking on his grey Arab charger. Seventeen years later he was to die on a visit to his beloved

Indian troops in France, with the boom of the Flanders guns for . . .

At the Royal . . . Buckingham Palace we . . . and it fell to me to present the Sinhalese delegates to Her Majesty, who was attended by her two favourite Indian servants. A pen-and-ink sketch of this ceremony appeared in the London dailies, and a framed copy is in my possession,

Shortly afterwards, when all the pomp was "one with Nineveh and Tyre," my friends left for Ceylon, and I lingered awhile to renew old friendships. Of the new acquaintances I made, the most notable, perhaps, was bronchitis, of which I had a sharp attack. Dr. . . . on me, and I was confined to my rooms for a number of days. My sister Amy, who was in London at the time, was most untiring and devoted in her care of me during this indisposition, and John Arachchi proved, as always, to be worth his weight in gold. He was indeed famous for his consistent willingness and good nature, of which many instances are current. I well recollect an occasion when, while staying at the Queen's House, Colombo, visited the pettah in the . . . sight-seeing, and was greatly struck by the undress clothing on some Tamil girl children of tender years. It consisted solely of a thin chain fastened round the waist, suspended from which was a small . . . as big as . . . down in front.

When the lady . . . Queen's House that evening, she desired a somewhat embarrassed John

Arachchi to procure her some similar ornaments. Doubtless, he undertook to do so, but some days later Lady Blank reminded him that her wishes had not been carried out; to which implication of neglect John replied, "Pettah and all shops have been searched by me, but finding of grown-up lady's size impossible."

Twice a week in London I took lessons in four-in-hand driving from an expert, and on the fourth or fifth morning when I had commenced I drove down Whitehall and picked up Dr. Heniker-Rance. My friend was in the back, putting my friend on the box with me—an arrangement singularly lacking in appeal as far as I was concerned, for I was not master of my team. He had warned me to turn into the Park at Hyde Park Corner, but in the turmoil of dodging traffic and controlling the animals, I passed the spot, and then, rather than turn round, drove like a tornado down to Piccadilly Circus without the ghost of a mishap.

My tutor's admiration was not so great as to think that few horsemen in the world can lay claim to a feat like mine at so early a period of their novitiate.

I remember one of the leaders commencing to kick, and my alarm lest both coach and horses be wrecked, but the expert noticing it said, "What are you uneasy about, sir? Just hang on to them." I did so, and the kicking soon stopped. "It's your turn now, sir!" he shouted. "Lay it on."

I acted on his advice with great vigour, and when

I left London in November I was quite at home in handling fours-in-hand.

Immediately on my arrival in Colombo, I relieved Gate Mudaliyar J. D. Perera, who had been my *locum tenens*.

I was married in April, 1898, at All Saints' Church, Hultsdorp, and Daisy's parents held a grand reception at "Hill Castle." The attesting witnesses were Sir West Ridgeway, Sir Harry Dias and Mr. S. C. Obeyesekere, and there was a large attendance.

A few days after our marriage we left our home at "Victoria Street," and on our return we went into residence at the old "Elie House."

On the night of our home-coming we were entertained to a gorgeous banquet by my wife's parents.

On January 8th, 1899, my wife was baptised here, and at his baptism Sir West Ridgeway, the Governor, and Sir Harry Dias stood as godfathers. Mrs. J. P. Obeyesekere and Lady ... Mrs. S. C. Obeyesekere being the ...

The occasion was one of great gladness and thanksgiving, for in our family sons have been too often, in ancient days, the exception and daughters the rule, and the fact of my first-born being a boy naturally brought much satisfaction. My father had been one of two sons, and his brother's sons had died without leaving male issue, and I was the only boy he had to maintain the direct line. Now the ... was assured.

... also at "Elie House," my elder daughter, Anna, was born.



[W. & D. Downey.]

H.M. KING GEORGE V.



CHAPTER VII

KING GEORGE IN CEYLON

ROYALTY has been accorded many brilliant receptions in Ceylon, but in spite of that the historian would search in vain for a precedent to the warmth and splendour of the homage paid to King George and Queen Mary, when, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, they visited the island in 1901, on their way to open the Federal Parliament of Australia. As regards the future, if the manner in which the Prince of Wales was received in 1922 is any criterion, posterity may look in vain for anything to equal the regal pageantry that marked King George's second visit to this island. His Royal Highness (as he was then) had by no means forgotten his visit here in 1882 with the late Duke of Clarence. One of the royal entourage told me that when the *Ophir* sighted Ceylon, the Duke said that there was *one* person he knew in the island, and that was the chief his brother had invested with a sword.

The Royal Yacht was escorted by two cruisers, and put into port at dawn on April 14th, but the Royal party did not land till long afterwards. His Excellency, attended by Sir Francis Burdett, went on board the *Ophir* at 10 a.m., and returned half

an hour later. At one o'clock a salute of guns intimated that their Royal Highnesses had left their vessel. On the jetty, the Duke, dressed in white and wearing the Star of India, inspected a guard of honour, and then proceeded thence to the magnificent kiosk outside, which was thronged with the highest of the land. Her Royal Highness, attended by two of her Ladies-in-Waiting, was the embodiment of queenly grace.

The gentlemen of the large and distinguished ducal suite were dressed in grey frock-coats, and among the gathering was the Rajah of Ramnad, accompanied by his host, Sir P. (then Mr.) Ramathan, who was at that time Solicitor-General. After His Royal Highness had replied in turn to the three addresses presented, he conversed for some time with the officials nearest him, and calling me up, spoke very pleasantly and assured me that he remembered me very well. I had, of course, met him previously at Hanwella in 1882 and York House in 1895.

The Royal Party then drove at the head of an imposing cavalcade, and through profusely decorated streets, to the old Fort Station, where they entrained for Kandy. On the way, at Polgahawela, an opportunity was afforded the chiefs of the North-Western Province to present their loyal respects to the Heir to the Throne, and a brief and very pretty ceremony took place on the platform, where the *lout ensemble* was admirable. There had been a large gathering of the chiefs and the Government Agent, Mr. F. C. Fisher, owing to the North-Western Province being

deprived of participation in the Kandy reception, and there can be no doubt that this disappointment was one of the factors that drove that excellent official to commit *jidai-isei* by shooting himself. Mr. Fisher had finely upheld that old Civil Service tradition that is fast dying out, and was loved by the people. He was a clean sportsman, and a brother of Lord Fisher, the famous Sea Lord; and His Royal Highness, in addressing the chiefs, referred regretfully to the death of "one of the ablest officers of His Majesty's Service."

Kandy's reception that evening was even more picturesque, and troops lined the route to the *Wimala Perera*, where a State Banquet followed. At dinner, Sir John Anderson, who was travelling on the *Ophir* as the representative of the Colonial Office, sat next to me, and engaged me in conversation about the general administration of the country. Sir John had always a dignified presence, and at that time did not have a single white hair on his head or face. Thirteen years later, when I walked into his room at Downing Street, his head and beard were totally white, and I could not help remembering that three years later, utterly broken in health, he died in Ceylon. In 1914 he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and helped me to obtain a permit to bring out two thoroughbred horses, the war-time restrictions being very severe as to the exportation of any possible mount. Both these animals proved successful performers, General McLellan winning several races besides the Civil Service Cup and the Chamber Stakes in 1915, before he was promoted to

and Lenana winning the Police Cup and the Turf Club Plate in 1916 before he became a confirmed rogue.

The Royal programme in the ancient capital of the Kandyan Kings was varied and comprehensive, and all the functions and investitures were marked by the pomp and colour loved by Orientals. For sheer beauty and splendour, the glittering scene in the Audience Hall on the following night, when their Royal Highnesses sat in the seat of a dynasty that is dead, and received the scions of Kandyan aristocracy, could not, of course, be equalled. There was also, as distinct from the State Drive, a visit to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Peradeniya, when the Duke planted a memorial tree. Minor items were the firework display, the presentation of the Colours to the Ceylon Mounted Rifles. Sixty-three elephants took part in the gorgeous Peraherra (procession) that wound through the Pavilion grounds. Three gentlemen—F. Ellis, F. A. Cooper, and J. H. de Saram—were invested with the Order of C.M.G. during this visit, and I had the honour to receive from the Duke the robes of the Order of the Ceylon Lion and the Order of the Ceylon Elephant. The Duke and his brother during the *Bacchante* visit in 1882.

On the Sunday their Royal Highnesses, with their entire suite, attended Divine Service at St. Paul's, and the Bishop of Colombo, Dr. R. S. Copleston, officiated with the assistance of six other clergy.

The Royal Highnesses were unable to go out for the State Drive in the morning, owing to a touch of the sun,

and it had been arranged that Mr. H. Wace, the Government Agent of the Ceylon Protectorate, should attend the Duchess in the State Carriage. At the eleventh hour, however, I was told by Lord Wenlock, at the Duke's command, that *I* was to attend Her Royal Highness.

In the course of the drive, the Duchess, by a curious coincidence, said to me when just opposite "Arthur's Seat," where my wife and two children happened to be staying: "Might we stop here a moment and look at the scenery?"

I gave the signal to the guards in front and behind, and stopped the carriage, and my sons were brought him to the edge of the high embankment and then I saw the Royal Carriage. He recognized me and started shouting, "Daddy! Daddy!" I only looked up and gave a knowing glance, but did not draw the Duchess' attention to the matter in any way before we passed on.

That night after dinner I related the incident to Her Royal Highness, and she rated me soundly for not having had the boy up to the carriage.

I possess another little souvenir of that night. At table I noticed Cicely, the Duke's favourite artist of the Duke's Household, vigorously running a pencil on the back of his menu-card, and aware apparently of my interest, he had it passed round to me. It was a most beautiful sketch of the Royal train leaving Colombo, and I pointed out the place to him to autograph. He did so readily and returned the card to me. I keep it still as a precious *bric-à-brac*.

On Monday their Royal Highnesses left Kandy

by a special train over three hours to reach Colombo. The farewell, was just as cordial as the enthusiasm, if anything more tremendous. The Ceylon Light Infantry, under Colonel (then Captain) Jonklaas, formed the guard of honour at the station, and the band played the National Anthem.

Only two halts were made on the run, and once more the party arrived in Colombo. The short drive to Queen's House was punctuated with thunderous cheers.

For the rest of that afternoon their Royal Highnesses were occupied in selecting and purchasing Ceylon gems and jewels, the leading jewellers in Colombo having sent cases of their handiwork. I remember the Royal apartments; a rainbow stream of stones and gold poured into my hands, to be returned to the men waiting downstairs, the Duke and Duchess having kept back what they wished to purchase. It took me and the jewellers some time to sort out their respective lots.

Lord Wenlock, a former Governor of Madras, who was Lord-in-Waiting and Chief of the Household, gave me, before they left, a cheque for nearly £1,000 to meet the cost of the jewels that had caught the Royal fancy. Being a cheque on an English bank, the local houses took a heavy commission, with the result that there was a shortage when it came to paying off, but the men readily accepted a *pro rata* deduction, as arranged.

ment that pleased Lord Wenlock very much when he received the vouchers.

The State Drive that followed was a superb spectacle. The route ran through the Pettah and Slave Island to Cinnamon Gardens, Colpetty and Galle Face, and every yard was lined with fruits and bunting. Both sides of the route were lined with a dense and festive throng, and there was no mistaking the loyalty that lent to the blaze of colour a touch of warmth, making it symbolic of the affection with which Ceyloners regard the Royal House.

The advance guard was composed of the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, and Sir W. D. Hillier, Ridge-way, with Captain Gooch and their body-guard, immediately preceded the Royal Barouche, drawn by four horses, of which the only occupant besides their Royal Highnesses was myself. On the left of the State Carriage rode the Lord of the Isles, in the resplendent uniform and caparison of the 17th Lancers, mounted on Lady Penelope's favourite horse, that had been taken off the previous day; and on the right rode the aide, mounted on a white horse, that had been taken off the previous day; and on the right rode the aide, mounted on a white horse, that had been taken off the previous day. The *aide* on the right was Captain Gordon Fraser of the Ceylon Light Infantry.

The rest of the cavalcade consisted of the ducal household, and included H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, brother to the Duchess, and now Earl of Athlone. A great friend of mine, I have met him several times in recent years, the last occasion being Ascot in 1920. The Rev. Canon Dalton, who had come out with the two Princes twenty

years earlier, was also one of the party of 1901.*

We made a brief halt at the turn from Main Street into St. John's Road to enable their Royal Highnesses to view the elaborate decorations at the Town Hall. I did not share this with His Excellency the Governor on the earnest request of Mr. Robert Dunuwille, the Secretary of Council, as the royal procession simply passed the municipal building, but it was a most unusual and a local procession. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall were delighted and walked up from behind me, but it was anything amiss.

Subsequently, when we were passing "Alfred House," a young daughter of Lady de Saxe presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet.

A particularly fine *pandal* marked the approach to Galle Face, and the scene, as the royal pageant sparkled in the crimson rays of the setting sun, is unforgettable.

That night after dinner there was a magnificent reception at Queen's House. The ball-room had been rendered very beautiful with lilies and red roses, and the Duke was in naval evening dress. Since so large a gathering had assembled, I endeavoured through Lord Wenlock to arrange that, instead of everybody being individually presented, their Royal Highnesses should walk through queues, nodding this way and that, and talking when they chose. But the Duke was determined

* Canon Dalton is an uncle of Mr. Justice Dalton, of Ceylon. I called on him (in 1928) at his residence, The Cloisters, Windor Castle, and found him hale and hearty.



[W. & D. Downey.]

H.M. THE QUEEN.



to shake hands with all present, and the Duchess, who on this occasion wore the Order of Victoria and Albert and had a splendid diamond tiara in her hair, went through the ordeal gracefully. Captain Gooch called out the European and I the Ceylon names, and a man with the decided appearance of an Easterner came up and I was unable to decipher the tiny Roman characters on his card. To permit any pause whatever in a ceremony of this nature is a very bad form, and I got over my imperceptible delay by saying, "Mr. Brown!" "Mr. Brown" looked at me in surprise, and I said: "Pass on, please!" He then shook hands heartily with their Royal Highnesses, which after all was all that mattered to him, and passed on. But to this day I don't know who he was.

Anyhow, the reception did not drag for a second, and we were able to get on our feet and go on with Gooch and me on our conduct of the function.

A military tattoo and a pyrotechnic display followed, and it was a little after midnight when their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by His Excellency, put off for the *Ophir*. The Fort was one of the finest, and the elaborate illuminations ashore and in the harbour shed a regretful radiance on the scene of this memorable Royal visit to Ceylon.

I cannot refrain from telling a story illustrative of our present King's great goodness of heart. Before leaving he sent for me to his chamber, and gave me a set of sleeve-links of gold and crystal, with the figures "1901" and the Royal Crest, each

in a crystal of the links from behind, and beautifully tinted in red, white, and blue. The Duchess waited outside, and as I came out said: "I hope you'll wear them sometimes and remember us."

CHAPTER VIII

THE POSTPONED CORONATION

THE coronation of King George V. had been fixed for June 27th, 1902, and early in the May of that year I sailed for England on the *Koenigen Louise*, Sir Christoffel (C. S. C.) Obeyesekere travelling on the same boat for the same purpose. Arrived in London, Sir Christoffel was taken charge of by his son, who was then reading for the Bar, and I went into residence at Jones' Hotel, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Felix Dias was already in England on a holiday, and stayed with the Obeyesekeres at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington.

I had hardly been forty-eight hours in London when a special messenger brought in this letter late in the evening to me at Suffolk Street:

YORK HOUSE,
ST. JAMES' PALACE, S.W.,
June 10, 1902.

DEAR MAHA MUDALIYAR,

I am desired by the Prince and Princess of Wales to invite you to luncheon here with Their Royal Highnesses tomorrow, Wednesday, 11th, at 2 o'clock.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
(Signed) DEREK KEPPEL,
Equerry-in-Waiting.

I immediately intimated my acceptance of the invitation, but I could not help being surprised at receiving it, considering that I had only just as yet known I was in London.

When I went to York House to keep the appointment, I was met in the sitting-room by one of the ladies, either Lady Mary Lygon or Lady Catherine Coke, both of whom had attended Her Royal Highness during the Ceylon visit.

Almost the first question she put to me was: "Do you know how you came to get your invitation to luncheon today?"

I said: "No; I don't!"

She then explained that Her Royal Highness and herself had been driving through the Haymarket the previous afternoon, when the Princess, catching sight of me, exclaimed, indicating my direction: "There goes my Ceylon friend! We must have him to luncheon tomorrow!"

I grasped the situation at once, for a Royal carriage *had* bowled past me in the Haymarket, and two heavily veiled ladies, whom I did not recognize, had bowed. I had acknowledged the greeting, and I had been conscious of their looks at me, and their evident curiosity as to my identity, and I had been aware that they had been great personages.

The luncheon was a private one, and I was the only guest. Their Royal Highnesses were most genial and hospitable, and recalled many incidents in connection with their visit to Ceylon in the previous year. The Prince made special enquiries

as to why Lord Fisher's brother had taken his life. I could only say that private disappointments following closely on public ones had proved too much for poor Fisher.

The Princess wore some pieces of the jewellery she had purchased in Colombo, and asked me whether I recognized them, which, of course, I did. After lunch all the Royal children came down, and I was introduced to them one by one.

Princess Mary was undoubtedly the most high-spirited of the lot, and persisted in making me a present of a toy duck. I returned it to her several times, and at last determined to put it in my pocket if she repeated the offer. I am sorry this did not happen, as I might have retained it as a valuable memento.

A few days before the 27th, the whole Empire was in a state of confusion on account of the King's illness, and the indefinite postponement of the Coronation ceremony caused many of the people who had come over from the Colonies to depart. Sir S. C. Obeyesekere was one of this number. With the late Mr. F. C. Loos and Dr. W. G. Rockwood and myself, he had been selected as one of Ceylon's accredited representatives (although we all went at our own expense), but as it turned out, he never saw that day's light. Subsequently the Coronation Gold Medals were cast, and presented to those of us who went to London, and the leading officials in Ceylon at the time.

King Edward made appendicitis a fashionable disease, and, just as people have limped and lisped and pretended to be blind or deaf in order to attain

social distinction of doubtful value in different ages, so appendicitis was the vogue for a decade. The psychological moment, however, at which the malady inflicted itself on the Royal person, and the news with vague alarm, and the circumstances necessitating the postponement came as a great shock, not only to those immediately concerned, but to the whole Empire. I happened to have necessity to consult Sir William Treves, who was one of the most prominent medical men of his day and also Physician to His Majesty.

Sir William was in attendance on the King, and I was able to converse with him regarding His Majesty's health, which was of such interest to the nation. He told me that King Edward was rather inclined to be self-willed and careless in carrying out the instructions of his doctors.

When an operation was decided upon he is reported to have said: "Operation or no operation, I must have the Coronation" (i.e., on June 27th, the original date). "Then, Sir," bluntly rejoined Sir Frederick Treves, "you will go as a corpse." His Majesty ultimately yielded to the persuasion of his advisers, and, as everybody knows, underwent a successful operation at the hands of that eminent surgeon. Whilst I was engaged on this book, Sir Frederick Treves died, at the age of seventy, in his seventieth year, after a most brilliant career. He had retired at the time.

Meanwhile, on June the 25th, I was agreeably surprised to receive the following letter:

CHANCERY OF THE ORDER OF
ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE,
DOWNING STREET,
June 25th, 1902.

SIR,

I have the honour, by command of the King, to inform you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give directions for your appointment to be a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

You will receive His Majesty's Warrant and the Insignia in due course.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) ROBERT W. HERBERT,
Clerk of the Order.

This was followed by a letter from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies:

COLONIAL OFFICE,
June 26th, 1902.

DEAR MR. BANDARANAIKE,

I have much pleasure in informing you that His Majesty has been pleased to accept my recommendation of your name for the Honour of the Companionship of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, and I desire at the same time to express the pleasure I have had in recognizing the high position which you hold in Ceylon and the manner in which you have filled it.

Yours very faithfully,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Congratulations poured on me from all quarters. Reuter conveyed the news by cable to Ceylon and

all sections of the Press sounded a chorus of approval. There was not a single dissonant note.

His Majesty is making a good recovery, and the Coronation took place on August 11th. King Edward was very pale and still not entirely rid of the after-effects of his indisposition, of which the presence of the nurses who had attended him, driving in State carriages in their attractive uniforms, was a realistic reminder.

The ceremony itself was gorgeous and baffles description, nor will I attempt to depict the amazing decorations and Dominion arches in the streets, where the populace exhibited wonderful devotion. In his Coronation attire the King introduced the innovation of a cape, whereon, among other emblems, a golden lotus symbolized India. Thus His Majesty carried one step further the tradition inaugurated by his great mother when she added to the royal titles that of "Empress of India."

When the celebrations were over, and I had paid a round of calls, I crossed the Channel to Paris, and went on from there to spend a few days at the Roman villa of my sister, Mrs. Roversi. No one who sees the Eternal City forgets it, just as no one who drinks Nile water fails to return. The Borgias and Julius Cæsar, Tiberius and the Antonii, still spiritualize with their greatness and their grossness. One cannot help feeling that the Mussolinis and D'Annunzios of these latter days are the logical outcome of a decadent state of things.

To modern Italy the greatness of the past is not dead but merely dormant. Yet the centuries of Northern predominance, Gaul, Norman, and Saxon, have rendered this glory elusive and difficult to recapture. No more wonderful, therefore, than that Etna should occasionally erupt, are the occasional outbursts that bubble in Latin blood.

From Rome I proceeded to Naples, whither my sister and Signor Roversi accompanied me, and caught my boat, a Hamburg-Amerika liner, the s.s. *Humboldt*, in which my *fidus Achates* on this trip, Dr. ... had come round through the Bay. A pair of English hackneys I had bought in London followed me out in a Clan liner from Liverpool, and I do not think Ceylon had ever seen such superb steeds as Lord and Lady Piccadilly. The noble Lord lived to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* till just a few years ago.

The voyage was not marked by incident, but on arrival in Colombo on September 21st, the ship's company were quite justified in believing that they had entertained an angel unawares. For my countrymen had not only received a brilliantly successful reception in unanimity of sentiment alone. If I could say so without being egotistic, I would say it was an almost Royal welcome, and my fellow-passengers, including, by the way, a Siamese Minister, enquired (from everybody but the august personage himself, of course) whether I was a Prince! Naturally they did not know that Princes had suffered a slump in Ceylon since 1815 or thereabouts, and that Raja Sinha's

work in the Public Service, and it is therefore to us a source of much pride and satisfaction that you should have been selected for such an honour at so early a stage in your public career, as a token of what is yet in store for you. As a reward of the loyalty and devotion of duty so pre-eminently displayed by you, we hope on this occasion that you will receive much hope and the utmost pleasure.

"We will prove yourself worthy of higher honours. In Majesty's hands we, who know you so intimately and so well, have not the smallest doubt.

"We wish also to assure you that we have followed your career in England during the past year with the greatest interest and have taken no little pride in ourselves in the special attention that has been paid to you, both by Royalty and the English aristocracy. That a worthy scion of one of our greatest houses should have been accorded such distinguished acknowledgments of his worth and position is far too flattering to our own feelings to permit of our passing them by without mention.

"In conclusion, let us be permitted to extend to you our most cordial welcome as our social leader, and to express our hope that both you and your wife will be long spared to fill the leading position among us, which it is our delight to see occupied by you both fill now so worthily.

"Wishing you and your family long life and prosperity,

"We beg to remain,

"Your devoted friends and fellow-workers :

J. David P. M. M. M. Governor's Gate ;

J. A. M. M. M. Governor's

Gate; J. Francis Perera, Mudaliyar; Henry A. Perera, Mudaliyar; J. Louis Pieris, Mudaliyar, Governor's Gate; Philip Perera, Mudaliyar, Governor's Gate; Simon de Silva, Mudaliyar, Governor's Gate; J. Louis Perera, Mudaliyar; T. Sanmukam, "Devon House"; J. L. P. Proctor; H. W. D. Bandula; J. V. G. Jayawardena; J. Henry Perera, Mudaliyar; A. L. Dissanayake, Mudaliyar; W. N. S. Atapattu; H. A. Pieris, Mudaliyar; J. A. Wijeratne, Mudaliyar; R. S. W. Jayasekera, Mudaliyar; J. E. de Silva, President, V.T.; D. D. H. Perera, President, V.T.; T. A. Wijayasekera, President, V.T.; J. G. G. Abeyaratne, Mudaliyar; D. J. W. Jayaratne, Mudaliyar; D. L. W. Jayaratne, Mudaliyar; S. R. de Fonseka, Mudaliyar; H. W. Karunaratna, Mudaliyar; J. L. P. Proctor; Edwin A. Perera; James Samaradiwakara; J. Andrew Perera, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; Edward Perera; Sam E. Perera, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; C. P. D. R. Perera, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; J. L. P. Perera, Mohandiram; Louis de Livera, Mohandiram; D. G. Pieris, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; J. V. Atapattu, Mohandiram; Godwin de Livera, Mohandiram; D. J. Wijeratne, Mohandiram; and M. P. Rodrigo."

When I had replied to this, an address in Sinhalese, signed by several representative members of the general public, was read, of which a translation reads as follows:

"To Don Solomon Dias Abeyewickreme Jayatilleke Senewiratne R. . . . K. . . keralu Bandaranaike, C.M.G., J.P., Maha Mudaliyar of Ceylon.

"RESPECTED SIR,

"On this occasion of your safe return to your native Country, our beautiful Island, we, the undersigned, beg to join in offering you, for ourselves and on behalf of the general public, a most cordial and hearty welcome.

"We feel it our duty, in the first place, to lay at the feet of His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. and the Royal Family our most humble tribute of gratitude for honouring you, on whom devolved the important duty of representing the public of Ceylon at the coronation of Their Majesties the King and Queen of England, with the distinction of a Commissioner of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

"We do not wish to mention here the fact that the public hasten to acknowledge your claim upon their praise and affectionate regard for the signal success and courage with which you, as a Statesman, have represented them in the most distinguished Royal assemblies, obtaining yourself in England at the cost of much personal inconvenience and expense to yourself, for the deferred date of the Coronation, after the ceremony had been once postponed and the coronation ceremonies to you finished, when you were at the very close of your return voyage. This no public body appears a circumstance that does you much credit, and one of which the people of Ceylon are justly proud; which contributes to the joy, which is well worthy of record in the Island's history.

Sons and Daughters, may grow for centuries to come.

"We are, respected Sir,

"Philip Perera, Gate Mudaliyar; J. W. C. de Soyza, Gate Mudaliyar; J. A. Abeyesekere, Gate Mudaliyar; Simon de Silva, Gate Mudaliyar; C. de Silva, Gate Mudaliyar; T. Sammukam, J.P.; Francis Perera, Mudaliyar; Henry Perera, Mudaliyar; Walter Dias Bandula, Mudaliyar; G. A. Dassanayake, Mudaliyar; H. A. P. de Silva, Mudaliyar; H. W. D. Bandula, Mudaliyar; J. V. C. Jayawardena, Mudaliyar; J. A. Wijetunge, Mudaliyar; J. P. Perera, Mudaliyar; J. A. W. de Silva, Mudaliyar; S. T. Gunawardena, Mudaliyar; R. W. de Silva, Mudaliyar; P. P. de Silva, Mudaliyar; A. M. de Silva, Mudaliyar; D. J. A. W. de Silva, Mudaliyar; D. D. H. Perera, Mudaliyar; W. E. Gunawardhana, Mudaliyar; Henry C. de Silva, Mudaliyar; H. S. de Silva, Mudaliyar; D. S. de Silva, Mudaliyar; P. de Silva, Mudaliyar; G. de Silva, Mudaliyar; S. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; S. E. Perera, Gate Mohandiram; H. Don Carolis Wijetunge, Gate Mohandiram; S. P. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; J. V. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; H. P. F. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; A. S. F. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; N. S. F. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; A. S. F. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; G. H. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; G. H. de Silva, Gate Mohandiram; Editor *De Silva*; W. de Silva, Editor *Samaya*; John de Silva, Proctor; J. de Silva, Proctor; C. P. Gunewardene; H. B. de Silva; G. de Silva; S. Thomas

of the London press in quest of the nimble help-hands, assisted by a special and discreet view of the conditions that were to be met, and then succeeded by alternating hopes and fears. There came the anxious interlude when our guest had the honour of being elected to the York House as Treasurer of the Royal Engineers, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was introduced to the important personages who are still affectionately referred to as 'the York children.'

"Full of history and romance is the position which the Maha Mudaliyar came up to the rank of his Majesty's Honorary Chaplain and Secretary. It is an improvement of ours to have upon our shores an ally of domesticity. The Maha was a member of the York House, and renewed the very pleasant acquaintance which he made with the late Prince of Wales' Staff when they visited Ceylon in the spring of 1901. The grandeur of the Coronation honours held one surprise in store for this distinguished representative of the Sinhalese nation. The first intimation he had of the honour conferred upon him was through a newspaper source. The Maha opened his morning paper, first to apprise himself of the latest news concerning the King's health, and then curiously perused him to run his eye down the columns of society to notice that had been awarded to Ceylon, and he was agreeably surprised to find his own name figuring amongst those of the honours of the Coronation. The ship of the Maha, the *Devi*, of Oakley, St. Michael and St. George. May the motto of that most distinguished Order, *Devi* (A pledge of better times to come by merit in the future career of the distinguished Sir's gentleman. The Maha Mudaliyar waited for the Coronation, and was impressed by the order and deep solemnity

heat in the Red Sea and choppy weather in the Indian Ocean, he returned to his native land on Saturday. His return had been anticipated, and great preparations, colossal in their magnitude and hurried in their execution, had been made to accord the 'first Sinhalese President' a welcome befitting in its extent and splendour the status and added distinction of the Maha Mudaliyar. The news of the conferment of a C.M.G. upon the Maha Mudaliyar had been received with the same surprise and joy by all communities in Ceylon and especially by all sections of the Sinhalese nation. The joyous and happy expressions of congratulation had been most personal and the Maha Mudaliyar had been the recipient of which was a mark of the esteem in which he was held. They were expressions of the love, the respect, the enthusiasm and the unanimity evinced. The Maha Mudaliyar had been a great and noble leader of the people of Ceylon. It may be asked, Why should a man of his rank and position be a gentleman? The answer is simple. The Maha Mudaliyar represents in his person and rank the highest embodiment of Sinhalese refinement and culture. He comes of a distinguished family. The name of Bandaranaike is as a precious heritage to Ceylon. His ancestors have all been distinguished and noble. The name of Bandaranaike is a name of honour and distinction. It is a name which has been a source of pride and honour to the Sinhalese people. The Bandaranaike family has been a family of noble and noble habits, select in their tastes, sincere and unselfish in all their undertakings, the Bandaranaike family have exerted an influence upon the Sinhalese nation and upon the diverse communities existing in this island which has made for goodness and progress. These qualities appear to have been faithfully transmitted in full measure to the present head of the

family, Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, C.M.G., Maha Mudaliyar, Native A.D.C. to the Governor, whose rise has been romantic. He has reported and carried out the traditions of his illustrious family. He has used his great influence with a single eye to the benefit of the nation. His influence has been quietly and unobtrusively exerted towards welding together the various elements of the Ceylonese which were scattered by the British. We are anxious as to whether Sir Arthur Havelock had not bequeathed as one of his final acts, so young a Maha Mudaliyar. There were others who were anxious to see the position filled. There are always some people who as a last resource have recourse to the despairing refuge of caste prejudices. But the Maha Mudaliyar's name, has risen superior to all the blandishments of this hateful system. His career has been distinguished by unblemished integrity and high ability. He has been a most devoted and successful servant of the State. We claim the right to speak, we extend to the Maha Mudaliyar a most cordial welcome home, and hope his present health and strength may be maintained for years to come, and that he may continue to use his great influence for the benefit of the Ceylonese. We will look up to him as a guide and inspiration, and have never yet been able to do so.

It is not without significance to recall the late Mr. Jay's last public appearance in Ceylon

previous to this was early in the same year when I answered a police summons for an alleged breach of the rules of the road when driving. I went down to the Municipal Court in person and pleaded my case. The case had a somewhat humorous character by the Police's misapprehension of the facts. When I appealed, the sentence was quashed, the fine remitted, and a homily on common sense addressed to the police by the Acting City Justice of the day!

It was later in the same year I had occasion to visit Kandy, and received a reception that in cordiality and brilliancy, was equal to any I had met on any way in the low country. Few things could better have shown how completely we are one people—Sinhalese—instead of, as people would try to make out now, two distinct peoples, the absurd outcome of the mischief of hare-brained agitators and alarmists. The topography of the country compelled some people to dwell in the valleys, some on the hills. How can that have changed our blood?

The poison had not even begun to do its evil work in 1902, and the fact that it was my first visit to that part of the island since I had been decorated inspired the Kandyans to arrange a magnificent demonstration. No sooner had I alighted at the railway station, than a host of chiefs were presented to me. I was conducted in a procession to the Queen's. In the early afternoon, I presided and gave away the prizes at the Dharmaraja College prize-giving a function at which Sir Christoffel also spoke.

From D. . . . I drove down to the Town Hall, to find a large and distinguished assembly awaiting me, including dear old C. B. Nugawela Dewa Nilame, and representatives of all communities. A leading Kandyan chief, on behalf of his fellow-chiefs and all residents in the Province, presented me with an illuminated address in Sinhalese and a . . . well recall J. H. . . . rendering of the address. My health was toasted in champagne, and all was most convivial.

At night the day's tradition was maintained when Ratwatte Basnayeke Nilame gave a banquet in my honour at Ratwatte Walaawa, inviting only a select number of friends.

The Kelani Valley Railway extension to Avissawella was opened in this year, and Sir West, when he went down to perform the time-honoured ceremony, was entertained to a sumptuous luncheon by the planters and other prominent gentlemen. One of the pioneer planters, Mr. W . . . was a conspicuous figure, and one of the most interesting characters present was a Welshman named Dawkin who had earned a great reputation for his witty and caustic remarks on men and matters. He sat opposite me, and I understand the butler had strict instructions not to serve him with more than a limited ration of beer. I strongly suspect that he got more by brow-beating the waiters, and when Mr. Im Thurn was delivering . . . noon, Dawkin, who had never seen him before (and had probably never heard of him!) enquired who

the speaker was. On being enlightened, he exclaimed in a loud tone, "What! Interned!" to the embarrassment of those immediately around him.

This same individual was one of many others who attended a brilliant and lively farewell dinner at the Galle Face Hotel to the Ceylon Contingent that left for the Boer War, and he was again placed opposite me. I did not relish the task that was given me of keeping an eye on him, and while His Lordship the Bishop was toasting the Contingent, the Welshman uttered some remark that will not bear repeating.

Dawkin was a very genial man and well liked in planting circles; he died a few years ago after he had retired from Ceylon.

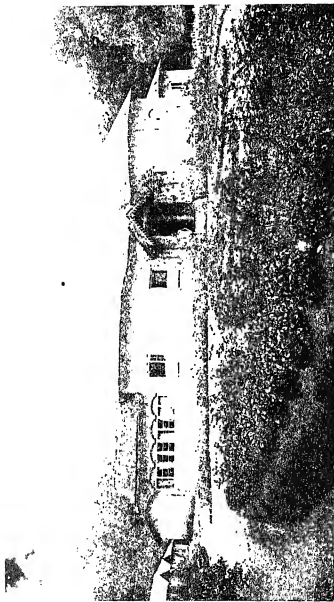
CHAPTER IX

HOME AGAIN

EARLY in 1903 I returned to my ancestral home, having reluctantly been compelled to relinquish occupation of "Elie House." "Elie House" was one of the great historic houses of Ceylon built by Philip Anstruther, Colonial Secretary in the early thirties, and occupied in turn by John Rodney, Colonel Anthonisz Lorenz, Captain Bayley, and the Dutch, but the materialistic demands of a new age doomed it to a watery grave, and I was the last occupant before the Government acquired the property for the purposes of building a reservoir.

It stood in a splendid position, as anyone who walks in the Park today can see, and the structure itself, of which not a vestige remains, consisted of a magnificent building which gave a unique view of the harbour and docks. To this was attached ten or fifteen acres planted with choice fruit and timber trees especially imported by old Philip Anstruther. Verily, today not one stone is left standing on another.

By this time certain important and necessary relations had been made with Horagolla, and I had about a year previously acquired "Broomfield,"



BROOMFIELD : MY HILL STATION COTTAGE AT NUWARA ELIYA.



my Nuwara Eliya residence, standing in about twenty acres from the Right Rev. R. S. Copleston, one time Bishop of Colombo, and later Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, who died recently.

"Broomfield" is one of the oldest places in Nuwara Eliya and has a clerical history coming down from the Reverend — Oakley and the Reverend — Ellis.

In the same year, too, there was unveiled at St. Thomas' College an oil painting of Warden Miller which I presented to the College Library on behalf of a large number of Old Boys. His Excellency the Governor was present.

Sir West's extension was now nearing its end, and he spent his last months on a farewell tour. Sir Francis Burdett and myself attended him in his visit to Anuradhapura in October. The railway had not gone so far then, and from Talawa we drove in His Excellency's barouche, drawn by a pair of my horses. The weather was very unpropitious and trying for the animals, but the late Mr. L. W. Booth, Agent in the North Central Province at that time, saw that the arrangements went off without a hitch.

Sir West's last social exertion in this island was his visit to my home. On November 10th, 1903, attended by Captain Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Richard Ponsonby, he came up by a special train from Fort, and I met them at the station, whence we drove in a landau along three decorated miles lined by holiday crowds to the *walawwa*. After tea we drove out a bit along the old Colombo

Road to give His Excellency a topographical impression of the place, and the evening was spent very pleasantly. After dinner, to which we had a small party, I and my wife left for Colombo.

Eight days later, after a régime of nearly eight years, Sir West sailed away in the *Staffordshire* with Lady Ridgeway and their daughter, and the country bade them a very cordial farewell. Dr. (Sir Allan) Perry, Sir Francis, Mr. Richard Ponsoby, and myself accompanied them on board.

Dated from the Athenæum I subsequently received the following letter:

PALL MALL, S.W.

DEAR MAHA MUDALIYAR,

I am not sure whether before leaving I carried out my intention of thanking you in writing, as I had done already personally, for the excellent work which you did for me during the time I was Governor of Ceylon.

I naturally sought and attached much weight to your advice in all matters relating to the Native Society, and it was invariably given wisely and impartially, especially as to the delicate question of the relations between the two races.

You rendered me a very valuable assistance and I am sure that your services have been highly appreciated by the King. I hope that further honours are in store for you, and if I can be of any use to you in this or any other way, please command me.

With kind remembrances to Madame Bandaranaike.

I am, etc.,

WEST RIDGEWAY.

The interregnum elapsed in a fortnight on the arrival of Sir Henry and Lady Blake, attended by Captain Sir John Keane. The Blakes were in Ceylon for hardly six months, but they entertained lavishly, and several notabilities visited Queen's House in their time.

Early in January, 1904, P. R. H. Princess Louise of Scotland, Duchess of Argyll, Colombo, attended by the Hon. Alexander V. S. de Silva and the Hon. Mary Hughes as Lady de Widdowson, and was the guest of their Excellencies during her stay in the island, which was entirely due to her friendship with them. Twice again before the end of the Blake régime, Princess Louise came to Ceylon, in 1905 and 1906.

It was during Her Royal Highness' first visit that the presentation of the Maldivian tribute took place at Kandy, as it has never done before, I think, and the opportunity was given to the Princess and her party to witness the quaint procession and curious ceremonial. The Princess and her party were also interested spectators at the presentation.

One evening during the stay of Princess Louise at Kandy we had a musical entertainment, and several ladies and gentlemen performed on the piano-forte solos. One of the ladies, who had been asked to sing a song that was much appreciated was asked later to treat the company with another. She, however, requested to be allowed to make a recitation instead, and Her Royal Highness graciously assented. The lady started very vivaciously and demonstratively, but had not gone far when she came to the words,

"Grinding! Grinding!" to which she suited the action, and came to an abrupt termination, apparently for having forgotten the rest, and disappeared incontinently from the centre of things.

I do not envy her her subsequent feelings, but as the lady is still with us today it might possibly compensate her somewhat to learn that Her Royal Highness still retains a vivid recollection of the *faux pas*. Recently when I was on a visit to England, the Princess recalled the incident, and laughed heartily over it.

Her Royal Highness spent much of her time in Ceylon, in Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, and visited a large number of the historic temples in the neighbourhood. On the eve of her departure the Princess was entertained at a very well-attended and splendid At Home at the King's Pavilion, at which I was present as a member of the house-party. Toward the close of the function the gathering repaired to the flower garden, where Her Royal Highness was invited to plant two pink temple-flower trees in commemoration of her pleasant sojourn in this country. In handing her a silver spade to assist in the work, I said:

"Your Highness, I ask you to accept this spade, and to plant the two pink temple-flower trees in commemoration of her recent visit to Ceylon, a visit all too short, but which, I trust, you have seen more of Ceylon and its people than any member of your Royal House—a visit which will long be remembered by those who

have had the good fortune to meet Your Highness. These two will be known as Princess Louise's trees, and as they will grow and flourish and in years to come carpet the grass with their beautiful and fragrant flowers, so I pray that God may spare Your Highness for many happy years to shed around you the beauty and fragrance of your gracious presence."

Such an exceedingly pretty speech, and one so eminently suitable to the occasion, naturally affected Her Royal Highness very deeply, and I make no apologies for reproducing it here.

Miss Edith Keane, an aunt of Sir John Keane, who was a guest at Queen's House, spent a week with us at about this time, and her nephew also stayed a day or two before he escorted her back to Colombo.

Our former Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, also landed on his way to England from Tasmania with Lady Havelock. Sir Arthur had been Governor of Madras before going as Governor of Tasmania, but failing health compelled him to retire, and when Captain the Hon. Myles Ponsonby and myself went on board to bring him and Lady Havelock ashore, I took a blow when we were told that the State Carriage had not arrived. As luck would have it, my four-wheeled buggy, in which I had driven up was still waiting, and I drove the Havelocks to Queen's House. It was the only thing to do in the circumstances, for it was later discovered that the order

had not been delivered to the coachman, but I don't think that drive was a comfortable one to any of us. Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock continued their voyage next day.

Towards the close of the year the Duchess of St. Albans, sister to Lady Blake, arrived in the country with her husband, Sir Henry, and Lady Blake, who were returning to the island after a three months' holiday in England. Captain H. R. Phipps, A.D.C., and the Hon. T. McClintock-Hartley, P.S., arrived with them. On one occasion Her Grace, with their Excellencies, called at Horagolla on their way from Kandy to Colombo, after they had been considerably delayed by serious trouble with their car somewhere near Ambepussa.

Lady Blake and the Duchess were daughters of that former M.P., Ralph Bernal Osborne, who was well known for his independence and fearlessness. I remember to this day how he used to me of how he one day absent-mindedly addressed the House as "Gentlemen!"

"Order! Order!" called Mr. Speaker.

"I apologize to the House!" flashed back Osborne. "I'm sorry I've addressed you."

The servants at Queen's House had been instructed to address her as "Your Grace," but some of them unwittingly dropped the pronoun, and it was a case of Grace before and after everything. Grace, as it happened, was the Duchess' name, but she was of such a disposition that even had she noticed the omission, she would have appreciated the humour of the situation as much as anybody



[Plate LIII.]
SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF
CEYLON (1903-1907).



else, instead of resenting the apparent lack of grace on the part of the servants.

The Duchess' home in Ireland is at Newton Anner, Clonmel, and she has a beautiful London mansion, where I met many delightful people.

In the midst of these numerous engagements I was visited with a grave domestic anxiety when my son, in June, 1905, had a serious illness. He was taken down to Colpetty, where the skillful treatment of Dr. Aldo Castellani,* assisted by Dr. David Rockwood and Dr. R. Saravanamuttu, resulted in his ultimate recovery. For nearly a month at this period we stayed in Colpetty to give the child the benefit of a change.

On one occasion I received a State telegram asking me to come up to Nuwara Eleya on the 1st thereof, and, on arriving at Queen's College, found Sir Henry very perturbed over the loss of his despatch box, containing not only important official documents but also certain trinkets and curios His Excellency valued very much.

The box, it appeared, had been lost in the course of a railway journey, and, although a search was made, it was not recovered. Sir Henry was in charge, and even the ever-faithful John Arachchi was for the time being in Sir Henry's black books.

I had hardly been on the spot two hours when the lost box was recovered. It was found forced open and thrown on the side of the railway line, but practically nothing was missing excepting a few of the trinkets.

I laughingly explained to His Excellency that

* Now Sir Aldo Castellani, K.C.M.G.

... or thieves must have mistaken the case as belonging to a Ratamahatmaya, and thought it contained untold wealth, as the legend on the outside ran: HENRY A. BLAKE, R.M.

Sir Henry had been a Resident Magistrate in Ireland many years before!

Sir Henry Blake will go down to history pre-eminently as our "Agricultural Governor." The Board of Agriculture, first constituted during his régime, was entirely his conception, and the big Rubber Exhibition in 1906 at Peradeniya owed a great deal of its stupendous success to his warm and abiding personal interest. That show was, of course, one of the most elaborate of the kind ever attempted in the East, and competitors entered from the Straits and Malaya, India, the Dutch Indies, England, and also the United States. The venue of the show was the Grand Circle in the Botanic Gardens, which lent itself admirably to an ornamental lay-out, and, quite apart from the commercial aspect, the exhibition was a decided success. Sir Henry, sometimes at very great personal inconvenience, attended practically every one of the meetings of the Committee which had charge of the arrangements, and in very many difficulties the adoption of his plan proved exceedingly profitable. On September 13th Sir Henry and Lady Blake drove down in state from the King's Pavilion, attended by their entire household including myself, and a large number of ladies in open. It continued for . . .

At about this time of the Blake régime the Duke

and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, spent a few days in Ceylon, staying principally at the King's Pavilion, where I also stayed on duty throughout their visit. On one occasion the Duchess and Princess Pat, with Sir Henry and his daughter, Miss Arbuthnot, and some of the Royal Party, went on a visit to Sigiri, but had the misfortune when half-way up the rock to disturb a hive of bees. Notoriously no respecters of persons, the bees made a ferocious attack on the party, and the descent had to be made under cover of mosquito-netting requisitioned from the Rest-house. F. Bowes, of the Civil Service, was also one of the party.

Lady Blake and myself had remained in Kandy, where we received news of this apiary *l'exc majesté* by telegraph, and we were prepared with all the necessary medicines and palliatives when the party returned, stung to very bitterness.

The Duke himself had meanwhile had a rather unnerving experience. His Royal Highness had been prevented from going to Sigiri through another engagement at D'Almeida's, so before he left the previous night by special train on a tour of inspection. The railway station-master at Hatton, the late Mudaliyar Spencer C. de Silva, deemed it incumbent on him to display his loyalty to the reigning Monarch by placing a number of detonators on the lines to act as a sort of Royal salute.

The "special" passed the spot well after midnight, and the explosions as it dashed on naturally caused great consternation among those on board,

and his suite later landed, and went to Kandy by special train to visit the Maligawa and inspect the town, returning to Colombo in the evening.

There were a large number of Cambodian dancing-girls on board, and that evening some fifty of them came ashore, and in the ball-room of Queen's House gave a display of their graceful art. The King of Cambodia and his daughter, who were accommodated on a dais, appeared to enjoy the entertainment quite as much as those of us who were privileged then to witness it for the first time, and I retain lively recollections of that pleasant evening. The visitors embarked that night, and passed through again on their return in August. Subsequently I was decorated with the Royal Order of Merit, Cambodia.

Of the minor Royalties who honoured the island during the Blake régime, I must not omit to mention Prince Ferdinand of Italy, who was a guest at the King's Pavilion, where I was in attendance, for two or three days; nor Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Prince George of Greece, who arrived together, and whom I met at dinner in Queen's House. Prince George was one of the party that came with the Tsarevitch in 1890, and I had come to know him very well. He was a fine type of man, manly and consummately urbane.

George de Saram died in June at Bandarawela of, I believe, a cardiac ailment. He was an old friend and quondam companion in London and Paris in 1895, and by a strange coincidence I happened to travel from Veyangoda to Colombo,

to meet the Chinese Commissioner, in the same train that carried his remains. George was universally popular, and his death inspired genuine regret. Herbert Wace, who was acting as Colonial Secretary, died at about this time, and I formed one of the numerous delegations at the funeral.

Yet another notable death occurred in 1906 when Sir Alexander Ashmore, the Lieut.-Governor, expired some days after he had been operated on by Dr. T. F. Garvin and Sir Allan Perry for acute appendicitis. The State funeral accorded him was attended by a vast gathering, and the Governor

CHAPTER X

MY KNIGHTHOOD

IN the next year (1907) I was knighted. On an early morning of late June I received a wire from the Governor asking me to see him at once in Kandy, and went up by the 2 p.m. From the station I proceeded direct to the Pavilion in His Excellency's carriage, which was awaiting me, but Sir Henry was not in, and I had tea with Lady Blake. When Sir Henry returned he told me in his study that he had received a cable from the Secretary of State for the Colonies enquiring whether I would accept a Knight Bachelorhood. Sir Henry explained that he had recommended me for my Knighthood, and hence this enquiry. Acting on his advice, and being assured that acceptance of the offer would be no bar to my advancement to the higher honour in the future, I said I would accept it, and caught the night mail down after dinner at the Pavilion. Two days later, on June 28th, I received a telegram from the Governor intimating to me that His Majesty the King had conferred on me the honour of Knighthood, and conveying their Excellencies' congratulations. They were the first of a shower that overwhelmed

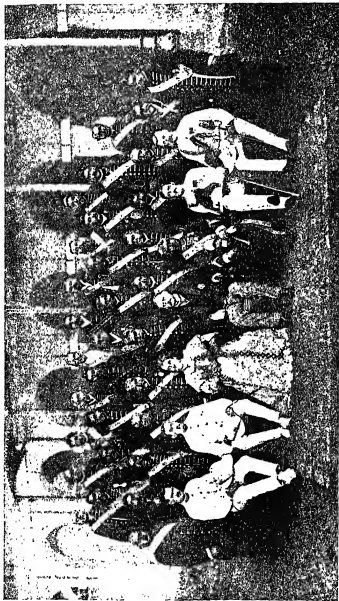
me when the newspapers gave publicity to the official announcement.

At about this time, too, Sir Henry and Lady Blake paid a visit to Horagolla. They lunched here, and in the afternoon visited the historic temple at Atlanagalle, rich in memories of Siri Sangabo, afterwards visiting my home in the neighbourhood in the vicinity of my place. While in the country Sir Henry personally reaped the fruits of the Public Works vandalism in cutting down the beautiful shade trees that are so attractive a feature of our country roads. We returned to dinner at Horagolla, and afterwards amused ourselves by witnessing native dances and an exhibition of fire-walking. This last item was uncannily novel to my distinguished guests, and many were the conjectures as to how the performer contrives to walk barefoot over the red-hot burning embers in a pit ten feet long, and full of live coal to a depth of over a foot.

Recently this phenomenon has been the subject of correspondence in the local papers, and Lady Blake has been introduced to the discussion.

Their Excellencies visited the Warana Rock Temple before they left next day, and were considerably surprised to find so imposing a Buddhist shrine in the low country. Sir Henry and Lady Blake lunched with my sister at Batadola.

Sir Henry's term came to a close a few days later, and in addition to the usual farewell functions their Excellencies held an At Home. The ladies of Ceylon presented Lady Blake with a souvenir, and when they embarked for parting caused much



[Phot. Fed.]

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENTATION OF A FAREWELL ADDRESS TO SIR HENRY BLAKE BY THE CHIEFS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCE UPON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CEYLON.



pain to them and to the people of the country. Few of our long line of British Governors have been better liked than Sir Henry, and Lady Blake identified herself whole-heartedly with the interests of the women of the country.

Following their departure the Government was administered by Mr. H. C. Channer. It was not so much appreciated as the late Lord's duties. One day taking ride, he was riding on a date somewhere here. I happened to be in Nuwara Eliya when one day three of us arranged to ride to Horton Plains and get back the same day. Captain Channer on his horse, a friend of his from India, Mr. Lucy, on my horse Tchokoff; and I myself on Monarch, comprised the trio.

We left at seven in the morning, and Channer, who was playing guide, proceeded to illustrate the truth of the proverb that "the short cut is not long as a short cut." His intention was to take us up the hypotenuse of a triangle instead of along the whole length of the two sides, and all seemed right with the world until my horse suddenly became bogged up to their girths. I was in the rear, and was able to be wise in time; Channer came clear after a little struggle, but Lucy had a terrible time of it before he was at last extricated in a sheath of mud and slime.

We were able to reach the Rest-house in time for breakfast, and met a party who were having a hunt breakfast there, C. H. Bagot being V. C. Captain Harry Phipps, A.D.C., who was one of them, kindly lent Lucy a change of clothes till his riding boots could be cleaned and dried, and we had a

short rest before starting on our return. On Channer's short cut we had noticed indications of the presence of elephants, for we saw fresh spoor and places where they had been lying down on the Patna grass. One gay dog had amused himself overnight by pulling out a milestone and laying it across the track. But we preferred long cuts this time, and reached town by 7 p.m.

One morning, during a sambhur hunt, I was riding round the Moon Plains with a friend when, on coming out on Upper Lake Road, we were met by Captain Curling, who galloped up hard and called out, "The whole blooming show is in the lake!" We didn't quite understand him at first, but on spurring up we came on the huntsmen stamping about the edge of the water with the sambhur who was making for the opposite side. I heard a shouted request to me from the Master of the Hunt to gallop round and try, if possible, to prevent the animal landing. My friend and I dashed round for all we were worth, and succeeded in leading it off into mid-lake. The sambhur next made for a little islet, only to be surrounded and mauled by the hounds before it took to the water. It was then and there decided that the pack should be called off and the sambhur rewarded with its life for its gallant fight. On making tracks for the forest the poor thing was hardly able to walk through sheer exhaustion.

Some years later, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. R. were on I had known since my English

tour of '97, paid a visit to Ceylon at about this time with their daughter, and spent a day at Horagolla. They were very wealthy people and had a beautiful mansion in Grosvenor Square, where they showed me the best of hospitality, and their country-seat was Brownsea Island, Dorset. I remember once going to Ranelagh in their four-in-hand to witness a polo match of more than ordinary note, and at Ranelagh we were the guests of Lord and Lady Hothfield, who also kept open house in town. Another of their guests was a young Prince, a son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh), and our party attracted not a little attention on the grounds.

The polo itself was most exciting, and those two crack players, Lord Hothfield and the young Prince, polarized the enthusiasm of the gathering. "Aren't they like whalebone!" I overheard someone remark as repeatedly one or the other, twisting with extraordinary suppleness, sent the ball spinning across the field.

The Van Raaltes quite enjoyed their visit here, but in India. on their way home, Mr. Van Raalte died of pneumonia. Miss Van Raalte is now the wife of Lord Howard de Walden, one of the wealthiest English Peers.

In August, 1907, Sir Henry McCallum arrived in the island. My first impression of the new Governor was that he would do his best to keep the island or wreck it. Mr. Clifford, formerly Secretary to the Government, but he was again to do the honours in 1909, when Sir Henry went on short leave.

As Acting Governor he spent a couple of days

at the time visited all the places of interest in the district. Captain Theobald, A.D.C., came with him, and E. B. Denham joined the party later.

The compliment was returned by our being invited to Queen's House, and during August week myself and my son were the Acting Governor's guests. There were a number of others, including Rear-Admiral Slade and his Staff. Mr. Hugh Clifford, ever courtly and debonair, made an ideal host, and gave a series of parties.

It was during this stay at Queen's House that I won the Governor's Cup—and lost it. In the autumn of 1895, at a race given by the Governor, the race, my horse San Xavier, ridden by W. H. O'Neil, was beyond dispute the winner, but the Judge—Sir A. G. Lascelles, Chief Justice—gave the win to Beau-nereau, a horse who had run lame and last. As soon, however, the board was turned round, the board was turned round, and San Xavier given third instead of Beau-nereau.

What happened was that Emma Eames and Foolprint were fighting it out neck to neck on the rails, while San Xavier stole the event on the outside edge just under the Judge's nose. O'Neil told me he had won by a head, and came to take the nod, only to be disconcerted. Lascelles apparently focused all his attention on the inside and absolutely neglected the rest of the field.

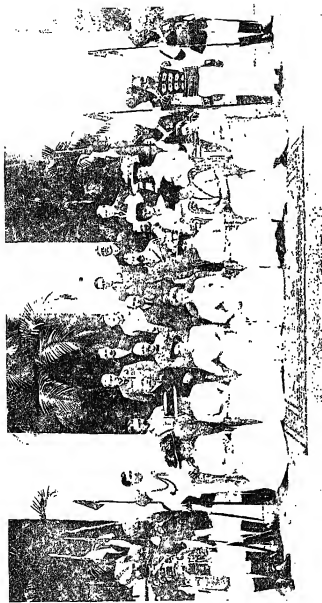
I knew my horse had won, and the crowd knew



[Plate Ltd.]

SIR HENRY EDWARD MCCALLUM, G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1907-1913).





QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLAMBO, 1909

Mr. Fitzgerald, Hon. Mr. Crawford, C.M.G., Flag-Lieut. Waite, Sir Solomon

Mr. Hoseney, Rear-Admiral Slade (Naval Commander-in-Chief, East Indies),

Gen. Allen, Miss Lewes, Miss Vigors.

N. Campbell, Lady Hutchinson, Miss Middleton, Mrs. Lewes, Miss Lascelles.

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it too. The Acting Governor himself rushed up to my wife even before the numbers went up, and congratulated her on San Xavier's triumph, so that all I had to say about the Judge's mistake was the Cup itself, and I said nothing. At the same time both Mr. Clifford and I agreed it would have been nice if, while I was there, I had had a little to say. That night my colours—pink and blue—formed the chief note of the dinner-table decorations at Queen's House.

Sir Henry McCallum did not return till the middle of October. Before then Ceylon was honoured by a visit from Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, accompanied by his secretary, Captain [Name], who stayed a few days at the King's Pavilion.

Like many of these great rulers of men, Lord Kitchener was a little shy of women. When asked to sit as central figure in a photograph he not only refused, electing rather to stand behind the row of ladies seated in front.

I am told that once in Buckingham Palace, whither he had gone straight on his arrival in London, fresh from almost epic military triumphs and after he had been cheered by throngs along the streets, the Queen had asked him the embarrassing question, after he had received the Royal congratulations: "And now, Lord Kitchener, haven't you yet found the woman you would like to make your wife?" Lord Kitchener, perplexed by your Majesty's question, burst out: "I have not, Your Majesty. There is only one woman in all the world whom I love and adore, and that is Your Majesty!"

The old Queen's laughter led the mirth of all those present, but Kitchener's effort to keep his face ended in his later leaving the room with tears streaming down his cheeks. I repeat the story without comment and as it was told to me.

Many were the demands for his autograph, but Kitchener had made it his rule not to comply with requests of this nature. However, through the good offices of Captain Fitzgerald, I contrived to have the favour granted in the case of Miss Etta Van Langenberg, now Mrs. Mack, the daughter of my old friend, James Van Langenberg.

Strangely curious it was that Kitchener and his trusted friend and secretary were found together in the *Hampshire*. They had formed a coffin at the bottom of the ocean for the greatest soldier of our age—perhaps of all the ages—but Captain Fitzgerald's body was found, conveyed to England, and given an honoured funeral.

CHAPTER XI

AN ITALIAN INTERLUDE

A MEMORABLE sojourn in Italy was in store for me when in April, 1910, I sailed for Europe on medical advice, accompanied by my son and attended by my servant Sardial. We travelled on the *Koenigen Louise*, and landed at Naples, where we were met by Dr. Henniker-Rance, and took rooms in a hotel, nestling in a quiet street. In the few days that we stayed here we did all the sights, including a visit to the excavations at Pompeii, and to the famous Aquarium, where for the first time I saw an electric fish. Touching it gives a nasty shock. I know, because it has happened to me.

From Naples we pushed on to Rome, staying there a day to renew my old acquaintance with the place, and proceeded to Florence, where I interviewed Professor Grocco, to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Dr. Aldo Castellani. We experienced a mutual difficulty in conversing, as he did not speak English and I couldn't manage Italian, and we had to use an interpreter as a medium. Grocco was an old man, and put me in mind of the late Dr. W. G. Rockwood. He gave me a thorough overhauling and prescribed the

taking of certain waters at Montecatini, and I remember his telling me *en passant* that Dr. Castellani and Professor Badual, to whom, too, I was armed with an introduction, were his two most brilliant pupils. Castellani's credit stands very high today in Harley Street.

We went on without delay to Montecatini and into residence at the Gran Hotel la Pace, the only first-class hotel in the place, and I did not forget to call on Signor Milano, to whom I had a letter from Grocco, was all attention. None of the waiters here knew English, and we anticipated difficulties, but, as luck would have it, an English waiter appeared on the scene in search of employment, and was promptly engaged by Milano and put on to our table. The food in this place would have satisfied the most fastidious, and I have never before or since come across such artichokes, for instance, and asparagus.

The treatment at the Stablimento del Tettuccio necessitated my taking two tumblers each of two kinds of waters every morning, spending twenty minutes over each glass, and allowing an interval of about an hour after the last before I tackled breakfast. I must say the treatment was extremely beneficial. During the course of my stay of three weeks, the effect was quite noticeable in numbers of people who came there looking bloated and went away looking slim and fine. I have some excellent photographs of the "before" and "after" stages.

While at Montecatini we took the opportunity of doing up the garden in the neighbourhood. The

Leaning Tower of Pisa was indeed a strange and marvellous spectacle. On the earnest request of my son, I consented to climb to the top. The ascent was rather tedious, but the magnificent view from the summit, though somewhat weird by reason of the angle of observation, well repaid the trouble. Not many months afterwards, I learnt that the authorities had enforced a prohibition of the ascent, owing to indications of a very pronounced slant. At the time we went up it stood 13 degrees out of the perpendicular.

Of the other places of interest we visited, one was Pistoia, with its marvellous paintings and famous Donatello Robbia relief work, and another was the Grotto of the Inferno. This was a beautiful geological formation with numberless stalactites and stalagmites in an extraordinary variety of size and shape, some of them hundreds of yards in length and up to twenty yards in breadth. To reach it we had to descend a great depth into the bowels of the earth in some specially provided by the authorities. Within the lowest stage the heat was intense, waves of heat rising from a bottomless pit that yawned at one extremity. This rather warm place is called by the Italians the Inferno; the middle stage, Purgativo; and the top, Paradiso.

To the small lake in the Inferno—possibly only the visible portion of a vast subterranean expanse of water—a large number of people flock to take the cure. There is a convenient hotel near there where patients generally reside, and all they have to do is to visit the Grotto with prescriptions from

Visitors are allowed only a limited time in the Grotto, not being permitted to remain in the Inferno much longer than fifteen minutes.

The cold on regaining the top after a descent is almost unbearable, and blankets and comforters are in great demand and really quite *de rigueur*.

Once a week, while I took the waters, Professor Grocco came over and looked me up and down and all round, and he was very pleased at the progress I made. It was while at Montecatini, on May 6th, that I heard of the death of King Edward. I immediately telegraphed my respectful sympathies to my old friend Sir Arthur Bigge—now Lord Salisbury—be conveyed to their Majesties the King and Queen, and received a courteous acknowledgment within forty-eight hours. To us in the North of Italy, to whom even the news of His Majesty's illness had not penetrated, the tragedy came as a great shock.

We then came back to Florence and took up residence in the Savoy Hotel, and I underwent a further course of treatment that lasted twenty days or so at the hands of Professor Badual. Here the treatment consisted of hydrotherapy, and daily electric and galvanic treatments. The *stabilimentos* considerably benefited me. As a matter of fact, at the end of the course a good deal of my grey hair had actually regained its original colour. I could scarcely believe my eyes—it was my son who first drew my attention to it—but later, when in London, I met my dear friend the late Dr. W. G. V. D. and he said the phenomenon

could quite scientifically be explained as a sign of returning health.

Florence itself—*La Belle Firenze*!—city of fair flowers and flower of fair cities—surely she is the fairest city in the world! Her beauty is a fitter theme for artists and a more suitable subject for poetic tomes than for a volume of wayside memories like this. Even the muddy and uninspiring Arno, catching the reflected glamour, smote Vergil's lips into music! How, indeed, can one describe in mere words the wonder and the beauty of the Campanile, Giotto's Bell-Tower, and of the Duomo, the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, which the Florentines have called *il Duomo* since the day when it was first begun, and took generations to complete?

The Campanile itself—a symphony in stone—towers beside the Cathedral, and is sometimes named after the architect who first conceived it. It has been described by one of our modern authorities as, if I mistake not, “the model and mirror of perfect architecture.” It is built (it took fifty years to build, in the fourteenth century) of variegated marble, and its 414 steps are well worth climbing to anyone who has the energy to expend. But simply to look at it is a sheer delight. Every morning on my way to the waters, I never pretended to resist the temptation to gaze up at it in rapt admiration. “In the old Tuscan town,” sang Longfellow

“ . . . the tower of the Campanile,
The builders’ perfect and centennial flower,—

A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builders’ perfect and centennial flower. . . .”

Inside it is crammed with masterpieces of sculpture, statues of Prophets and Patriarchs. One walks out of it on to the Casine in a state of awe: from the sublime to the merely beautiful.

The Casine is to Florence what Hyde Park is to London and the Champs Élysées to Paris. At one end of it, where a small rivulet flows to the Arno, stands the tomb of the Rajah of Kolapore, who died there in 1870, at the early age of twenty, on his way home from England. Just over the spot where he was cremated rises a cupola in the shape of a covering canopy-wise his bust. The full title of this ill-fated young Prince is also there: *Rajah R. C. of Kolapore, Nephew of the Prince of Wales*. His ashes, it is said, were collected and taken in a golden urn to a temple in India erected to his memory, but it gives a weird effect for an Easterner suddenly to come up against this elaborate Oriental note after the bourdon of the Campanile. The cost of erecting it was borne by the British Government of India and the family of the deceased Prince.

The thrill of Florence is an emotion that courses perpetually through one's veins, just as it lives again to a past pilgrim in the pages of George Eliot's *Romola*. From my experiences in these Italian towns, I came to look upon the people of Florence as the ideal of Italian life. Your Italian is as kind-hearted as he is pleasant to look at, and his wife and daughter are divinities. (One night Professor Badual entertained me to dinner, and the Signora played the piano towards the end of the

tion. She was one of the acknowledged beauties of Florence.)

My sister Amy, who has lived in Italy for a considerable time, is, however, of a different opinion. She accuses the natives of being very bad temper, and a lust for alcohol.

Well, all beautiful things come to an end sooner or later, and when we left Florence there was somewhere in each of us a little heartache. We stayed a day at Milan to see what we could of the sights, including the famous Cathedral, and from there we went on to the blue lakes and snow-capped mountains with which Lausanne is girt about. Here we stayed at the Grand Hotel Riche-Mont for a day and a night. I hadn't expected the blue lakes would be really so ! ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' white. Our next stage took us to Paris and the Hôtel de Louvre, and after I had shown my son the sights, we went down to Calais and crossed to England.

It was now June, and my wife and the two girls had arrived in London and taken rooms at 5, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and Daisy had been received by Queen Alexandra. I took my son and valet, and went again into Jones' Hotel. All the children and I were put up for the night by son at the hands of the late Sir (then Mr.) James Cantlie, and the girls at Welbeck House at the hands of Sir St Clair Thomson.

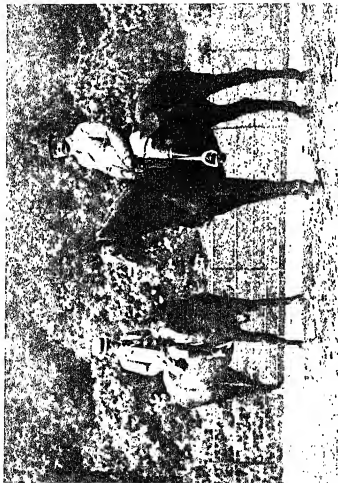
One evening I dined with the Blakes at Queen Anne's Mansions, when the Duchess of St. Albans and Maurice Blak also came. A few days later I lunched with Her Grace and her son and daughter-in-law.

liberal accomplishments, Mrs. Asaki. Sir Henry's daughter, Mrs. Arbuthnot, was also there, and extended an invitation to me and my son, which we accepted, to go over to Windsor and lunch with her and Captain Arbuthnot at Datchett House. We also stayed a week at Bexhill at the Metropole.

I took care that Sonny didn't miss the opportunity to take courses in riding and swimming, and very soon he joined me in the Row. His mount was Merry Andrew, a prize-winner at Olympia and a good jumper, whom I had picked up at Tattersalls, naturally not foreseeing that, in spite of all his merriness, he was to succumb shortly afterwards in Ceylon to pneumonia. I rode a saddle-horse named Wild Ruby, which I had purchased at the Milton Stables in Park Lane, with the helpful advice of Bendall, for very many years the coachman at Queen's House. Wild Ruby served me well, but died only a short while ago after winning several prizes in the Show Ring here.

We ran down to Cambridge about this time, and I saw the authorities regarding a tutor for my son. The result of this journey was that Mr. A. C. Radford, whom I saw there, came out in the early winter to us in Veyangoda, and resided here for nearly four years. He was a versatile man, and besides his tutorial qualifications, was an entertaining musician and a first-rate horseman, winning

In August we visited Ireland and my second Dublin Horse Show, and I met a number of old friends. Sir Henry and Lady Blake very kindly



SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE AND HIS SON IN ROTTEN ROW, 1910.
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invited me and my party (Dr. Henniker-Rance was with us) to Myrtlegrove in Youghal for a week, and we had a most pleasant time there. The guests included the Duchess of St. Albans, Lord and Lady Middleton, and Miss Brodrick.

Myrtlegrove has a rich historical association, for here, in the sixteenth century, lived Sir Walter Raleigh, and this is where the first potato was planted and the first cigar smoked.

"The famed . . . own Knight,
 . . .
 . . .
 . . ."

It was here, too, that a queer incident occurred, when a footman, who saw Raleigh smoking under the yew-trees for the first time, thought his master was on fire, and flung a bucket of water over him! These very yew-trees are still in existence.

In crossing over to England we took the route through Wales to London, and not long after we returned in the *Bremen* to Ceylon, reaching home at the end of October. Daisy and the girls returned to school in January. An English chauffeur was sent to meet me at the station, and I packed him off to Australia at his own request.

Sir Christoffel and Lady Obeyesekere held an At Home at "Hill Castle" to celebrate our home-coming, and Sir (then the Honourable Mr.) P. Arunachalam proposed my toast.

I hadn't been back three weeks when the German Crown Prince and Princess (their designations are

slightly altered now) arrived in the island. They took up their headquarters at the Galle Face Hotel, but dined at Queen's House in a large and brilliant company on the night of their landing. Even Little Willie couldn't restrain Sir Henry Mc-Callum's innate bluntness. "I suppose, Sir," he said to the Crown Prince during a conversation after dinner—"I suppose, Sir, that when King Edward and your august father met, neither of them knew quite who was top-dog?"

Kronprinz only smiled sardonically and nodded his head!

Next day I took the Crown Prince and His Highness run round the town in my new six-cylinder Standard car, and dropped our visitor at the Galle Face Hotel before returning to Queen's House. His manner contrasted strangely with that of the English Princes I have seen and known.

His Majesty the King conferred the order of Knighthood on Sir Christoffel in the New Year of 1911, and when Sir Henry by wire I went over with my congratulations. A few days later the Governor and Captain Theobald, A.D.C., came by special train from Paranthan and stayed a night here. On the following day we had a shoot over my game preserves, and bagged a brace of deer. Sir Henry missed a fine chance of knocking over a spotted stag through keeping his rifle on the ground and holding only his fowling-piece ready to shoot any jungle-fowl, and the stag, though was not bagged and got away. was

the forest. During this week I also had the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Count Lutzow, the Baroness de Brien, Sir Archibald and Lady Edmondstone, and the Hon. Percy Thelusson to lunch one day.

CHAPTER XII

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS"

I APPLIED for leave to proceed to England to be present at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary, but Sir Henry McCallum wrote me a private letter regretting very much that he was unable to grant my request, as he would be celebrating the occasion in Colombo and required my services in that connection. As I was very anxious to be present on account of their Majesties knowing me so well, and, indeed, because I had told them and many friends in London the year before that I would arrange to get back, I made another earnest appeal, only to be told that it was my duty to remain and help towards the success of the local arrangements. Once it was looked upon as my duty, I had, of course, nothing more to say.

I had, I may say, put in my *service* well in time, and many months had yet to pass before the ceremony in the Abbey took place and was celebrated simultaneously throughout the Empire. Before then I had the honour of entertaining the Governor yet again, when he came up to open the hospital my elder sister built at Watupitiwala and presented to the Government. We all of us dined at *Balaoda* that night. Sir Henry being in excep-

Hearty singing, and treating us to a rendering of the National song to his own accompaniment after dinner. Radford also entertained the party with some songs.

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was just before or just after this event that Hanstead, the chauffeur who proved so unsatisfactory, and Gordon Grant, my jockey, took fright at an imaginary rogue-elephant one night on the road, and rushed breathless with the terrible news to the *walawau*. I sent two men, who found it was two buffaloes chained together and straying!

The late Mr. H. J. Hudson, R.A., stayed with me at this time to do a life-size oil-painting of me which he intended to send to the Academy. He had only just completed it and gone down to Colombo to deliver a lecture or two, when he contracted a virulent type of fever and died at the General Hospital. All the work he did in Ceylon was for sale, including the oil-painting of myself, and I purchased it through Mr. Osmond Tonks, who had charge of his affairs. While engaged in painting me, poor Hudson had, unknown to me, done a small portrait of my son, and had very kindly presented it to me before leaving Ceylon. It is a small portrait of his stay here. Mrs. Hudson's portrait by Mr. William L. ... of Joe Wickwar, who was so well known in Ceylon.

The Coronation celebrations on June 22nd included a State Service, a State Procession, a Levee, and a Review, with a grand fireworks display, which I viewed from the ... where I dined, to end the day. On the following

night a State Ball was held for the *elite* to trip the light, fantastic toe.

Sir Henry left for England towards the end of this month, and Sir Hugh Clifford again acted for him. This year, too, I was the guest at Queen's House during the August festivities, and presided at the Annual Dinner of the Sinhalese Sports Club, a function, held at the Galle Face Hotel, where Sir Hugh was the principal guest. In proposing the toast of His Majesty the King, I was able to say a few words instead of "Gentlemen! The King!" as the Coronation atmosphere had not yet lifted, and as I had the honour of being personally known to His Majesty ever since he visited the country as a middy in '82.

Sir Hugh proposed the toast of the Club in his eloquent and graceful style, and other speakers were James Peris, Emanuel Jayawardene, Mr. Justice Middleton, K. W. B. McCleod, the late Hector Jayawardene, and the late James van Langenberg. My friend A. C. Abeyawardene was particularly happy in giving the toast of "The Chairman." Being little of stature, he emulated Zacchæus of Biblical memory, only his sycamore-tree was a chair. In the course of his speech he proposed "Monarch" in the humorous allusion was, of course, to his seeing me on my old Monarch when he gained the Championship. No one in the gathering that witnessed that hard-earned success was more jubilant than dear old Abeyawardene. On that occasion all the competing animals had

been weeded out barring Monarch and a horse named Jack Spratt, owned and ridden by the late Harold Gordon. The Judges could not make up their minds as to which was the superior horse, and called in an umpire, who happened to be Captain Channer, and who quickly came up, said, "Once round the ring, gentlemen!" and before we had gone half the way round shouted, "That'll do!" and, turning to the bewildered Judges: "Can't you fellows see? Monarch, of course! The other is not in the same street!" Gordon and I cracked a bottle of champagne over this.

The wedding in this year of Mahawaltenne Ratnapura united two ancient Kandyian houses, and was celebrated with traditional splendour at the bride's home near Pelmadulla. Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford, with Miss de la Pasture, attended, motor-ing all the way from Nuwara Eliya, and I went down with Sir Christoffel and Forester and his wife. We stayed the preceding night in the Ratnapura. The day was a very rainy day, and the rain was very much to be feared. On the return journey my chauffeur, Carter, who had had more champagne than was good for him, and was partially disabled it. We got it right to a certain extent, and I took the wheel, but we hadn't covered a hundred yards when we went over a culvert through damage to the steering-gear. Charles Marshall gave Sir Christoffel and Mrs. Forester a lift to Ratnapura, and Forester and I remained to try and get the car up again, but

found it a hopeless task, although we had a number of people to help us, and left it there for the night. In the meanwhile, Mahawaltenne R.M., hearing of the mishap, sent us an invitation to dinner and to stay the night, and we accepted it and had a very pleasant evening, Carbery, District Judge there, and Mrs. Carbery being among the guests who sat down to a sumptuous banquet. On the following day we returned in Ronald Illangakoon's car, picking up Sir Christoffel and Mrs. Forester at Ratnapura *en route*. My damaged car was brought to Colombo by W. O. Edema, and soon put to rights.

In 1912 another function of this kind took place when Meedeniya Adigar's daughter wedded Francis Molamure at Ruanwella, and I attended it with Sir Henry McCallum.

An interesting visitor we had in 1911 was Grand-Duke Boris of Russia. The Grand-Duke and his suite were cordially received, and the Queen's House party accompanied them to Kandy, where all stayed at the Palace. On the following day they proceeded to Colombo next day by special train. Boris entertained Sir Hugh, Lady Clifton, Mrs. de la Pasture, and the Acting Governor's Staff to a luncheon on board his yacht, which was one of the most novel things I have yet experienced. After the usual preliminaries, we were shown into a saloon where we sat at a table and began talking. But in a few minutes the Grand-Duke stood up and led us into another room to start the luncheon proper. The first lap was evidently after the nature of *hors d'œuvre*.

The menu was, of course, entirely in the Russian manner. The wines came round in astonishing abundance and variety. Beer, burgundy, champagne, and claret were continually served round during the course of the meal. The liqueurs were equally bewildering, and I had sampled three different brands when an officer came round with a fourth. When I told him I had already had three and wouldn't have any more, he laughingly admonished me, shaking his head the while: "Never more count!"

But Boris loved other things even better than the wine when it was red, and I have heard of numberless practical jokes played on St. Petersburg. Afterwards I learned that a general had been enforced by circumstances, and how he had lost a bet with a pretty French actress whose sense of modesty hadn't a chance against her sense of the value of money!

T.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck and the Princess of Teck and a number of other Royalty also passed through Colonel's this year on their way to the Coronation of the King. Siam as representatives of their respective countries, and were nearly all of them received at Queen's House. Their Serene Highnesses changed their designation during the war to Earl and Countess of Athlone, and are now in South Africa, where the Earl succeeded Prince Arthur of Connaught as Governor-General of the Union.

On their return from Siam on this occasion their Serene Highnesses spent some time in Calcutta. I missed the opportunity of accompanying

them on their visit to Sigiri, Polonnaruwa, and the other show-places, as I was laid up with fever. This indisposition prevented me from seeing very much of Signor Edouardo Roversi, who arrived on a short business visit, and I only had one conversation with him, in the presence of Mr. F. J. de Saran, before he returned to Rome.

The great Delhi Durbar was also approaching, and Sir Henry returned from England and remained in the island only three or four days before he left to be present. Sir Henry himself had a penchant for local durbars, and they studded his régime with daubs of colour. But beyond this picturesque-ness I do not believe they served any useful purpose. Indeed, the suggestions which were rather on the picaresque side.

His Excellency was happily able to do so, and gave a big official luncheon in their honour. A day after the departure of their Serene Highnesses, Sir West Ridgeway, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Charles West Jackson, his nephew, arrived on his way to British North Borneo. Sir Hugh Clifford went on board and met him, and the party stayed at the Galle Hotel. On his way back in April, Sir West was entertained to a luncheon by his friends.

At the end of the year, in January, General Sir Ian Hamilton, the Chief Justice had to preside in place of His Excellency, whose health had begun to break up.

1912 was a year of exodus. In September, Sir Hugh left us to go to the Gold Coast as Governor,

and a series of farewell dinners took place. I attended the Public Dinner as well as the Public Service Dinner, and at each there were lively expressions of regret at his departure that were something more than formal courtesies. An able, fearless, and energetic administrator, as Sir Hugh Clifford had proved himself to be, could not but find himself at times a target for hostile criticism from quarters whence it is a habit for such criticism to emanate. But his departure was a decided loss to the Colony, and it was a matter of great joy to many when he came back as Governor.

Several old residents also retired to England during this year, including that great sportsman Frank Hadden. He was one of my oldest and best friends on the Turf, and his sporting *confidants* organized a farewell dinner in his honour. Frank Hadden acted for a number of years as handicapper, and once at least he was so good as to permit me to dictate to him as to how he should lay out in a particular race the lesson of his life. He died a few years ago, to the sorrow of all who knew him.

I was very pleased to meet his son last year at Nuwara Eliya, and he seems to be every inch as keen a sportsman as his father was. He rode that wild mare of mine, Stewardess, in a Gentlemen Riders' race up there, and I met Mrs. Hadden and Miss Hadden on this occasion, too. Stewardess reminded me of Tally Ho, a fast racing mare of Frank Hadden's who died in one of my paddocks after dropping twins.

In the year of which I am writing I had some small successes on the Turf. On the day previous

to the farewell dinner to Hadden, Suffragette won the Matele Cup for me at Kandy. In May my colours got in first in the Victoria Stakes. And a horse named Hotspur won the Club Stakes in Colombo with Radford up.

My son sat for his Junior Cambridge at Kandy in this year, and some of us went and stayed at "Arthur's Seat" while it lasted. We managed to get in some delightful rides there, Radford and my son very often going out with Felix Dias and myself. On one occasion we were fording the Mahaweli Ganga at Halloluwa, and Radford, my son, myself, and Felix behind in that order, when Radford on Hotspur got into a whirlpool in mid-stream and nearly disappeared. Hotspur, however, contrived to struggle clear of his predicament and clamber up the further bank, and I shouted to Sonny to pull up. Had his little pony got caught in the whirlpool? No, he was all right, but he had happened. As it was, we were all able to get us away from the dangerous spot and crossed without further ado.

Sir Henry McCallum gave a series of dinner-parties at Queen's House to gentlemen who came under different categories—one was to the J.P.'s of Ceylon, another to the single voters, and so on. Hedgeland (private secretary) all he knew to keep John Abeyakoon, Mudaliyar, from rising to make a speech during the course of it. Indeed, Hedgeland had to keep putting him off by saying he would tell him when the proper time came, and he kept on saying this till we left the tables! At another dinner of this series, when gentlemen other than

J.P.'s were entertained, one guest, overcome by
 gracefully as a lily at the feet of His Excellency in
 the billiard-room, and Sir Henry at once declaimed
 with appropriate gestures and tremolo :

“Take him up tenderly,
 Lift him with care,
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young and so fair! . . .”

CHAPTER XIII

SOME SPORTING EVENTS

VERY early in 1913 Sir Henry McCallum retired on the score of ill-health, and Mr. R. E. Stubbs, the new Colonial Secretary, who had been scarcely a week in the country, was called upon suddenly to assume the arduous responsibilities of its chief office. The *Colonial Secretary* was underlined by the fact that Lady McCallum had returned from England only a fortnight before.

Mr. Stubbs was youthful and fresh from the *Colonial Office*, and his inexperience was alone a proof of the *Colonial Office* to be expected. More often than almost any other *Colonial Secretary* of Ceylon he found the administration of the Government devolve on his shoulders. He may have been called upon to do so twice on important questions, and certainly many more times than once or twice vitriolic criticisms made him a target. But one of his chief assailants, Ponnambalam Ramanathan, was forced to admit, and then admitted with a generosity exceeding expectations, that Sir Reginald had been efficient and devoted to his work.

My favourite saddle-horse, Monarch, died at about this time. He was the best saddle-horse in



[Platé Ltd.]

MR. REGINALD EDWARD STUBBS, NOW SIR REGINALD
EDWARD STUBBS, K.C.M.G.



Ceylon in his day, and although I have purchased many hacks both here and in England, I have never been able to fill his place. He was a magnificent jumper. Later in the year died John Mohandiram, who was attached to Queen's House as head of the staff of peons. I represented His Excellency at the funeral. He was a living encyclopædia of Queen's House events for over a couple of decades, and held the esteem of every Governor under whom he had served. It was John Arachchi (as he was better known) who went with me to England in the Jubilee Year, and who was honoured on that occasion with a token from Lord Stanmore.

An elderly lady, Mrs. Williamson, who had come out from England and had been my sister's (Mrs. Oliphant) friend, died in 1900, after 70 years, at Batadola, and was interred in the churchyard of St. Mary's. One night I was on my way to Queen's House for dinner when, right up Silversmith Street, a car driven by Carter, my late chauffeur, came at a desperate pace from one of the cross-roads and croaked to a halt in front of the house. The car was a Walker's, and I suspected it was Carter who had crooked my car after the Mahawaltenne wedding, and he seemed fated to go on croaking for the rest of his service or not. But I was not to be troubled by a severe shaking, and got Carter to drive me to Queen's House. The offending car being one of Walkers', they repaired all damages without charging me a cent.

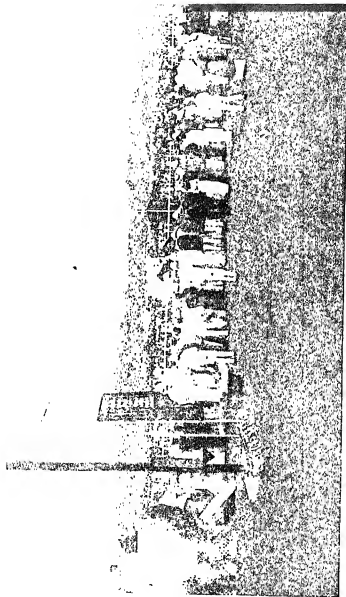
Some months later the same car was found to have had since 1872 visited the country and wrought

terrible havoc. We had had a sensational experience in '72 which I might relate here. At the time the floods began to rise we were all staying in the bungalow in Paradise Garden. The waters inexorably rose and rose and surrounded us, and we had to get off in a *padda* boat stowed up to the roof and take refuge in "Deweni Walauwa" at Barber Street. At about midnight news was brought to us that half the bungalow had been swept away. We had left in the nick of time.

At the August Races in 1913 Merry Manook, with R. de Silva, won the Kalutara Cup, and Morris won the Stakes for me. I also secured a first prize at the Horse Show when Miss Chamberlain rode Merry Manook in a ladies' hack class. In October I was elected a Steward of the Turf Club. I don't think any other Ceylonese has held that office.

A course of treatment, and I was fortunate enough to obtain the services of Dr. Philip Bahr, son-in-law of the late Sir Patrick Manson, who was so well known throughout the world for his research in connection with sprue. Dr. Bahr himself had come out of the London School of Tropical Medicine to investigate sprue, and the treatment I received at his hands in Nuwara Eliya did me incalculable good.

Sir Robert Chalmers arrived to take up the Governorship in October, and Mr. Stubbs and myself and other members of the Staff went on board and met him. His tall and stately figure made a striking picture in his uniform, and their Excellen-



"MERRY MANOOK" WINS THE KALUTARA CUP BY TWO-AND-A-HALF LENGTHS (MR. A. RADFORD UP).
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cies drove in the State Carriage to Queen's House through densely packed streets, accompanied by Captain Ralph Chalmers and myself. I stayed on at Queen's House for a few days.

A Civil Servant of long standing, Mr. L. W. Booth, was one of the departures from the island in 1913, and was fêted at a number of farewell dinners—one at Queen's House, one at "The Maligawna," and another at the Galle Face Hotel. The Booths had been great friends of ours, and Mrs. Booth had, as Miss Amy Ven Del Zebbia's daughter for some years, been a friend of our children. The young civilians of his day, was Magistrate here at Pasyala and Avisawella. Poor Booth was spared only ten years for his *almost too dignified*, and died some months ago, in London, where he had gone for the benefit of his health.

The Chalmers gave their first At Home at Queen's House, and the second was at the Pavilion a few weeks later, where I stayed with their Excellencies and accompanied them on their drives. They had never been in the East before, and it was a new and novel experience.

The Colombo function was a grand party, but it was a day of many mishaps. A fire-bomb came from the balcony and exploded, and I had to read the names of the guests and announce them with the help of carriage lamps!

The day after the opening of the Legislative Council and the State Dinner, I left by car for Nuwara Eliya to be present, as I had promised, at the

wedding of Major Phipps, one time A.D.C. to Sir Henry Blake, who had come out expressly to marry Lorna Campbell, the daughter of my old friend Neil Campbell, of Mahagastotte. All went well till within a dozen miles of Nuwara Eliya the car began to wobble and after some protesting refused to budge. Finding that I was already rather late, I set out on foot, with my baggage following in charge of Sardial and some coolies, leaving the car with my chauffeur Fernando. After a few miles of walking I reached Labukelle Estate, and called on the Superintendent, N. C. Rolt, who very kindly offered me the choice between his rickshaw and his horse. I preferred not to rick up such a gradient, and took the horse—not so very comfortable a job either, since it was pouring with rain and I was clad only in an ordinary lounge suit! When I reached the top of the pass a motor-car came dashing along from the Nuwara Eliya direction, but it was stopped by the rain. Just as it reached me someone inside exclaimed, "Poor Maha!" and the car was stopped. I rode up alongside to find it was Phipps and his bride off to Kandy on their honeymoon. I explained my plight, and after I had made my congratulations and we had a short chat, we went our different ways. I reached Nuwara Eliya at 5 p.m., drenched to the skin, and had to get a change of underclothing from Cargills, as my luggage would not arrive for many hours. Taylors sent a car down, and fetched mine up and attended to it, and I was able to come down with it on the following afternoon.

Sony sailed for his Junior Cambridge a second time in December, at Kandy again, and my party stayed at Frazer Lodge as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Dias. It was a pleasant interlude, and pleasant to recall, since I had the fact that something had happened in January was recalled. Sony had gained Second Class Honours and a distinction in Latin.

Towards the close of the year, the Rev. E. F. Waddy's team of Australian cricketers arrived in Ceylon, and though some artificially stimulated ill-feeling was imported into the atmosphere, their tour in the island was a great sporting success. I was President of the Reception Committee, and took the chair at a big dinner held in honour of the visitors at Galle Face. I also lunched them here, and they had a gay time among the elephants and sundry side-shows I arranged for their delectation.

The first important event to take place locally in the year that was to prove so terribly eventful was the opening of the Indo-Ceylon Railway. The ceremony on this day was presided at by Talaimanaar, and His Excellency and party, including myself, crossed over to Dhanushkodi and had a bumper luncheon with Lord Pentland, the Governor of Madras, and several Indian Rajahs. Both Governors delivered brilliant speeches, and afterwards we did some sight-seeing and visited the famous temple at Rameswaram. On our return the Rector of Ponnakotta travelled down to Colombo with us.

The appointment of my nephew, J. P. Obeyesekere, as Mudaliyar of our Korle was in a sense unique (and is likely to remain so), for I believe it

was the first occasion on which a Cambridge graduate and a barrister signified his willingness to accept the post of a Chief Headman. A few days after his appointment he married the daughter of Gate Mudaliyar Walter Dias Bandaranaike.

CHAPTER XIV

LONDON AND THE WAR

TOWARDS the end of June, 1914, I sailed for Europe, and Gate Mudaliyar E. R. Gooneratne, of Galle, was selected to act for me. I travelled in the Orient liner *Otway* with Sonny, Radford, G. E. Cooke, and Sardial, and there were a number of friends on board, including the late Mr. Eustace de Saram on his honeymoon trip. We touched at Port Said and Naples, where my old guide Cimmino accompanied us over the town and to see the damage recently caused by eruptions of the Solfatara volcano.

We left our ship at Toulon, and after spending a night and a day at Marseilles we went on to Paris and into the Hôtel de Louvre for a couple of days, where we had a look at the Bois de Boulogne and did the sights again. At the tomb of Napoleon—a spot I never weary of visiting—we came upon an old veteran in uniform who had been in the war and offered to attach himself to us. We didn't really require anyone's services, but he promptly told us he didn't want any payment, but would be glad if we permitted him to show us round. He led us into a room full of portraits of the great men of the world, and we saw the

to German visitors, as the sight riled them. The old soldier added: "The Germans have robbed us of Alsace and Lorraine, but we shall never be contented till we have regained them." Rather poor consolation, considering the Great War that had lasted for four years and weeks and ended in France's recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. But France can scarcely be said to be contented with that!

After a couple of days we went on to London, where we all went into residence at the Hotel de Vere, with the exception of Radford, who went to his people at 25, Park Crescent. Distinctly there was apprehension in the atmosphere. The Austrian Archduke had been assassinated at Sarajevo, and although no one dreamt that Europe and the world were on the brink of the greatest catastrophe in history, still there was the imminent possibility of a bigger thing than anyone had visualized in the Balkans. Even when the trouble had become European it was touch and go—or so it seemed to me—whether England would deliberately become involved. But in those first days of August, history moved with a terrible inexorability, and on the 4th Grey made his great speech and Britain sent her ultimatum to Germany. From then onwards a change came over London. All the parks and open spaces were packed with horses and soldiers on their way to the front.

As the months passed, when I was received by the King and Queen in November of that fateful year at Buckingham Palace: "When we declared war we were not prepared for it, whatever the Germans may try to make out. They say we

provoked the conflict—and we still unprepared! Well, anyway, we are in it now, and our last man and our last penny before we want to stop!" I was in luck's way on this occasion, for His Majesty's Staff consisted of some of my old friends—Lord Herschell, who had been private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, being I think the only one, and the others in attendance being Lord Stamfordham, the Hon. Derek Kepple, and Sir Charles Cust.

Very soon after the outbreak of war a war fund—the Prince of Wales' War Fund—was opened, and both myself and my son sent in contributions. Of course, we were not yet aware that in Ceylon the Government had placed a limit for the maximum sum contributable by any one individual to the fund, and ours was a little in excess of this. I also placed the new six-cylinder Studebaker I had just purchased at the disposal of the Government.

Almost simultaneously Sonny underwent two operations at the hands of Mr. Tilley, of Harley Street. This and the electrified atmosphere in London rather upset my holiday; or, rather, I was forced to the conclusion that the time was ill chosen for my holiday. And on the top of all this, on August 11th I received a cable: "Father dead. Mark." I puzzled this out for a while, and the only construction I could put on it was that Mark Gooneratne was informing me that his father, the Acting Maha, was dead. I could scarcely believe it, for the old man had seemed perfectly hale and hearty when he saw me off only six weeks before. I therefore cabled to my secretary asking him

True to the opinion of the police, he was seen passing the De Vere on the top of a bus at about ten-thirty. As soon as I received this information I jumped into a taxi and followed, and when he alighted I picked him up and took him to the police-station just to show them that the prodigal had returned. Cooke was greatly interested in reading the description of himself as given by me.

What in 1914 was a pleasant surprise was a pleasant company.

The De Vere's house was very handy for me, as it was very close to the Row, where I rode regularly. Samet, the manager, was a foreigner, and went in fear and trembling to his job, as if at every moment as an enemy alien. He was married to a charming Englishwoman—a Miss Callaby—whose father was a horse-breeder at Hunstanton. I once visited his establishment, travelling by car from London and back the same day, and saw some splendid hacks. It was worth having gone all that way if only to see his renowned stallion The Leopard.

I also paid several visits to Windsor in search of a good saddle-horse, and it was at Vivian Gooch's that I spotted General MacLellan. Lenana, too, was purchased on this occasion.

I met both Sir West Ridgeway and Sir Henry Blake frequently during this stay. C. J. Marshall and Dr. J. E. T. L. and Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. were also among the Londoners I met.

But the shadow of war lay heavily on the land,

Many of my friends went over the top for the last time—four of them, at least, men who had been with me on the Queen's House Staff at one time or another—Colonel Marker, Captain Theobald, Captain Myles-Ponsonby, and Captain Ralph Chalmers.

Dear old Warden Miller, too, wrote a distressing letter to me saying he would be very pleased to see me if I could possibly run out to his place, as his health was very precarious. I motored some fifty miles to his home at Parkstone in Dorset, and both he and Mrs. Miller received me most affectionately. The Warden's health did certainly seem very poor, but both of them were full of Ceylon reminiscences. Miller died in 1920.

We left England some time in December. Radford, of course, had his duty to perform and could not return with us, and we were delayed somewhat by the difficulty of obtaining passages out, as well as by the horse-play of the daring little *Emden* in Indian waters. My English friends chaffed me by saying that if our ship were held up I would have to be taken prisoner by reason of my holding a British title.

But after some weeks we heard that the *Sydney* had put paid to the plucky little German's account. No one could possibly have been more proud then than an Australian woman, a Mrs. Davies, who was staying at the De Vere. No sooner did the news come through than she went straight out and bought a flagstaff contraption, and arranged it on her table in the dining-saloon with the Australian flag flying top-mast. I took a wicked delight in

running it down to half-mast whenever I passed that way.

We had to sail on the 25th, the day after the *Osterley*, and it was a very busy day. It was New Year. We had to proceed very cautiously at sea, with no lights or smoking on deck. Once in the Channel, when we were at a standstill for the night, a collier ran into us, but fortunately there was no damage. The rest of the voyage was uneventful.

To be more exact, we put into Colombo at 6 p.m. and on the 26th, the day after, a thanksgiving service at All Saints' Church, Hultsdorf, I called at Queen's House, and was able to relate my experiences. The rest of the day I spent in receiving visitors. I was able to tell them what I knew all about the war, and whether it was true that I had been taken prisoner by the enemy, and had spent some time in Germany baking bread and feeding the prisoners. This was the substance of a rumour that actually gained much credence among rural folk!

On the next day I lunched at Queen's House, and was able to relate all my experiences from the fateful August 11th up to my embarkation; and Sir Robert in turn told me all that had been going on in the Channel, and the success of the British fleet in defeating the German fleet, and the capture of the *Goeben* and the *Emden* off Cocos Island when the Australian battleship demolished the plucky and the elusive enemy raider. Von Müller, the *Emden's* Commander, was before everything else a gentleman, and treated all taken on his ship from other vessels in a way that was described as most humane and



[Plate Ltd.
SIR ROBERT CHALMERS, G.C.B., NOW LORD CHALMERS,
GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1913-1916).

courteous manner. He escaped being blown to pieces, and was taken prisoner and lived to return to Germany. It was pretty well known in London that Von Müller's mother was an Englishwoman.

Two days after I landed in Ceylon, Gate Mohandien Petha D's Barchanogya, the only surviving son of my father's only brother, died, leaving no male issue.

It was in the middle of this month that I had written Mr. Warden Stone to send my son to St. Thomas' College as a boarder. This was the first time he was to go out of my immediate supervision and control, and the parting was a bit of a pang to me. I had no reason, however, to regret this step, as, under the careful guidance of that great scholar Mr. Stone, Sonny did exceedingly well, and, like myself, is, as a result, able to claim St. Thomas' as Alma Mater. Up to this time he had been educated privately at home, his last tutor being Mr. A. C. Radford, a Cambridge graduate, whom I have already referred to earlier in these pages. Sonny secured a First Class in the Cambridge Senior at the end of this year, and also gained distinctions in English and Latin. It was considered a rather good performance, as he went up from the Sixth Form and had only a year's preparation.

Towards the end of January dengue fever was raging in Colombia, and I came in for a sharp attack of it, from which I made a speedy recovery under the treatment of Dr. David Beckwood. Just about this time, too, Sonny had to undergo an operation at the hands of Dr. S. C. Paul at the General Hospital, and curiously enough in the same

ward lay Mr. Lewis Walker, who was killed on by the Japanese. This operation caused me some worry, especially after the fate of young Eknelligoda on the eve of his marriage not very long before.

Sir West Ridgeway, passing through in a P. & O. boat on one of his periodical visits to British North Borneo, I went to see him on the morning of January 30th. He looked young and buoyant as ever.

Some months later I was up at Nuwara Eliya, when I received telegraphic news that my youngest sister, Mrs. Solomon Seneviratne, was seriously ill and lying in a critical condition. I went down by the night mail to Colombo, Sir Christoffel and Mr. J. Andrew Perera, who were also at Nuwara Eliya, accompanying me. On the following day, April 28th, at noon, my sister died. The funeral took place in Colombo on the 29th, and I returned to Nuwara Eliya by the mail train that night. On arrival there the following morning I was shocked to find that my friend Jim Van Langenberg in Colombo had died the previous evening.

Nothing very exciting happened here until the opening of the Chalmers Granaries. The rice merchants rose to the occasion under the inspiration of Mr. Suntheram, and made a very grand and brilliant function of it. The Governor—Sir Robert Chalmers—attended by his full Staff, including myself, drove down to the Racquet Court in state, the gubernatorial party being met at the entrance by the Government Agent (Mr., now Sir John, Fraser),

the Mayor of Colombo, and a host of other officials, and a vast crowd displayed a new kind of top-hats that had not seen the light of day for many a long year. Addresses were read and presentations made to His Excellency, who performed the actual opening by very deftly cutting a heaped bushel of the newly imported Indian rice with a special ornamental ruler that was handed to him for the purpose. A newspaper gossip who signed himself Vasconcel, writing in one of the following morning's papers, perpetrated this rather . . . :

"Next my attention was attracted by a tall and . . . What a fine presence he makes! We had never before seen a Sinhalese in the same street with him in the skill of society pose. He looked . . . groomed hair down to . . . Camp looked a bit bewildered and nervously restless. They might well be. The thing was beyond them. Behind the nervous reader of the address was arrayed a solid mass of Ceylonese, all trying hard to look as if they understood."

CHAPTER XV

DARK DAYS

NEARLY everybody who was fit had by this time proceeded to take part in the Great War, and in May, 1915, I was invited to go up to Nuwara Eliya and take up the duties of Aide-de-Camp. I did so on May 23rd, and three or four days later the sad news came through that Captain R. J. Chalmers, eldest son of the Governor, was wounded and missing, to be followed almost immediately by the still more tragic intimation that His Excellency's other son, Colonel R. J. Chalmers, was killed in action. The state of grief of Sir Robert and Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Malcolm Stevenson, their only daughter, can well be imagined. Guests who were expected at Queen's House were put off by telegraph by me, and while Sir Robert strove manfully to bear up under the terrible blow, Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Stevenson were prostrated with grief. I had started for Colombo to be present at the last day of the May Races, but I did not attend them, and returned at once to Nuwara Eliya. On the way up I noticed at Gampola and one or two other places signs of the disturbances and riots that had broken out on May 28th at Kandy and were swiftly spreading.

On June 14th I received by telephone message from Kandy that his presence there was urgently required. Sir Robert left within half an hour on receipt of this, attended by Mr. W. T. Southorn, private secretary, having given me instructions that I was not to leave Queen's Cottage, where Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Stevenson were, and asking me to take command of the body-guard and put them to whatever use I liked towards the protection of Nuwara Eliya from riots.

My orders to the Jemadar were that he was to take the guard out in full uniform, with their lances, and exercise the horses in the town twice a day. Fortunately, chiefly owing to the efficient work of Mr. A. W. Seymour, A.G.A., and some of the members of the neighbourhood, there was no disturbance, although there were indications of unrest more than once, especially after the murder of a police constable in broad daylight in the town.

On June 16th I received instructions that I was to proceed with Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Stevenson to Colombo, and we went down by the ordinary morning train on the 17th. Lady Chalmers, Mr. Bertram accompanying us. I dined and stayed at Queen's House, the hotel, and after four or five days in Colombo returned to Kandy, where I made full enquiries, taking down the statements of all the servants employed in the establishment.

A gentleman, who called himself the "Officer Commanding the base at Veyangoda," also visited me and had a long interview, in the course of which I was able to tell him who exactly were the leaders and principal rioters of Pattalagedera,

Very much to the surprise of the British Commissioner I had received in the course of my enquiries. He made a careful list of these, and went away to deal with them promptly and deal with them promptly. I met him again, and, on enquiring as to what he had done with these men, I was told that his instructions were only to deal with the Mohammedan complaints. The Mohammedans were, of course, playing the game of blind-man's buff. They bolted from a place at the first indication on them was brewing, and in a large number of cases "identified" as the demolishers of their *boutiques* and looters of their property either people against whom they had grudges or the wealthiest villagers, so that they were taken up for punishment. Of course, one could sympathise with the Mohammedan refugees hiding terror-stricken in jungles and villages. But the pity of it was that the actual rioters and looters escaped, whilst innocent, law-abiding people were taken up and punished.

An official on one of his visits to a village here, known for its famous medical school, fired at a woman who was running for dear life at the imposing sight of the stalwart Punjabis in their war-paint, the vigorous protest of the medical gentleman being of no avail to curb his martial ardour. His marksmanship was not, however, anything like approximate to what might be called the Bisley standard, and the woman fortunately escaped unscathed, although frightened almost to

death. The medical gentleman was able to prove on the spot that the person fired at was a woman, and not, as the official insisted, a riotous villager.

At about this time I had some communication with His Excellency the Governor regarding what I believed flagrant miscarriages of British justice daily occurring. Sir Robert was, of course, all for justice, but the country being under martial law from June 2nd to August 30th, the military, under the command of the Officer Commanding the troops in Ceylon and his subalterns and subordinates, Special Commissioners and Town Guards, were responsible for the wrongs against which I believed I had reason to complain.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a rather amusing incident in connection with the case. I had a Eurasian superintendent named Wyllie on one of my estates, and some Mohammedans of the Moorish village of Kahataowitta complained to the authorities that he, armed with a gun and accompanied by hundreds of Sinhalese villagers, entered their hamlet and attempted to demolish their mosque. Upon this complaint was received by my private secretary, Mr. A. Wambeck, who was residing at Horagolla, from the O.C. Troops, Veyangoda, asking him to instruct Wyllie to report himself at the military base forthwith. My secretary wrote in reply that Wyllie had left the previous day on leave of absence. Wyllie was subsequently traced, and he was arrested at Kandy and kept a prisoner for nearly six weeks, being marched from one court to another in manacles before his trial was taken up. His

sufferings during this period must have been considerable, and he very nearly died of dysentery in hospital. Eventually he was brought to trial at Weke before a Special Commissioner, the charge being that on June 2nd, you, armed with a gun, led some hundreds of villagers to kill the Moslems in the mosque." Wyllie's answer was simple. He said he was not even in the province on that date—he was away in Kandy and his witnesses were the Mother Superior of the Kandy Convent (where his sister was), Mr. L. E. Blaze, the Principal of Kingswood College, the manager of a bank where he had placed an order for a suit of clothes. Mr. Evan Koch had been retained to appear for Wyllie, but he was unable to appear, as it was a court martial. When the record was forwarded to the Attorney-General, however, Wyllie was ordered.

On the other hand, two Mohammedans who had been charged with the same offence by the same pair of Mohammedans were convicted and sent to gaol for long terms of imprisonment, as perhaps they were unable to put up a defence as Wyllie did. The grudge of the Mohammedans against Wyllie was that he did not permit them to trespass on the estate of which he was in charge.

Mr. O. Crozier, of Veyangoda, also came over to help Wyllie. He went a great way to prove the innocence of A. P. Goonetilleke, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life on the charge of being the

rioting at Pattalagedera. With these I saw His Excellency the Governor, and strongly urged that if the facts as stated in these documents were true, Goonetilleke should be discharged at once. One of these documents was a telegram sent from Beruwala by the principal witness against him to a co-religionist & friend, which clearly proved that his evidence was false, and that he was nowhere near Veyangoda at the time, although he swore to his having been here and seeing Goonetilleke the head of the rioters.

His Excellency promised to make enquiries and let me know, and when I saw him a few days later spoke of pressing heavy guilt on Goonetilleke and releasing him, but added that he must either be guilty of the charges and should remain in gaol, or he was innocent and should be discharged without being kept in gaol a minute longer.

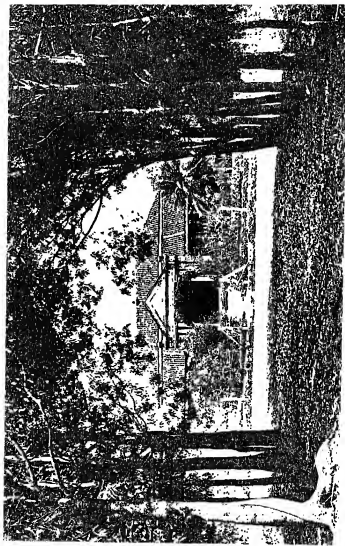
Sir Robert eventually agreed to discharge him, and this was done on the day following, His Excellency then informing the principal witnesses of the discharge. Goonetilleke was accordingly discharged, but not before he had suffered a great deal in mind and body in the Jaffna prison.

Before I came down from Nuwara Eliya I had received a long letter from Felix Dias, who was District Judge of Candy at the time, on the subject of the riots, their causes and their course. I showed this letter to the Governor and to the Attorney-General, Sir (then the Hon. Mr.) Anton Bertram. There is no vestige of doubt that there would have been no widespread upheaval had the authorities at

Kandy been alive to their duty in the first instance
I suppressed the first spark with a firm hand.

Some of the ignorant were actually under the impression that they were doing a service to the Government by thrashing the Mohammedans out of the Colony, as their co-religionists, the Turks, were waging war on Britain and the Allies! It was also stated and I record it with due seriousness—that His Excellency's two sons had fallen in a battle against the Turks, and that, therefore, those in the seats of the mighty would connive at riots by way of revenge!

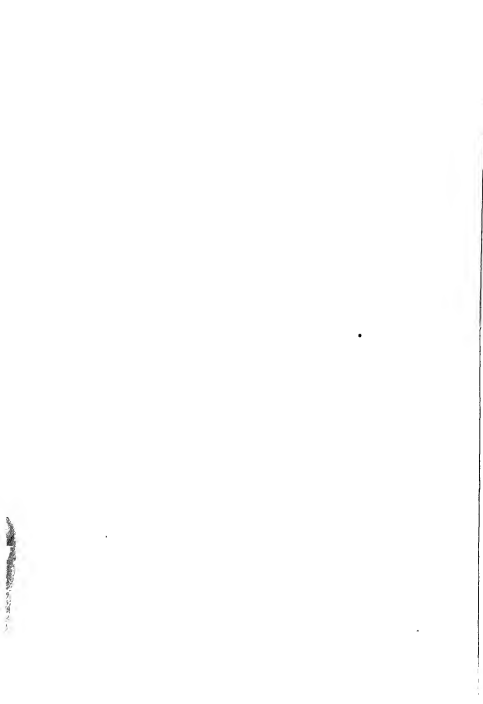
The worst was soon past, though the severity of the martial law sentences cast a gloom for many months over the island. But Sir Robert Chalmers did not altogether escape. He was attacked by a section of the community which showed no iota of respect to the terrible sorrow his double bereavement must have meant to him. He had come out with great schemes taking shape in his mind for the welfare of the people he was to govern. Then came the war and the tremendous contribution it extracted from him for the Empire. And on top of that, before he had time to recover from that blow which took away his young sons almost at one stroke, the riots! Few people knew as intimately as I the great hopes and liberal sympathies Sir Robert nourished. And his régime ended with, on his part, a passionate regret, and abuse on the lips of the people whom he loved. It was an abominable spectacle.



THE WEKE MALIGAWA.

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CHAPTER XVI

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

ON the afternoon of June 29th I received a wire to the effect that my cousin, W. Chapman Dias, had died at noon. I went into Colombo the same day, and this morning, on the 30th, I was told that he was on the way to his will, and there was a great deal to do to get matters shipshape, as his death was rather sudden and unexpected.

I was also compelled to go to law at this period as a result of some differences with H. O. Beven, who was the lessee of my Weke Estate. I was very sorry, as we had been friends for a long time. The late Mr. W. Wadsworth tried the case (which was decided in my favour, with Beven cast in stiff damages), and I was represented by Mr. E. J. Samarawickrema now K.C., assisted by Messrs. F. J. and G. de Saram, while Mr. E. W. Jayawardene (also now K.C.), instructed by Messrs. Mack, appeared on the other side. The case went up in appeal, and the damages were a little reduced.

At the Annual Regatta, held at Lenana, I had a very fine record when General MacLennan won the Civil Service Cup and the Channer Stakes; Lenana annexed the Police Cup, and came second for the

Governor's Cup and the Turf Club Plate; a horse named Morris won the Kalutara Cup; and Vera, in my colours, came third in the Ridgeway Stakes. Later on, at the October Meeting, General MacLennan won the Stand Stakes.

At the August Meeting in the following year Lenana, it is interesting to note, again came second for the Governor's Cup, but this time won the Turf Club Plate. On the same occasion my Mushtarak won the Farewell Plate. In the October Races of 1916 a horse of mine named Mimosa secured the Lawn Stakes, and the same animal won the English Foal Handicap and the Medium Stakes at Galle in December. It was fair weather after foul.

Later, in November, 1915, Lord (then, of course, Sir Robert) Chalmers, attended by me, paid a farewell visit to the High Priest Sri Subhuti, a monk profoundly versed in Oriental lore, at Waskaduwa. Approaching the temple the route was decorated with garlands. As our car drew up at the temple a certain chieftain stepped forward and besought His Excellency not to alight for a minute or two till he had changed his upper garments! This he proceeded to do (much to His Excellency's secret amusement and my own subdued horror) by getting behind our car and quickly rigging himself out in a smart green necktie, a fancy waistcoat and a frock-coat, and then came briskly round and announced: "I am ready, Your Excellency!" We then left the car and walked in state to the temple, led by this chieftain. High Priest Subhuti received His Excellency with due

respect, and at the close of a long conversation, presented him with an ancient carved coconut-shell beautifully mounted in silver. His Excellency took it into his hands, and after a minute or so courteously asked the High Priest to accept of the shell as a gift from him to be placed among the treasures of the temple, explaining beyond any misunderstanding that his position obliged him to accept so valuable a present.

A few days later the departing Governor invested the faithful Karunaratne Arachchi, of Queen's House, with the rank of Mohandiram of the Lascoreen Guard; and on December 4th His Excellency and Lady Chalmers embarked on the *Mongolia*, and Mr. Reginald Stubbs assumed duties as Officer Administering the Government.

A week later I received a telegram announcing the death of Sir Hector Van Cuylenberg, and attended his funeral.

For the Galle Races this year, at which, as I have already remarked, I met with moderate success, Felix Dias and myself, accompanied by my son, made the Hikkaduwa Rest-house our headquarters, and enjoyed to the full a very pleasant holiday. Sonny made good use of his leisure by writing a storyette with Hikkaduwa as the background, which was printed in the *St. Thomas' College Magazine*.

Early in April, 1916, Captain Livingstone-Learmonth, the new Aide-de-Camp, arrived in Ceylon, and on the 15th the new Governor, Sir John Anderson, arrived with a great display of pomp. I have recorded previously how I had met

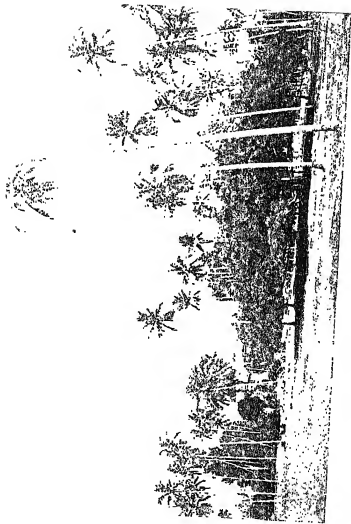
and conversed with Sir John when he visited Ceylon in the suite of the Duke of Cornwall and York in 1901, and my business with him at the Colonial Office towards the end of 1914, and we knew each other very well.

Sir John paid his official visit to Kandy on May 11th, and I accompanied him. There was a proposal that he should leave his car and walk the last half-mile to the Pavilion in a procession behind elephants and dancers, rather like a tail-piece to *the tambourines, the cymbals, and the bones!*

But His Excellency declined to do any thing of the sort, and rode in state in his car, attended by his Staff in the wake of the procession. On the 12th Sir John returned and thanked the chiefs for the reception they had accorded him, and a few minutes later addressed the minor headmen and their representatives. His speech was interpreted by me into Sinhalese, standing alongside Sir John, and at the end he turned round and thanked me very much for improving on the speech he had made!

Some weeks later, one day I happened to call at Queen's House to learn that the news of Lord Kitchener's tragic drowning at sea had just been received. I have already in these pages related how the body of his trusted friend and secretary, Major Fitzgerald, was recovered and given an honoured burial, Lord Kitchener finding a resting-place with the "old tarred Great Captains."

Sir John Anderson had been busily engaged since his arrival in personally going through the



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THE FIGUS BENJAMINI TREE AT HORAGOLLA.

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records of riot cases with infinite labour, and on the King's birthday 800 riot prisoners, who had been sentenced to terms of a year and less, were released. Three or four days later the formal opening of the Legislative Council took place, and on the same day there was an investiture at Queen's House.

At about this time His Excellency Admiral Wemyss, attended by his Flag-Lieutenant and Captain Livingstone-Learmonth, spent the day here at TROVATI and did some shooting, and succeeded in bagging a brace of deer. I must be excused here when I note the irrelevant—but to me, as an agriculturist, important—fact that at about this time the planting of rubber on a block of my Montecatini Estate was taken in hand.

The "Kegalle District Commission," which engaged in its work on the day after the rioting committed in that district by the military during the martial law period, was to commence its sittings at Kegalle on November 9th. Sir Anton Bertram, the Attorney-General, had already gone up, and Chief Justice Sir Alexander Wood-Renton and Mr. Justice Schneider, with Mr. R. H. Whitehorn, Secretary to the Commission, were motoring up the previous evening when their car was disabled in the vicinity of Horagolla at about 7 p.m., and they turned in and had a whisky-and-soda with me till the defect was repaired. They then resumed their journey, but hadn't gone a quarter of a mile before their car came to grief again, and Schneider came back and reported the circumstances to me. I lent them my car, driven

by my man Sardial, and they reached their destination at 10.30 p.m.

The findings of this Commission were later quashed by the historic despatch in which Sir John Anderson vindicated the good name of the Sinhalese nation and referred to certain gentlemen in vitriolic phraseology.

In this same year I attended Sir John when he went down to Kalutara to unveil a statue of King George V. presented to the town by the Padikara Mudaliyar, and I declared open a Buddhist school in Nittambuwa village which is now flourishing with a long roll of boys and girls.

I also recollect Captain Fraser, some time towards the untimely close of Sir John Anderson's régime, performing the noteworthy route ride from Kandy to Colombo with the Governor's body-guard. The cavalcade halted only for short intervals at Polgahawela and Ambepussa and here at Horagolla, and horses and men arrived in Colombo in good condition, though the animals had a pretty high temperature, which, however, was restored to normal with the usual care and attention.

Towards the end of this year my secretary, Arthur Wambeck, was suddenly taken seriously ill, and was sent down in charge of Dr. Gunasekera, of Wathupitiwala Hospital, to be entered as a patient in the Planters' Ward of the General Hospital, where he remained there three weeks.

At the end of 1917 a whole shipload of mules the like of which had not been seen in this country were landed at Colombo owing to some



THE "MIGHTY ATOM" WHEN A FOAL.



trouble on the ship in which they were being conveyed for war purposes. A large majority of them were reshipped, if I mistake not, in the same vessel, and the remainder were auctioned. I purchased three or four pairs to see whether they were capable of replacing cattle for work on the estate, but the experiment proved a hopeless failure. They were, for one thing, very expensive to keep, as they required a lot of food, and the leeches and ticks also played havoc with them. One of them used to be very tame and affectionate, which seems to prove that mules are more suitable for use on roads rather than estates—in this country, anyhow.

Some of this lot were quite fifteen hands, and people unfamiliar with mules of those proportions mistook them for horses!

I also had a visit from the well-known entrepreneur "Colonel" Fillis and Mrs. Fillis. They were after my country-bred Shetland pony, the Mighty Atom, but the price I quoted staggered them, as, indeed, I wanted it to. They admitted, however, that my animal was the prettiest pony of the kind they had seen. I bred him on the estate, and in due course taught him a few tricks. He is still alive and going strong, although nearly twenty years old.

Apropos of this I must here record how one morning my superintendent of the Attanagalla Estate sent a jumbled postcard to my secretary: "They drew a horse was brought in for a red colt last night."

The east window of All Saints' Church, Hults-

dorf, which had been materializing for so many years, was at last imported and duly set up, and dedicated by His Lordship Bishop Copleston on March 11th, 1917. The window is a memorial of Canon Dias, and is a great pleasure and I was glad to undertake the task of importing and having it erected on behalf of the subscribers. A matter for some anxiety was the danger of the window—it was fairly expensive—going down at sea as a result of some German submarine's activity.

Advocate L. H. Samarakkody married Miss Samaradiwakara about this time, and the wedding took place at my town house. Mr. J. G. (now Sir John) Fraser performed the ceremony, and when he was having difficulty in tying the thumbs I prompted him to roll up the ends of the piece of cotton after the fashion of the binding of a Jaffna cigar!

These were naturally the days for various funds, bazaars, and entertainments in connection with the war, and in August a great fair in aid of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was held in the grounds of Queen's House and over Rs. 30,000 was realized. A "Crics of London" Fair, was held in the same grounds, when a remarkable necklace, composed of gems of Ceylon and described as Queen Mary's Neck Chain, was put up to auction, and after some very brisk bidding knocked down to the lucky buyer, Mr. P. H. Fradd, for the handsome sum of Rs. 37,000. The necklace was a gift from the Queen to the

itself was a great success. "My Lady Nicotine" was a striking figure, and a successful seller.

At this time my old friend W. E. Davidson, of the Ceylon Commission, was appointed Governor of New South Wales after his long service in other parts of the Empire. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were very popular during their time in Ceylon, and on the death of the latter the people of the Kegalle District erected an imposing *Ambalam* of Kandyan architecture in her memory at Ruwanwella. Later he married again. It is a sad circumstance that Sir Walter should have died in Australia on the 11th of December about a year ago.

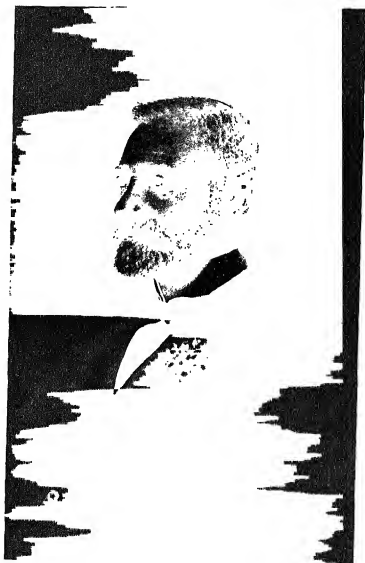
CHAPTER XVII

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN ANDERSON

SIR JOHN ANDERSON had been sent out to this country at a critical time, having answered the call of duty when he must have known that another period of service in the tropics would be fatal to his weakened constitution. He had hardly been two years here when in March, 1918, he fell dangerously ill.

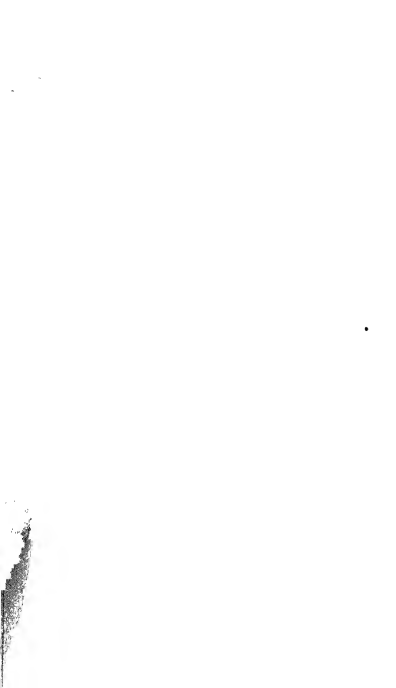
I was in constant telegraphic communication with Queen's Cottage as to His Excellency's condition, and being informed on the 23rd that he had "not improved," I telegraphed to Mr. Eliya. Everything possible, of course, was done to make Sir John comfortable. I remember Captain Fraser that night improvising an air-cushion to be placed under the patient's mattress by inflating the inner tube of a rubber tyre. When it was taken into the sick-chamber Sir John threw a glance at it, and with a pathetic smile on his face exclaimed: "No more joy rides for me!" A few hours later, at 2.30 p.m. on the morning of the 24th, Sir John Anderson breathed his last.

The cause of his death was an abscess, which I believe was later ascertained to be a cancerous growth, in one of the internal organs. An opera-



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SIR JOHN ANDERSON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1916-1918).



tion was performed by Dr. Paul, helped by Dr. Prins, then District Medical Officer at Nuwara Eliya, and in the presence of His Excellency's son, Captain A. C. Anderson, who had arrived a few days earlier and was himself a medical man. Captain Anderson's wife and a staff of nurses were also assiduous in their attentions. But the operation did not appear to bring Sir John any relief, and he sank steadily.

The remains were taken by motor-car to Nanu Oya, where a special was waiting to convey them to Colombo. Captain Fraser, Captain Anderson, and myself travelled in the special, which reached Colombo at dawn on Monday, the 25th. The body was lying in state during the whole of Monday and Tuesday at Queen's House, and thousands of people filed past to pay their last respects to a great and good Governor.

The funeral service was held in the evening, the coffin being borne to the General Cemetery from Queen's House on a gun-carriage drawn by four chargers and escorted by the body-guard, Captain Anderson and I following in the car just behind. The route from the Fort to Kanatte—a distance of about three miles—was lined on both sides by dense and reverent crowds, and the gathering at the cemetery was enormous. On a cushion on the Union Jack which draped the coffin were arranged the orders and the insignia of the dead Governor, and during the service, which was conducted by Revs. D. MacMichael, A. Faulds, and David T. J. of the Presbyterian Church, I had the great pleasure of bearing them. I met a number

the police and the military arrangements were perfect, and Captain Fraser indulged in seeing that everything was conducted as it should be. Sir John was the first Governor of this country to die while his term of office in Ceylon was as yet unfinished, and every circumstance combined to make his death a matter of genuine and universal grief, not only to the people of the island, but to the Sinhalese people in general, and those who initiated the movement in particular, that no tangible memorial to his great sacrifice has been raised, although there was much talk about it at the time, and, as a matter of fact, a subscription was started in the cemetery itself, and over a lakh of rupees put down on the spot. This was what an evening paper had to say on the day after the obsequies :

"At a meeting informally got together at the General Cemetery yesterday after the funeral of the late Governor, it was decided to collect subscriptions for a public memorial to Sir John Anderson. A lakh of rupees was subscribed on the spot."

Sir John had the satisfaction of knowing that he had accomplished faithfully and honourably the task set him by his Sovereign. No whit less than any of the millions who died on the battle-fields was he a warrior who gave his life in the service of his country.

CHAPTER XVIII

A CURE FOR SNAKE-BITE

AT about this time one of the most extraordinary cases of death by snake-bite came under my notice when out riding one morning. The name of the victim was Sinchi Appu, a villager of W. . . . and to . . . people round about hold to the conviction that his horrible death was a retribution for the murder of a young lover whom he had

It appeared that on the previous evening Sinchi Appu went as usual to his vegetable and betel enclosure. When he failed to return for an unduly long time, the other inmates of the house went in search of him and found him lying dead. On closer examination it was discovered that he had been thoroughly bitten—not once, but many times—by a snake, presumably a cobra.

I rode up to the house, which was a little distance from the road, and, dismounting, examined the dead body. The man had been bitten on both legs, both hands, and practically all over the face. Evidently in the dusk he had trodden on the reptile, which bit him on one leg and then on the other. He must in desperation have attempted to ward off the snake, which then inflicted the bites on the

hands, causing him to fall down in exhaustion, pinning the viper beneath him. While in this position the bites on the face could have been inflicted before the cobra succeeded in wriggling out and escaping into cover close at hand.

The villagers concluded that this was Nemesis. Three or four years earlier a young man from a distant village had been paying court to Sinchi Appu's daughter, but all her people looked upon the suit with strong disfavour. The young man, as is the way of lovers, persisted in his attentions. One day he was found hanging to a *jalk* tree not very far from his sweetheart's home and within fifty yards of the betel enclosure where Sinchi Appu came by his terrible end. The verdict was suicide, but the circumstances were extremely suspicious. For one thing, the young man had on his visiting clothes, and the body was hung on a very low branch, with the feet just off the ground. What other conclusions than that the murdered lover had come in the form of a cobra and avenged the dastardly act! Such is the power of a rural mind. . . .

Some time later an interesting experiment was tried with the object of discovering a cure for snake-bites. The village doctor, Mr. Bandara Beddewela offered to give a demonstration of his cure, and then to divulge his secret in return for a reward of, I believe, some Rs. 5,000.

A date was fixed, and I sent down a cobra to Dr. Nicholls, who was one of us assembled to witness the experiment. The cobra was chloroformed and its venom extracted. As this

was too thick for use through a hypodermic syringe, it was diluted with a saline, and each of six rabbits injected with a lethal dose that would kill it in forty-eight hours. Mr. Beddewela was then invited to select any three of the six for the purposes of his demonstration, and he naturally selected the toughest looking specimens. The other three were locked up in hutches as controls.

Mr. Beddewela's operations then commenced. He made each of the three rabbits he had selected swallow a pill, poured some concoction into their nostrils, gave each a medicated bath, and finally made a scarification on their foreheads, and there-through introduced some other preparation.

This, I think, was the end of the experiment, and then the three specimens were put away under lock and key in three different hutches, Dr. Nicholls promising to send me a report at the end of the forty-eight hours.

Unfortunately—I say it with genuine regret—the result was a failure, all three rabbits actually succumbing before any of those not treated. Two of the three died, but the third and strongest-looking survived the period, and I think ultimately recovered. I might mention that the cobra itself was the first to go under—from the effects of the chloroform!

Mr. Beddewela's explanation was that the rabbits were too fragile for a successful demonstration of the efficacy of his medicines. He had brought a man with him who was prepared to allow himself to be bitten by the cobra to enable the experiment to be tried on him. But of course we could not

accept the suggestion, as in the event of failure we

Dr. Nicholls was of opinion that although Mr. Beddewela might have knowledge of some bush remedy potent to neutralize the venom of snakes, his lack of knowledge of dosage and scientific adjustment rendered his remedy liable to be generally inefficacious, and in this case had, in fact, contributed to the death of the victims. But my friend Major Noyes once told me his personal experience of a very sure and certain cure for snake-bite, and one by which he has saved human lives as well as those of dogs and horses, is a serum derived from animals inoculated with graduated doses of extracted venom of increasing strength, until snakes of any size bite them at their leisure and with a full dose without any ill effect ensuing to the horse, mule, or whatever animal it is that will presently be sacrificed for the good of humanity: and that every native cure, such as herbs, specifics, snake-stones, has been carefully tried, weighed, and found to be wanting and, indeed, purely empirical. Permanganate of potash is effective only in mild cases, and then if used properly. He also informed me that the person who has perfected the cure, or at least the pundit who has perfected the process of its manufacture, is a Dr. Fitzsimons, of the Snake Farm, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, whose successful research work should, I think, be wider known.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MANNING RÉGIME

THE new Governor, Sir William Manning, arrived in September, and I went on board with the Acting Governor, Mr. R. E. S. . . . I was invited to stay at Queen's House a few days, and got to know His Excellency and the Hon. Robert Trefusis (his private secretary) and Mrs. Trefusis very well. When about three weeks later Sir William paid his first official visit to the hill capital, the special was stopped at Veyangoda, and I went up with them. Shortly afterwards the Orient Club entertained the new Governor. On this occasion, as one of the oldest members, I was, of course, one of the hosts.

Sir William, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Benson, Major Tonks, A.D.C., and Sir Henry Gollan, the Attorney-General, spent the day with me here, and after a visit to Weke Maligawa in the afternoon returned to Colombo. While going over the estate, seeing what there is to see, my little country-bred Shetland pony, Mighty Atom, was brought out, and on my asking the pony to bow (as he had been trained to do, while I held his reins and stood in front of him), he turned

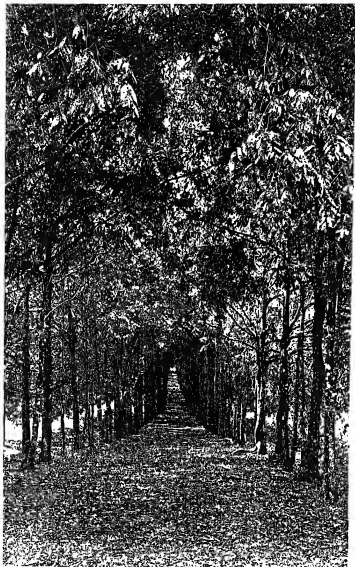
abruptly round so that his tail pointed at me, and bowed vigorously to His Excellency, to the great amusement of all present.

Some time earlier an extensive infant school at Kirindwella (Weke) was formally opened by Mr. (now Sir E. B.) Denham, then Director of Education. I went to luncheon at Weke and the party included Mr. Denham, the Hon. and Mrs. Trefusis, the Evans, and my sister, Mrs. Obeyesekere, and her party. A very unfortunate incident occurred during the progress of the procession from the Maligawa to the school, one of the numerous elephants composing it—a tusker getting out of control and getting between two men, one a headman. One of the men was killed, the other at the Wathupitiwala Hospital. This tusker is a notorious man-killer, and undoubtedly the only pachyderm in all my experience who has a penchant for killing people, having disposed of quite a number in his time. A bull elephant “in must” doing damage and killing people is quite a different thing. This tusker, however, is now, I understand, put to hard work and never taken out on the roads or in processions.

Sir William Manning had arrived shortly before the Armistice, and some months later when peace was signed, the local celebrations took the form of an investiture, levée, and dinner at Queen's House, and a great deal of other business. A most unpleasant incident took place on this day which seriously reflected on the English community in this country, owing, I may add, to

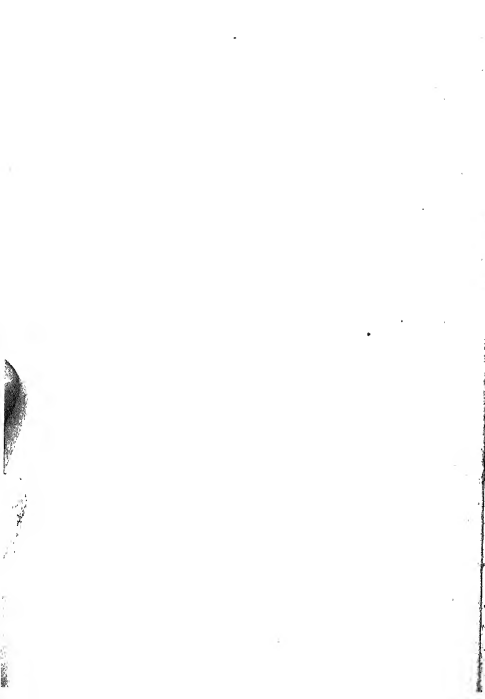


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SIR WILLIAM HENRY MANNING, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.,
GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1918-1925).



[Plate Ltd.

AVENUE OF "NA" OR IRONWOOD TREES AT WEKE.



the irresponsible action of a few nincompoops. I had occasion to address a very long letter on this subject to the Aide-de-Camp to the Governor for the information of His Excellency and the edification of those responsible for it. I cannot, unfortunately, reveal the details as I said at the time I wouldn't talk about them, but I cannot help quoting the following extract from a letter I received from the A.D.C.:

QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO,
23/7/19.

MY DEAR MAHA,

I received your letter of the 21st which I have read and I am glad to hear that you do what I think is right. I am sorry that the A.D.C. has asked me to tell you that they are not going to do anything about the matter. I am sure that you will understand the treatment of the matter and the fact that the A.D.C. has asked me to tell you that they are not going to do anything about the matter.

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I can only add that I have never been so disappointed as I am at the moment. I am sure that you will understand the treatment of the matter and the fact that the A.D.C. has asked me to tell you that they are not going to do anything about the matter.

Yours very sincerely,

A.D.C.

Much interest was centred in the Governor's marriage to Miss Olga Sefton-Jones, of London, at Queen's House in December. It was, of course, the first time a Governor of Ceylon had entered the matrimonial state here—all the others had been married before they arrived and didn't risk it again—and getting married in Queen's House was in itself an occasion. The Registrar General performed the ceremony, and the function was very largely attended, all sections of the community being present. Both Sir William and his bride received the hearty congratulations of all Ceylon, in spite of a certain amount of discontent at the time, and were presented with a large number of presents. One of the group photographs taken at the time was of Sir William and Lady Manning with the whole of the Queen's House Staff.

The new châtelaine of Queen's House charmed everybody, and there is no doubt that she contributed to the success of Sir William's régime. Her mother, Mrs. Sefton-Jones, who came out with the bride, returned shortly afterwards to England.

CHAPTER XX

BACK IN ENGLAND

TOWARDS the end of October, 1919, I left for England on a holiday in the *D. M. S. S.* accompanied by my elder daughter and Miss Church, her companion, and Sardial, my valet. Contrary to schedule, the *D. M. S. S.* did not leave Bombay to take in troops. I did not miss the opportunity of seeing a good deal of Bombay—reputedly the second city of the Empire—and its neighbourhood, accompanied by Mr. Dulabhai P. R. a man of great wealth, who was introduced to me by the late Mr. Dadabhoy Nusserwanjee—that dear old man who once, gazing up at an exceptionally tall and narrow building rising in the Pettah, exclaimed, “My, what a skylark!”

I took rooms at the Taj Mahal Hotel, and among other noteworthy places visited the caves at Elephanta with their sculptures of Siva and Parvati. I was also shown over the Bombay Race-course by Captain Crawford, and with him visited some of the stables where Arab horses are kept. The prices asked were fabulous. For one particularly beautiful creature they asked Rs. 30,000, and another good-looking animal I picked out was priced at

Rs. 10,000, although it had never been tried out.

We eventually set sail from Bombay after taking in about 800 troops. The war-time regulations were still being strictly enforced, much care being exercised in the scrutinizing of passports, and the official on the landing who examined mine critically compared my physiognomy with my photograph, and wound up by asking me what my profession was.

I promptly replied: "There it is on the passport. I am the *Maha Muddy Liar* of Ceylon!" This fairly staggered him, and he quickly folded the passport and handed it back to me, those just in front and behind who overheard me bursting into peals of laughter. The initiated will comprehend the joke: for the benefit of *les autres*, and in case it should fall flat, I will add the correct pronunciation—"Mood-e-leeyer."

We picked up 150 more troops at Aden, and the ship was packed like herrings, although we on the upper deck were not much inconvenienced. When we had swung half-way up the Red Sea, however, influenza broke out and went round the ship in a trice, in spite of the efforts of the ship's doctor and the medical officers in charge of the troops. My daughter had the misfortune to catch it badly, so much so that the captain and others seriously considered leaving us behind at Port Said. This contingency, however, did not arise, though several of the troops had to be disembarked there.

The rest of my party and myself did not contract the ailment, largely as a result of regular

doses of a specific which I had taken on board with me. This, by the way, is a sovereign remedy against influenza, colds, and kindred troubles, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Frank Grenier.

We landed at Tilbury in tempestuous weather early in December. My daughter and Miss Church went off to a friend's, where arrangements had been made for them, and I with my valet repaired to rooms in the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington. The first person I met on arrival at the hotel was Mr. A. J. Wickwar, the Ceylon Surveyor-General, who was also staying there at the time. It was rather nice meeting a friend, as the hotel was at that time a strange one to me.

I might remark that my son had preceded us and joined his regiment in October. His period at the University was long overdue, the delay being caused by war conditions. Even after the Armistice there was considerable difficulty in securing a passage for him. At last he succeeded in obtaining a passage in the s.s. *Lancashire*, but at the eleventh hour a small committee was appointed to decide priority of certain candidates, and in its opinion there were others who for health reasons deserved preference, and it was not until some eight months elapsed after the Armistice that Sonny embarked in the s.s. *Derbyshire*, the same boat in which I and my party were, later, voyagers. On June 24th I presented my elder daughter to a Court held by their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. It was a very brilliant function, the like of which is not to be witnessed anywhere else in the world.

At the Royal Palace Hotel there was some commotion during the festivities on Christmas night when close upon midnight there rose an alarm of "Fire! Fire!" A stampede ensued, and many, endeavouring to rush upstairs to their children stumbled in the general crush and fell. A few of them even fainted, and one lady in particular, whom I knew, didn't come to for some time. I went off to my room to bring an eau-de-Cologne spray that was lying on the table, but he tore back with an article of quite a different description, the mere sight of which sufficed to bring the lady, who was just reviving, completely to her senses!

The fire itself was nothing much, having been due to a carpet being set ablaze in the hall by some person throwing down a cigarette. The fire, however, was much in evidence, and flooded the rooms.

A few days after meeting Wickwar, his father, old Joe Wickwar, some time of Nuwara Eliya and secretary of the Hill Club, travelled up all the way from Brighton, in spite of his years, to see and talk to me. I remembered him perfectly, and best in connection with lottery nights at the Club, when he well knew how to keep the turbulent section of the planting community in order.

CHAPTER XXI

I AM SUMMONED BY HIS MAJESTY

EARLY in the New Year I was summoned to Buckingham Palace to a half-hour long audience with the King. His Majesty's first and foremost enquiry concerned our late Governor. "Tell me all about my old friend John Anderson, and what happened to him." I told him of Sir John's illness and death, and when I mentioned that I was by the bedside when he passed away, His Majesty seemed pleased.

His Majesty went on to recall incidents during his visits to Ceylon in 1882 and 1901, and questioned me in connection with the riots and the reforms in our constitution then engaging the attention of the Colonial Office. Before I left, the King's Highness ordered me to see Colonel Clive Wigram, and ask him to arrange for me to see the Prince of Wales and also the Royal Highness at Newmarket.

A few days later I received a letter from Sir Godfrey Thomas to say that His Royal Highness would receive me on the next day. I went accordingly to York House, St. James' Palace, and was given a very cordial welcome. The Prince talked to me on a variety of subjects—hunting, flying, and his contemplated tours in Australia, India, and

Ceylon among other places. He also gave me intimate accounts of the "stunts" he used to perform in the air—looping the loop, etc.—and added such adventures.

His Royal Highness' engaging bonhomie—for which he has gained the soubriquet of Prince Charming—struck me very forcibly when he said to me: "Come into the next room, we'll be more cosy in there," and led me from the main sitting-room to his own special room near by.

The Prince attended the Horse Show at Islington that afternoon. I was there too, and was pleased to see him winning his own Gold Cup for the best hackney stallion in the Show with his horse Gray Shales. The Royal Military Tournament and a circus at Olympia also drew a large crowd, and I

met Sir Henry Blake, son of our quondam Governor, and renewed the friendship formed when he was out here on his father's Staff. I also met Harry Phipps, who had been Aide-de-Camp to Sir Henry Blake, and he spent an afternoon with me at the hotel.

At last I received an invitation to the Colonial Office, and went there and had a lengthy conference with Colonel Amery, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. The agitation for a more advanced constitution was then at its height in Ceylon, and Sir William Manning himself arrived in London in March, and stayed five months conferring with Downing Street on the subject. I met him and his party at Paddington, and also later



[Barrow Ltd.]

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



the Kandyan representation's agent, the Hon. Mr. T. B. I. Muddipati and Messrs. G. H. Mahawala and J. A. Halangoda, whose views were at variance with those of the Congress on the question of Kandyan representation. The Ceylon Association in London entertained Sir William at a dinner at the Prince of Wales Hotel, which I was also present, and many flattering references were made to me by different speakers. I had the opportunity at this function of meeting old friends and acquaintances.

Among many I was glad to meet in London was Mr. A. J. Denison, lately of Ceylon, and his wife; and one evening I dined with them at 26, Albert Court, when I met Miss Birch, daughter of Sir Arthur Birch, a former Colonial Secretary of ours, and a lot of nice people. I had also the pleasure of meeting the Duchess of St. Albans at a tea-party given by the Duchess of St. Albans.

One day when I was free of engagements I went, at the request of my son, to watch a boxing match in the Albert Hall between Bombardier Wells and the Frenchman Journey. This was my first experience of a fistic contest, and I must confess that I was greatly shocked, for not long after the fight commenced the floor of the ring was drenched with blood: and although the Frenchman put up a gallant fight, he was easily put down by Wells, who won the contest.

The sight was a shocking one, and how in Heaven's name ladies could be so fond apparently to enjoy such a show, I cannot comprehend. The way

in which the contestants were washed and douched and fanned at the end of each bout and before the next bout. I was strongly in mind of cock-fighting in Ceylon. I had seen the boys being taught boxing for the purpose of self-defence, but certainly not for the purpose of sport as I witnessed.

A few nights later a disconcerting incident occurred, when a lady by the name of Mrs. Pappas, who was also staying at the hotel, rang down stairs and asked me for help, as her husband was seriously ill and dying. I hurried upstairs and despatched my valet in a taxi with a letter to Dr. Castellani, asking him to be so good as to come over and see the patient. Castellani, however, did not come. I then telephoned him to come, as he was usually in attendance on the Pappas. I phoned back that they were hunting high and low, but were unable to get at their medical adviser, and entreated him to come, as the patient's life was in danger. Castellani finally consented as a favour to me, and came round and remained with the patient till the early hours of the morning, administering oxygen for over two hours. Pappa recovered, and the family adviser was very grateful when he came on the scene for all that had been done.

I may mention that Mr. Pappa was a Greek, with big business connections in the city.

But death was busy among my own people at home, and one day I read in the Ceylon papers of the death of my brother-in-law, J. Louis Perera. I cabled my sympathy to my sister, only to receive a few days later a cable from her son intimating

her death, too. Naturally the sad news upset me not a little.

At about this time, too, died my old friend Henniker-Rance, who passed away suddenly at his office in Duncan Terrace. He had been seeing me very frequently at my hotel, and dining with me once or twice a week—a pleasure he gave me only three days before his life was cut short. I attended his funeral—the first funeral I ever attended in England.

I saw a good deal of Lord Chelmers during this visit, and one day lunched with Lord Chelmers at his Mansions, Kensington. He took me to the College of Arms, where they granted me my armorial bearings and crest. I also went to a sale of race-horses at Newmarket, and bought two animals named Irish King and Dandini. The former I sold, having received a tempting offer soon after I made the purchase, but Dandini, sired by Lemberg, I brought out, and he is still racing. I also bought a thoroughbred named Best Boy from a Mrs. Chapman. He was a horse that ran fourth in the Derby, but he did not do anything when I brought him out here, his age being against him.

At Tattersalls, in the same year, I bought a beautiful harness pony, as well as a hack named Bob, which I sent to Dr. Saravanamuttu. I also took the opportunity to visit the famous kennels of Lord and Lady Rich, and saw some very fine specimens of Airedales there. Colonel Richardson, of course, is the greatest authority on Airedales and the best trainer of police-dogs.

To the Derby in June I went with Noel Richard-

son and Norman Ebsworth, and met Sir William Manning in the luncheon-room there. By a coincidence we had both backed the same horse, and the horse that turned out to be the winner—Spion Kop. A curious incident occurred on the run home, Abbot's Trace, ridden by the redoubtable Steve Donoghue, who was fifty yards of the winning-post. Luckily neither rider nor horse was hurt. Donoghue nimbly crept outside the rails before he could be trodden on by the other horses, and Abbot's Trace got up and stood stock-still until somebody got hold of him. Donoghue subsequently rode at least two winners that afternoon, and but for that mishap Abbot's Trace would certainly have been very much in the picture.

Later I went to Ascot, where I had a voucher for the Royal Enclosure. There is no race-meeting I enjoyed so much in England as this, one reason perhaps being that it is far and away the most fashionable event of its kind, and another the fact that my Club—the Sports—has a tent where, as in other Club tents, the members and members made very comfortable. The Queen is, moreover, present at the Royal Enclosure, so that I had only to walk across the course to get to it. Her Majesty the Queen, noticing me on the lawn, was pleased to send Sir Derek Keppel to ask me to step up into the Royal Box, and I speedily responded to the summons. Her Majesty was very gracious, and engaged me in an interesting conversation in the course of which she was kind enough to

The cream of the world's racing is to be found at Ascot, and naturally objections are extremely rare. This year (1920), however, an objection was lodged in no less an event than the race for the Gold Cup. The winner didn't take five minutes to decide, and Buchan, owned by Lord Astor, which came first, was disqualified for crossing, and the trophy awarded to Tangiers, which came second, an animal owned by Sir W. Nelson. A French horse named Juveyneur and Keysoe were given second and third places. Lady Astor looked keenly disappointed.

I watched the race carefully and noted the crossing. It was, of course, not deliberate, but was the result of Buchan tiring towards the end and bearing to one side.

An old friend I met at Ascot was Captain Richard Gooch, and he was my guest at the luncheon in the Sports Club tent. I also met Duggie Williams and R. J. Farquharson.

C. J. A. Marshall, of Avissawella, and F. L. Daniel arrived shortly afterwards in London and took quarters close at hand. My time, however, was up, and at the end of September I sailed home from Tilbury with my party, which included my daughter, Miss Cecilia, Miss Helen, and my valet. After some stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay, we touched at and "did" Gib., and, panting through the Red Sea, reached Colombo on October 20th. I should mention here—since the trouble was shortly to take me to England again—that my eyesight caused me some concern while in London, and I saw a H. Price Spectacles man, Mr. Bishop Harman.

About this time Mr. (now Sir Reginald) Stubbs was appointed Governor of Freetown, and several farewell dinners were given to him and Mrs. (now Lady) Stubbs. Sir Reginald had served most efficiently here, having to bear the whole burden of the Government of the colony. He was, I think, a very foolish, although in the complicated situations he had to face he perhaps sometimes did what was unwise. His successor was Sir Graeme Thompson, K.C.B., one of the war officials who came out to us from the Ministry of Shipping.

Sir Graeme has a fine record, and a record that has been crowned by the manner in which he has acquitted himself in the uncharted seas of the Colonial Service. A qualified barrister, he entered the Admiralty, and at the outbreak of the war was Assistant Director of Transport. Before the end of 1914 he was made Director, and three years later was appointed head of the Ministry of Transport and Shipping. While there he won the reputation of being the most efficient official in the Admiralty. In 1922 he was appointed Governor of British Guiana.

CHAPTER XXII

I GO TO HARLEY STREET

MR. BISHOP HARMAN had said that my eyes required attention without delay, and after my return I was in constant touch with Dr. Nell and Dr. Gabriel on the subject. Their advice, too, was that I should return to London to undergo an operation.

I therefore left Ceylon in March, accompanied by Dr. Gerald de Saram and attended by Sardial. Two days before I sailed the Crown Prince of Japan arrived in Colombo, and was given a splendid reception at Queen's House. On my return from England I found that His Highness had left a present of a pair of sleeve-links for me.

Our voyage from Colombo to Marseilles was uneventful, except for an enforced halt for about three hours off Suez on account of a sandstorm—the first I ever experienced. After a day or two at Marseilles, where we stayed at the Hôtel du Louvre and visited all places of interest, including the palatial residence of the Duc de Nemours, only Deslys, we went on to Paris. Here we stayed at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, where I always stay when in Paris; and after doing some of the sights we crossed over to London and took rooms at the Serp. Kensington Hotel.

I lost no time in seeing the specialists and arranging for an operation, which I elected should be performed, in consultation with Dr. Castellani, by Sir Anderson Critchett, Bart., to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Sir William Manning. For this purpose I entered a nursing home at 24, Cavendish Street, on the recommendation of Sir Anderson, who performed the operation on the following day. Things went well for a day or two, but then hæmorrhage set in and gave considerable trouble. Sir Anderson, who was most attentive and concerned, thereupon ordered the matron to apply a couple of leeches round the eye.

The leeches were duly brought, but when I learnt that the matron's intention was to apply them by holding them with a towel, I suggested to her that the special glass tubes made to facilitate the application of these creatures would be preferable. She said she had never heard of such tubes, but promised to enquire at the chemist's, and ultimately a set was procured. She then put the end of one of the tubes and stuck it on the eye where the bite was to be inflicted, but the leech would not bite, and a long time, during which I was most uncomfortable, was spent trying to make it do so. I suggested more than once to the matron that she might have got the wrong end of the leech foremost, and though she protested she hadn't, this turned out to be the case! The application was then postponed, and I took care that on the next occasion Sardial was in attendance to show the good lady the business end of the bloodsucker! When the leech did bite, it made no mistake about it, giving

me considerable pain. It was at first expected that I would not be in the nursing home for more than a fortnight, but, on account of the hæmorrhage, I was an inmate there for five weeks.

A large number of my friends in England called to see me while I was laid up, including Lord Chalmers and Sir West Ridgeway. While I was still in the nursing home Gerald returned to Ceylon.

On my recovery, after a few days at the hotel, I left for Deepdene, near Dorking, ... by my son, and there spent a very pleasant ... Deepdene was at one time a noble domain, and its most recent private occupants were Lily, Duchess of Marlborough (an ancestor of Mr. Churchill's), and Lord William Beresford. A most magnificent mansion, it stands in very ... beautiful grounds, and is famous also as the spot where Disraeli wrote *Coningsby*. The place has ... under its new proprietors, in whose own interest it is, of course, to preserve its pristine grandeur and comfort, and all the servants still dress in the livery of a nobleman's mansion. Deepdene really epitomizes all that is most beautiful in English scenery, and my blood still quickens at the thought of it.

I met some delightful people while staying there, especially a Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie from the States; and old William Taylor, an ex-Ceylon planter who had made the hotel his home, and although he had been in years, was in perfect health.

The rest of my stay in England was spent in London, and I had the opportunity of meeting a

large number of my friends. I went down to Lewes one day and bought Glenrose and Isleta Filly. The filly I bought was a very good one, Obeyesekere, and she was a very good one, and had an untimely end; but Glenrose's achievements are too well known to need repetition, the filly won three races at the big meet in 1922, including the Channer Stakes.

One evening during this period Mr. and Mrs. Sefton-Jones, the father-in-law and mother-in-law of Sir William Manning, entertained me to dinner at a ladies' club. I went there with a certain amount of trepidation, as I had never been in a women's club before, but there was nothing very novel about it, as I had been to the club before by maids. After a very sumptuous repast, at which champagne flowed, we went to a theatre and witnessed John Drinkwater's remarkable play *Abraham Lincoln*. The play was very interesting indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Benson also entertained me many times. Their daughter Daphne, who spent some considerable time in Ceylon when Mrs. Benson was at the Queen's House, is now married to H. M. M. Moore, late of the Ceylon Civil Service and at present Colonial Secretary, Bermuda.

At about this time I lost a ring set with a valuable brilliant, which had dropped from my finger. I was most anxious to recover it, owing to its associations, and had recourse to Scotland Yard,

who told me that if I had dropped it in a taxi there was every likelihood of its being traced, but the chances of its being found if dropped on a pavement were very remote.

In addition to this I went to every place I had been on the day of the loss and gave them information about it. On the following day I was rung up on the 'phone from Weatherby and Sons, and told that a ring had been found on their premises.

I called at their offices and found it was mine. It had been picked up by a maid when sweeping the premises, and handed to the head of the firm. I gave the girl a small reward, and was told by the head through whom I gave it that this meant an application by the maid for a fortnight's leave! I lost no time, of course, in informing the Yard of my good fortune.

Shortly afterwards, early in September, I left for home via Paris, being met in the French capital by Noel Richardson, who was already there. A few days later I embarked at Marseilles on the *Leicestershire*. Stanley Obcycsekere and his wife and two little daughters accompanied me, my room and the children's were adjacent, but my room and the children's were very nearly left behind as a result of their going ashore to see some of the sights. They arrived a few minutes before the steamer was leaving, and took by the arms of an old French man a most lively run on to some of the ship's ladders, and the captain very kindly stopped while my nephew and his family put on their life-boats, and scaled on board by means of a rope-ladder—a performance that was very amusing to the on-lookers.

We reached Colombo on September 29th, after an uneventful voyage.

A few days later Marshal Joffre passed through, and was entertained to dinner by the Governor; and Sir West Ridgeway, touching here *en route* to Borneo, was the guest of Queen's House at luncheon.

While I was thus waiting in the city, a very large and fierce dog came to fight my pack. The wretch was not only severely mauled but also fired at by one of the soldiers. Notwithstanding, he returned about three hours later and started a second *mêlée*, only to be killed.

Having my doubts as to the mongrel's sanity, I sent his carcass down to the Bacteriological Institute, and learnt that it was a positive case of rabies. I was to destroy any useless dogs in my pack and keep only the valuable ones after a course of inoculation. I elected, however, to have the whole pack inoculated, and this was done every day for fourteen days, a man coming down daily from Colombo with the serum. The only thing I am glad to say, was that I lost none of my dogs.

Much more recently another unwelcome quadruped, a large dog, had been admitted into my gates with a chain round its neck. The lodge-keeper and his assistants immediately turned out in hot pursuit, and the creature bolted helter-skelter into a large pigsty inhabited by about twenty wild-boar. Pandemonium ensued! The pack was getting very much the worse for the weather when one of the labourers contrived to pull it out by its chain.

and secured it to a fence post. During the uproar I, seated indoors, recognized the sound of one or two of the pigs, apparently in intense pain, and as soon as I was informed of what was wrong I suspected that the dog was the culprit. I had a gun sent down at once for the dog, but unfortunately before this could be done, the very man who had rescued the creature from the sty went to make its chain more secure and got badly bitten in the hand.

I had the unfortunate fellow's injury washed without delay in pure iodine—it was for his own good, whatever agony he felt at the time—and early the next morning I sent him as well as the carcase of the dog to Dr. Nicholls, who in due course reported a positive case of rabies. Nicholls is frequently twitted, rather unfairly, with declaring that the dog was not the cause of the attack, on the ground that it was not a positive result. In this instance there was no doubt as to the perfect recovery of the man, for the two pigs found to have been attacked by the dog succumbed, while the man, who went through the full regimen at the Pasteur Institute, came back fully recovered.

I subsequently learnt that this dog was a pet—*a dog*—and was suspected to be a rabid animal, and had been chained up as a precaution by its owner. It had, however, broken away with its chain after developing rabies, and had strayed for nearly two days before it honoured me—and, alas, my poor swine!—with its disconcerting presence.

Rabies is very prevalent in Ceylon, and its frequency calls for the most stringent remedial measures. In my opinion, a campaign should be

launched by the police for the destruction of the numerous ownerless and starved pariahs one comes across at every turn. Otherwise the evil will continue, if not increase. I am not a believer in the theory that the jackal is a carrier and a means of spreading the plague. In all my experience I have never come across nor heard of a rabid jackal, although there are plenty of jackals round about here.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CEYLON

As the Prince of Wales drew nearer, a series of meetings was held to make arrangements to accord a fitting welcome to His Royal Highness. There was some difficulty with regard to the presentation of an address by the chief headmen of the Western Province, owing to the necessity of keeping the number of addresses within reasonable limits. This difficulty was happily overcome, and I was requested by the chiefs to read the address on their behalf, and did so.

I might mention here in parenthesis that some time earlier the chiefs of the low country made representations to Government asking for a better form of head-dress, as the hats they then wore when in uniform were grotesque and open to ridicule—some people called them *puddi* hats. In response to this request the Government appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Karunaratne and the late Attapattu Mudaliyar Karunaratne, the late Hon. Mr. O. C. Tillekeratne (who was also a Mudaliyar), and Gate Mudaliyar C. H. A. Samarakody, to enquire into the matter and submit suggestions for a new form of head-dress. After several sittings we forwarded a report to Govern-

ment, together with the pattern of a hat we recommended, and the present head-dress of the chiefs was the outcome.

The Prince arrived in the battleship *H.M.S. Renown* on March 21st. His Excellency the Governor, with his private secretary and Aide-de-Camp and myself, went on board to welcome His Excellency. I was the only one of the party the Prince recognized—no doubt by reason of my visit to him at York House the previous year.

After the presentation of addresses on the jetty, the Prince and his suite were taken for a route drive round Colombo, the party proceeding in motor-cars. The fleet of automobiles, which had been provided by the Eastern Garage Ltd., were all of the same fashion, and the procession consequently made a very pretty sight.

In the afternoon there was a well-attended garden-party at Queen's House, followed by a dinner. On the following day there was a general parade, to which the Prince went down in the uniform of Colonel of the Ceylon Light Infantry; he then visited the All-Ceylon Industries Exhibition on his way to polo on the race-course. I was in attendance on him, and witnessed a nasty accident to one of his Staff, whose pony tripped and rolled twice over him. The mishap occurred on the further side of the field, and the crowd evinced considerable anxiety, thinking it was the Prince's pony that had come down.

The injured player was quickly taken by ambulance to "Temple Trees," the residence of the

Colonial Secretary, Sir Graeme Thompson, where medical men were quickly in attendance, and the Prince on his way back called and made enquiries.

At Queen's House that night there was a dinner and a ball.

The Prince and his suite and the Queen's House party left for Kandy by a special train on the 23rd, and the Royal motor-car, a Crossley, after leaving him at the Fort Station, started off by road to Kandy with the chauffeur and Lord Mountbatten, in order to meet His Royal Highness on arrival there. *En route* they had a curious experience at the gates at Peradeniya, where the gates were closed and the gateman in charge refused to open them under any circumstances whatever. This was particularly annoying to Lord Mountbatten (who told the story to me that night), as there was no time to be lost if a fiasco was to be avoided. The Prince had to get out of the car and walk in any car but his own. All attempts to explain this to the gateman proving futile, and even the exhibition of the Prince's coat-of-arms and crest leaving him unmoved, Lord Mountbatten as a last resource was compelled to hold him down firmly while the chauffeur rode over the gates and crossed over. They then got away and were just in time for Kandy Station.

A garden party and a dinner were given at the King's Pavilion that evening, and a magnificent and beautiful *Réception* procession wound its way through the streets.

On the following day the Prince and the rest of us left Kandy, motoring down to Peradeniya, where

His Royal Highness planted a *munamal* tree at the Royal Botanic Gardens, and then entrained in the morning for Colombo.

In the afternoon of that day there were races—the "Prince of Wales Race Meet." There was a suggestion that the Prince should take part in the events, but it did not materialize, though Lady Manning humorously suggested that His Royal Highness should be asked to ride County Cricket—an animal that was notorious for being left behind every time he faced the starter—the implication, of course, being that there would then be no risk to the Royal person.

Before the Prince left on the 25th he summoned me to his apartment at Queen's House and made me a personal call. He was very pleased to see that I was at the time wearing the sleeve-links his father the King had given me in 1901.

On his return to England three months later His Royal Highness attended us, landing from the *Renown* at the Victoria Pier, Colombo, where he spent a couple of quiet days before going back to England. Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince's private secretary, was very anxious to present me with a pair of cuff-links which he had brought back to England as a present to one of his friends, and I succeeded in obtaining them for him.

The Prince's two visits to Ceylon caused much happiness among the Ceylonese. His reception of the Royal guest contained no jingo note as in India, where, notably in Bombay and Madras, the

disreputable mob element made his arrival the signal for disorderly and lawless hooliganism. As far as I was personally concerned, the year was marked by a lot of unfortunate happenings. In January, for instance, I had a worrying time over the abrupt breaking-off of the engagement of my daughter to J. L. Perera at the eleventh hour, when practically all arrangements were completed for the wedding, over an ordinary lovers' quarrel. Then in April—the major part of which I spent at Nuwara Eliya—I had just been for a canter at Hakgalla Gardens and back, when a telegram was received announcing the sudden death of Solomon Senarathne, K. C., his property in Veyangoda, and I had to take the night mail to attend his funeral. To make matters worse, just a day or two before I was to leave Nuwara Eliya for Horagolla, my wife was taken seriously ill, and I was compelled to defer my departure. Dr. Prins was in constant attendance, and Dr. Paul came up in consultation from Colombo, and happily under their able treatment she recovered sufficiently to be removed to "Thalassa" at Mount Lavinia, the railway authorities doing everything possible to make her journey comfortable. She had been in Mount Lavinia only a few days, however, when all her costly jewels and valuables were stolen one night from her bedroom, and not a trace of them has yet been found.

I had hardly got over the shock of these misfortunes, when I was startled by a taxi dashing under my porch, and a young man, accompanied by a short note, was handed to me by the lady

On the 11th of the month I had not been aware of her being ill at all, and was greatly upset. I went down early on the next day and attended the funeral.

Not long afterwards the Princess's mother, Mrs. S. M. Hingakoon. Lady Obeyesekere's daughter, being taken suddenly ill of an obscure brain complaint. She, however, completely recovered.

In June of this year the wedding of my elder daughter to Mr. A. C. de Silva was solemnized at All Saints', and there was a large gathering of friends and relations at the church and at the reception at Udugaha Walauwa.

CHAPTER XXIV

LOCAL AND GENERAL

From the New York Times, 1923 I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Forester Obeyesekere at the "Hermitage," and motored to and from P. O. D. for the sport. One night, one of our people, Mr. Frank Wright, entertained the members of the Race Club and a number of other friends to a sumptuous dinner at the Queen's, when His Excellency the Governor was the chief guest. Wright proposed the toast of the Governor in a speech, to which Sir William Manning responded in equally notable fashion and gave the toast of the Club. To this "Father" Turner responded in his own inimitable style.

Several of our people were killed during this year, including Mr. Seager of P. O. D., who called on the Hon. Percy Thelusson for my seat. He is one of the hardest-worked men in Richardson's establishment, and I have known him for very many years. I once had a dispute with W. J. Smith, the famous horse-dealer, about the purchase of a horse, and Seager, who accompanied me to interview Smith, gave a glimpse of the stuff he is made of by the way in which he tackled the man.

The Hon. and Mrs. Percy Thelusson, who were

Two very serious railway accidents occurred this year in January and in March. The first was between Madrid and Alcala de Henares, where the usual midnight train dashed at a high velocity on to

and earth had been washed away by a sudden flood due to abnormal rains. The accident was one of the worst recorded locally, twenty passengers being killed and about forty more injured, and the fact that it occurred on a Sunday morning was greatly accentuated.

The other mishap, in which seven persons were killed and about twenty-five injured, occurred near Alagalla, where a runaway bank-engine careered down the lines on the incline, and, a little this side of Sensation Rock, crashed into the night mail train from Colombo. Had the impact occurred a hundred yards higher or lower down, the result would have been appalling, as the whole train would have been hurled down the yawning precipice and smashed to atoms.

Poor O. C. Tillekaratne met with an unfortunate accident at a suburban railway station, which cost him his life, in April of this year. I was in Nuwara Eliya, and came down to attend the funeral. In October, Francis H. Perera, my old schoolmaster, died at a ripe old age. In latter years I always recalled to him whenever we met the fact of his giving me my first flogging, causing the old

I received rather a disturbing telegram one day from Richardson to say that my son was down with an attack of paratyphoid at Oxford. I promptly cabled to Dr. Castellani and to Richardson himself to be kind enough to do all that was necessary. They were both most awfully good about it, Richardson seeing my son twice a week

and sometimes spending a week-end up there, while Castellani visited him several times in consultation with the local doctor at Oxford. Sonny had to be in bed for weeks before he recovered, and then went to Torquay for a change. Just at this time Carlo Zanetti, a retired irrigation officer, came out from Australia from the leisurely existence he had tired of, to be visiting agent of my estates.

Ceylon's War Memorial, the Victory Column on Galle Face, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens of the Cenotaph and New Delhi fame, was unveiled by the Governor towards the end of the year, and I accompanied Lady Manning to the ceremony, which was most impressive. Lady Manning also organized a first-class concert at Queen's House in aid of the sufferers in the J. p. . . .

The Wembley Exhibition was also approaching, and Sir (then Mr.) Theodore Owen, who had been appointed Honorary Commissioner-General for Ceylon in that wonderful organization, arrived in Ceylon and attended a special meeting of the local Executive Committee appointed in connection with the Ceylon Pavilion. It was on this occasion I first made his acquaintance.

I wish to make mention here of a rather painful incident which resulted in a man from the neighbouring village being fatally shot at midnight by one of the estate watchmen. The man was a regular labourer on the estate, and had borne a good character throughout, but on this ill-fated day—perhaps, for one reason, because the Sinhalese New Year Festival was then close at hand—he was tempted to steal over the boundary to pick up a

few coconuts he had noticed lying on the ground in the evening.

Unfortunately for him the watcher was on his rounds, and when challenged, the man said, "It is I," and ran towards him, probably to prevent his firing. In the darkness, however, the watcher, still unaware of the man's identity and suspecting an attack, shot at him, and he dropped. The man died in hospital on the following day.

I was at Nuwara Eliya when this incident occurred, and was personally greatly affected by the news, as I had known the man for years and had thought him the best workman on the estate. The least I could do was to see that his family was well provided for, and to see that they were not being in want.

One day an old clerk of mine broke his arm between his elbow and shoulder by merely making a backward movement of it. Being very much averse to the Western system of medicine, he put himself in the hands of *Vedaralas*, but his arm went from bad to worse, and he also developed a temperature. His condition then became rapidly serious, and I sent the District Medical Officer to see what could be done for him. He reported that it was too late even for amputation, the whole arm from elbow to shoulder being one huge abscess.

At this stage the famous Banduwa Veda, of Attanagalla, was sent for, and the patient put under his care. To my astonishment, the old man soon showed signs of improvement, and eventually recovered. I am not in a position to describe the

line of treatment Banduwa adopted, but he appears to be a sort of local Sir Herbert Barker.

When we were up at Nuwara Eliya for the holidays we had an amusing, but at the time rather inconvenient, experience. A crate of prawns was sent up by a friend in Colombo, and we enjoyed eating them, but on the following day all of us went down with ptomaine poisoning, my younger daughter being the worst sufferer. My late private secretary, Arthur Wambeck, was also so bad that I thought his time had arrived. Dr. Van Rooyen, however, by his careful treatment, brought us all round.

CHAPTER XXV

ASCOT AND WEMBLEY

SIR PONNAMBALAM ARUNACHALAM died early in January, 1924, at Madura, of pneumonia, which he apparently contracted from a chill caught while on a tour in the G. O. S. Sir Ponnambalam had had a brilliant career in the Civil Service, and was a man of extraordinarily keen intellect. When he retired he turned his activities to the political sphere, where he displayed his propensity for mesmerizing mass-opinion. One of the less contentious projects of which he was an ardent and foremost advocate was the proposed Ceylon University. He was past seventy, but with mental vigour undiminished; when the end came he was on a pilgrimage.

The remains were brought to Colombo and cremated with full Hindu ritual at Borella. The funeral was very largely attended, and I was instructed to represent the Government, and did so.

I sailed for England on March 5 by the s.s. *Yorkshire*. Sardial again went as my attendant, and among my baggage-passengers were Messrs. W. Shakespeare, W. Forsythe, and R. G. Coombe. On the eve of my departure Carlo Zanetti came into residence here from Wecke.

The outgoing Bishop of Colombo, the Rt. Rev. Dr. E. A. Copleston, was also returning home with Mrs. Copleston on this boat. His successor, Dr. Mark Carpenter-Garnier, had been elected at a meeting only a few weeks earlier. The other candidate was A. G. Fraser, now of Achimota, West Africa, and the two candidates were indulged in to an extent that seemed outrageous, especially in the sacred precinct of St. Peter's Church. In London, later, I attended the consecration of the new Bishop at St. Paul's Cathedral, a most impressive ceremony. At the same time, while I was at 84, Victoria Street, I saw a large number of Ceylon people, including Miss Callendar.

At the same time, by Dr. Hawthorn's report, who had also come to meet me, was laid up in the Hôtel du Louvre with a fairly high temperature, a Dr. Hawthorn being in attendance. On the third day this also happened to the victim, and the same doctor prescribed. By about eleven o'clock next morning I, too, suddenly developed a temperature of 103° and was taken to the Hôtel du Louvre to Hawthorn, who arrived on the same day and attended to me. He diagnosed all three cases as influenza, and there is no doubt I contracted it from Sonny, on whom I was in constant attendance, although I had no idea at the time that he was suffering from anything but simple fever.

My temperature kept pretty high, being 101° on the following day and 100° on the day following, with a Dr. Harrison in attendance and in London, I did not get rid of the malady. After the influenza

had left me I had myself thoroughly examined by a specialist named Professor Arnaud, in consultation with Dr. Hawthorn, as my health was generally far from satisfactory. As a consequence a written report on my condition was handed to me. It was essential that I should have a nurse to attend on me, but not one was available in Marseilles with a knowledge of English, and ultimately a French nurse had to be requisitioned. There was considerable difficulty at first in conveying my wants to her, but she soon came to know my requirements and did exceedingly well. She was also an expert at cupping, which was ordered by Dr. Hawthorn. This was done both on the chest and on the back between the shoulder-blades—a somewhat painful operation! Once or twice a day an English nurse named Davis, who was already engaged elsewhere, also dropped in to see how things were getting on. As soon as I was able to move I went for a change to Hyères with Sonny, and a very pleasant fellow named Sardial. There we took rooms at the Hotel des Palmes d'Or and spent a few restful days before returning to Marseilles by car. By a curious coincidence the man who was with us was a man who had been in the Colombo office of the Messageries Maritimes Co., and he recognized me at once. I also met at Hyères an old Colombo resident in Mrs. Block, widow of the late Captain Block, who was at one time stationed in Ceylon.

On the day after our return to Marseilles we left for Paris, Lady Collins being the only other passenger in our compartment, and proving most agreeable. In Paris we stayed a few days at the

Hôtel d'Iéna, and proceeded to London, where I was met by Mr. Amos of Richardson's and shown to my rooms at 14, Hill Street, Soho. I was going off to the Kensington Palace Mansion's Hotel before returning to Oxford.

Two days after my arrival I had the misfortune to catch another cold, and was confined to my room for wellnigh six weeks. Dr. Castellani, who sent in a nurse named Thompson, was in attendance, and on his advice I had recourse to the services of Sister Bissett, of the Putney Nursing Home. This undoubtedly did me a lot of good, but one great event I missed in consequence was the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, for which Mr. T. C. Owen had obtained me a ticket. Owen, however, called later to enquire after my health, and gave me all the news of World's Exhibitions. I might mention that the King awarded a K.B.E. in recognition of his services in connection with the Exhibition, but he did not live long to enjoy it. He was a most affable and courteous man.

Afterwards, following my recovery, I went down with Dr. Nell to the Exhibition, and was greatly impressed. A few days later I went again with a party for the opening of the Rodeo shows. The daring and the skill of the cowboys and girls was beyond description, and must have excited the admiration of all sportsmen who witnessed them. Some goody-goodies, however, affected to discern cruelty to animals in the lassooing and throwing down of the wild steers from horseback, and the performers were actually charged in the courts. Sir Edward Marshall-Hall defended them and got

them off, bitterly remarking in the course of his address that "a woman dressed as a lady had been shameless enough to call him a brute, when he was leaving court the previous day, for defending those brave and courageous lads."

At about this time I motored one day to Oxford, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Bandaranayake and attended by Sardial, and we were Sonny's guests at 6, Pembroke Street. Sonny also had as guests at lunch to us two of his friends, J. H. S. Welderburn and Godfrey Nicholson. We dined at the Grosvenor Rooms, and after dinner attended the Presidential debate at the Union, when Sonny and I heard the speeches were of a very high order. We returned on the following day to London.

I later attended the Ascot Races, for which I had received a voucher from the Lord Chamberlain for admittance into the Royal Enclosure, and had the uncomfortable experience of being mistaken for that other—and very different—kind of horse—the Gold Cup. The race for the Gold Cup was this year a real triumph for French stables, the winner being the French animal Massine, the second another French entrant, Filibert de Savoie, and the fourth yet another competitor from France, Le Capucin. The only English horse in the picture was Inkerman, which came third; and among the also-rans was Poisoned Arrow, trained by my old friend Dick Gooch. The fact of all the animals from across the Channel faring so remarkably well in this long race clearly indicated the need for breeders of thoroughbreds in England to pay closer

attention to breeding animals with more stamina than at present.

At about this time I purchased my new Armstrong-Siddons, which proved very useful to me in my work. I also met the Duchess of St. Albans, and had the very pleasant experience of meeting several nice people, including Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, sister of Hilaire Belloc—herself a well-known novelist, and her son.

I also attended a big garden party at Buckingham Palace, where the Queen, who was in the process of staying her progress to make her way through and speak to me very graciously. Her Majesty said she had seen me at Ascot, and was at the Ceylon Pavilion at Wembley, where, she said, she had purchased some gems.

Two days later Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, gave a luncheon party at Hampton Court, at which I was present. A most striking contrast was afforded by the Labour Premier in his lounge suit and Trilby, while many of his guests wore long, ornate and stiff frocks. At this function I met, among other people, Lady Victoria and her daughter; and one day at Lord Chalmers' house I met Sir Malcolm Stevenson, one time of the Ceylon Civil Service, and I also met Sir . . . I was also a guest at the annual dinner of the Ceylon Students Association at the Hotel Cecil, when the chief guest was Colonel the Right Hon. J. C.

* Sir Malcolm, since the above was written, died at . . . where he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief in . . . 1927.

Well, to be sure, Sir, said a very humorous speech, given by one of the "The Guests." Later I attended the annual dinner of the Indian Social Club at the Cecil, having been specially invited by Sir M. M. Bhowmagree, who presided, and I was called upon to reply to a similar toast, to which a lady guest named Mrs. Giles and an Indian guest also responded.

One day at Wembley the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull entertained a party of guests, and I again replied to the toast of "The Guests," to which a representative from India also responded. After lunch I attended the Rodeo as the guest of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Walker. Walker, I gathered, is a famous man in Hull.

Subsequently I was again the guest of the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of Hull when they entertained the Prince of Wales to lunch at the Lucullus at Wembley. I was the only representative from Ceylon at this brilliant assembly.

The Duke of Cornwall and Devon, and his wife, to which I was invited, and Patricia Ramsay), who played hostess, was very amused to be reminded of the bees of Sigiriya! The Duke recognized me the instant he saw me. At this function I met, among others, Princess Marie Louise, Lord and Lady Willingdon, Lady Clifford, Miss Cecil, and the Bartletts of Ceylon. At a luncheon-party at Mrs. Arbuthnot's I met my friend Sir John Keane, the able and genial private secretary of Sir Henry Blake when he was here, and the Hon. Mary Hughes, who had

visited Ceylon as *First Assistant Surgeon* to Princess Louise. I also visited the country-seat at Enfield of Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, being accompanied thither from London by Miss Reg. Milne, Lady Orr-Lewis' sister.

At this time Mudaliyar A. C. G. S. Amerasekara gave an exhibition of his work in London, and I went there with Sonny and had the quite unexpected pleasure of declaring it open in the absence of the eminent personage who was expected to perform that task.

Mrs. J. W. R. Pantholam, who had been operated on at Guy's Hospital for cleft palate. It was a most delicate operation, but was, happily, successfully performed.

Although I had been married only three years earlier, I took my wife and daughter to have my eyes examined by my ophthalmic surgeon, Sir Anderson Critchett. After a careful examination he said that their condition was much the same as in 1921, and that in his opinion no further operation was needed at this stage.

In order to make assurance doubly sure I consulted three other specialists, including Sir Thomas Fisher, Sir William Ellis, and Colonel Edward Elliot. Mr. Fisher concurred in Sir Anderson's opinion, but both Sir William and Colonel Elliot were emphatically of opinion that an operation was advisable. After giving the matter my full consideration, I deferred to the view of the latter two, and entered a nursing home at 23, Bentinck Street, where Colonel Elliot, assisted by Colonel Kirk-

patrick, performed a very successful operation. While I was laid up I had the services of two private nurses, one named Marjory W. for night work, and the other, L. Gould, for day duty. The doctors and nurses, as well as the matron, Miss Barber, did all that could be desired for my comfort, and I recovered and left the institution in ten days. Several friends called to see and enquire after me, and Lord Chalmers wrote almost daily from Peterhouse, Cambridge, to the nurse for news of my condition.

Sir Anderson Critchett had been for more than a quarter of a century the doyen of ophthalmic surgeons, but he was at this time well past the threescore years and ten of the prophet, and had, in the reason of things, to yield priority of place to the younger men whom he himself had inspired, and who were the first to acknowledge that inspiration. It was this circumstance, and no other, that led to my seeing and ultimately adopting the advice of other leading eye men. Nevertheless, the medical, and more especially the ophthalmological, world had, up to the time of his death recently at the age of eighty years, the greatest respect for his technical skill, and as a man and a gentleman I held him in the highest regard. He gained the deep affection of all his patients, and his kindness to his junior colleagues was proverbial.

When I had fully recovered from the effects of the operation I went down to Harrogate for a change, Savage, my chauffeur, who had gone on ahead, meeting me at the station and driving me to the White Hart Hotel, where I had booked

rooms. I immediately placed myself in the hands of Dr. Bernard Foster, who gave me a course at the Royal Baths, taking the waters and undergoing electrical treatment and massage. I also did a lot of motoring, seeing the surrounding country, and visited Harewood Castle among other places. It was a most attractive spot. Sir West Ridgeway was also undergoing a course of waters at the time, and we naturally saw a great deal of each other. I might here mention that it was on my way to Harrogate that the news reached me through a daily paper that Sir Hugh Clifford was appointed Governor of Ceylon. My joy was unbounded, but I did not know then how cruelly brief his stay amongst us was to be, before he went again to his first love.

One autumn morning in Bond Street I tripped against a step, hurting my thumb pretty badly, and went to Sir James Cantlie, who put it right after some trouble. Sir James, whom I had known for many years, won his knighthood for services during the war, when, I believe, he organized a corps of Indian medical assistants.

But Cantlie was much better known for his connection with the remarkable Chinese revolutionary Sun Yat Sen. Sun Yat Sen was a doctor, but his zeal for reform got him into extremely bad odour with the authorities at Peking, and he was forced to fly from China with a price on his head. He went to London via Honolulu and America, and was living there quietly with Cantlie, who had taught him at the Hong-Kong College of Medicine and knew him very well, when one day he was kidnapped

by two of his countrymen and made a close prisoner on the top storey of the Chinese Legation in Devonshire Street. There, whence of course he had no ostensible means of communication with the outside world, Sun Yat Sen learnt, with terror, that he was to be shipped to China, and there put to all sorts of tortures, the least and the last of which was to be decapitation. He tried every means to have a note taken to his friend, but failed, until at last he touched the heart of one of the English servants, who slipped him a handkerchief to the Chinese doctor. The two doctors lost no time in getting in touch with Scotland Yard, and after many disheartening experiences succeeded in putting the Government machinery in motion and effecting Sun Yat Sen's release. Sir Halliday Macartney, the English adviser to the Legation, came out of the affair with a by no means enhanced reputation, especially as the captive's presence in the Legation with his cognizance was totally denied by the Chinese Minister, and Sen was eventually released only under extreme Foreign Office pressure. He wrote a book entitled *Kidnapped in London* giving an account of his experiences on this occasion.

Sun Yat Sen, it is said, used to be a great figure in China, but both he and his rescuer, Sir James, are now no more.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME TERRIBLE CRIMES—THE ILL-STARRED ENRIGHTS

I MUST not omit to make mention here of two murders which created a tremendous sensation in England during this visit of mine. The first was the grim bungalow horror on the Crumbles at Eastbourne, which will always, I think, rank as one of the most terrible in the annals of crime. The murderer, John William, who was thirty-four, was a man of education and attractive appearance, but had lapsed into crime at an early age. At the time he met his victim, Emily Beilby Kaye, however, he was in a remunerative employment and was married.

Miss Kaye was thirty-eight years old, but looked much younger, and was said to have possessed considerable charm. She formed a passionate attachment for Mahon, and they had been together for some time. She had saved while Mahon was in the possession of shorthand typist. They quickly drifted into a compromising position, and, according to Mahon, the girl proposed that they should go to South Africa. They, however, for some reason engaged a lonely bungalow on the Crumbles for two months, and here Miss Kaye's dismembered body was subsequently found. Mahon had, it transpired, killed

the girl, sawn up the body, and burned various portions in the grate, finally attempting to dispose of them in various places on the railway journey to London, an attempt which led to the detection of the devilish crime. The woman had been about to become a mother at the time. Mahon snarlingly protested his innocence in the dock, although he had made virtually a clean breast to Scotland Yard, in the course of which he exclaimed: "We quarrelled, and I saw red!"

Mahon was duly executed at Wandsworth Prison, crowds surging up to the gates at the hour of execution.

A revolting feature of the case was that Mahon had been so callous as to entice another London girl, named Ethel Duncan, to the Crumbles, and lived with her for some days in the room next that in which the dismembered remains of Miss Kaye's body were hidden. He was sentenced by Mr. Justice Avory, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., conducting the prosecution, and Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., defending. When the case went up to the Court of Appeal, the Judges did not even call upon the Attorney-General, and the Lord Chief Justice said: "Only the fact that this is a capital case prevents me . . . and a . . . Court."*

The other case was reminiscent of the Ilford tragedy, though in an important respect it was

* An illustrated book entitled *The Trial of Patrick Mahon*, giving a full report of the trial, with an introduction by H. C. Wallace, has been published in the "Famous Trials Series," edited by George Dilnot and issued by Geoffrey Bles.

different. Jean Vaquier, a Frenchman, who was the villain of the piece, fell violently in love with the pretty wife of an innkeeper, and conceived a diabolical scheme for getting rid of the obstacle in his path, with strychnine for his weapon. A great deal of sympathy went out to the Frenchman, for whom Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., conducted a vigorous defence, as it was considered that the woman was at least as much to blame. She, however, was a witness for the Crown, for which the Attorney-General appeared. Vaquier created a scene when sentence was delivered.

A shocking murder also occurred in Ceylon at this time, Mr. John Enright, a retired surveyor, being slain while asleep in his bed in a particularly horrible manner. Enright had, after his retirement, purchased small coconut lands in various districts, which he used to visit periodically to see his crops and generally keep an eye on things. One day he went to a property of his in Dambadeniya, a rather lonely and wild bit of district, realized a sum of Rs. 400 from the sale of nuts and other produce, put it under his pillow, and after an early meal went to sleep in the only room of the only shanty on the land.

The only other occupant of the hut was his servant, Singhappu, a man who had been in his service for wellnigh twenty years. Shortly after midnight this man raised a tremendous outcry, shouting out that his master had been murdered by a gang of thieves. A crowd of neighbours—all villagers, of course—quickly collected, and Singhappu, in the flickering glare of torches,

narrated a vivid story of how he heard his master cry out, and entered the room to find him murdered and a number of thieves clearing off after ransacking everything.

The same story was related to the police, who were completely baffled in the absence of the servant. Anyhow, they took the servant into custody and kept him locked up. On the strength of scraps of information gathered here and there, they next arrested the coolie on the estate, a man named Banda. The Inspector in charge of the case (Mr. Peiris) then tried a clever ruse which proved entirely successful. He quietly informed Banda that Singhappu had been overheard calling in his sleep to him (Banda) and relating the doings of the terrible night. Banda collapsed in abject terror, and forthwith divulged all the facts, also conducting the police to the spot where the stolen articles lay hidden, including a watch and chain, a gun, and the Rs. 400. These were all secreted under coconut husk and other débris on the land itself.

The motive for this foul deed was that the servant wanted to leave Enright's service, but Enright was determined not to let him go, and retained a part of the man's salary. No doubt, also, the greed for money played a large part in steeling the villains to do their sleeping master to death by smashing his head with a crowbar.

The two men were brought to trial in due course, and both were sentenced to death. The servant, however, died before the sentence could be carried out. The other went to the scaffold.

In this connection it is of more than passing interest to know the fate of the boy and his family. The father of John Enright was Patrick Enright, Quartermaster-Sergeant of the regiment stationed here in the early seventies. He had the misfortune to be drowned off Mount Lavinia in 1872, and the widow, getting together her few worldly possessions, left with her two children, John and Jane, aged six and two, to join some relatives in India. There she was robbed of everything she possessed, and, in absolute poverty, returned to Ceylon and threw herself on the mercy of the Government.

The Government sent the boy to the Industrial School at Kandy, and Mrs. Enright was made a small allowance by the Friend-in-Need Society, which, however, was not quite sufficient to maintain herself and the little girl. She therefore sought and obtained employment under my parents as a general help in the house. A few years later—in 1877—however, the poor, heart-broken woman became ill, and died in the General Hospital. On her deathbed she made a fervent appeal to my parents to take charge of, and do what they could for, the children.

My father soon afterwards removed the boy from the Industrial School and entered him as a boarder at St. Thomas' College, where I then was, and the girl was boarded by my parents at St. Paul's School, Kandy. After his school career Enright was Superintendent of one of our estates for a while, and afterwards my private secretary for a short while, before joining the Survey Depart-

ment, where he rose to be a first-grade surveyor before retiring owing to ill-health. He had been born in Ceylon. His sister, who is now the wife of George Ebenezer Cooke, was born in Ceylon in 1871. She lived with us until her marriage.

To get back to where I was before I became entangled in these fearful happenings; my time was up in England in October, and I left for Paris, where we spent three or four days before Richardson left us, I travelled most comfortably in a *salon-lit* to Marseilles. Here, among other things, I lunched at a restaurant called the Elephant, run by a Ceylonese named Suwaxis Gintota Hewage, and I had very tasty curry and rice *à la Ceylon*, a Sinhalese cook being principal chef of the establishment.

At the beginning of November I sailed on the s.s. *Lancashire* from Marseilles with my valet. The usual fancy-dress ball was held, and P. B. Nugawela, the present Diyawadana Nilame, who was also returning from England, was awarded the first prize. The award was, however, not very popular, many contending that it was *trop de zèle* for him to have palmed off the uniform he wore on State occasions as a fancy costume, although, of course, his donning it added lustre to the function. The day before we put into Colombo, the Ceylon contingent on board entertained all the other passengers, the skipper, and all the ship's officers to what was called an "At Home," which, however, I preferred to call a "garden-party on board ship"!

The function went off very well, with a liberal flow of drinkables and plenty of eatables. I had the honour of being made spokesman on the occasion.

A Queen's House car was sent to meet me on arrival in Colombo, where Captain Holbech, the Aide-de-Camp, and I saw the Governor came on board to meet and greet me, and I went ashore and had tea with the Governor and Lady Manning. They very kindly placed the car at my disposal until mine was landed and ready for the road, and that afternoon I called at the residence of the Governor and saw old Wambeck, my private secretary, who had been very ill there for many months, but whom I found exceedingly cheerful. He died, I am sorry to say, a little after, having served me faithfully for well-nigh thirty years.

Unhappily, I was unable to be up at Nuwara Eliya for the races there, and heard of it too late to be able to attend the funeral. I wired all instructions for the carrying out of the funeral arrangements, and at the graveside I was represented by Walter de Livera and Zanetti.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE KING IS PLEASED TO HONOUR ME

ON the first day of the New Year I was in my study when, about ten o'clock, I was rung up on the 'phone by Cecil de la Roche, who informed me that His Excellency had already telegraphed to me to V. A. C. that His Majesty had been pleased to raise me to be a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. Shortly after, the telegram itself was received, having been redirected, and read as follows:

"I have much pleasure in informing you that His Majesty has been pleased to confer on you the honour of K.C.M.G. Heartiest congratulations, GOVERNOR."

I lost no time in calling on His Excellency and thanking him for the honour he had conferred on me, and for what he had done in obtaining for me this distinction. I then sent a few telegrams to some of my friends, and my cousin, Felix Dias, went the usual round of New Year visits. During the next few days I was the recipient of congratulatory telegrams from all

parts of the island, and also from a good many friends in England.

The congratulatory letters were couched in such beautiful language that I almost feel inclined to quote a few of them here, but if I were to start doing so it would be difficult to avoid invidious distinctions, while, on the other hand, their complete reproduction would expand this volume to extremely unwieldy proportions, and I decide, therefore, to refrain from doing so.

In the early part of 1925 Sir William and Lady Manning and party, including Captain Holbech, left Ceylon for good. Some little time prior to their departure His Excellency and Lady Manning were entertained at a big *dinner* by the members of the Legislative Council. Sir James Pieris presided, and there were a large number of guests, including quite a number of *members*.

Sir William Manning's administration of this country—*which* I believe, the Ridgeway régime was conspicuously wise and statesmanlike, and his memory will always be cherished as that of the man who gave Ceylon, for better or worse, a very *real* of constitutional reform. The Reformed Council, in which there is an unofficial majority of 34 to 15 members, met on October 15th, 1925, and on the following day elected Mr. (now Sir James) Pieris as its Vice-President. Yet at one stage the omniscient newspaper prophets would have had you believe that Sir William was a doctrinaire reactionary!

On the King's birthday *following* prior to the

time-honoured investiture of ranks, Sir Cecil Clementi (then the Hon. Mr. Clementi, C.M.G.), *Minister of the Government*, handed me the Letters Patent and the Ribbon and the Star before a large assemblage of chiefs and officials. In handing over the Insignia under the Royal Seal, His Excellency said:

"I have great pleasure in conferring this distinction the *Order of St. Michael and St. George* on you, and your career has been distinguished by conspicuous loyalty to the British Crown, and by many public-spirited acts towards your countrymen in this Colony. In recognition of your services, and as a special mark of Royal favour, His Majesty has conferred upon you the honour of Knight-Commandership of the Most Excellent Order of St. Michael and St. George. You are, I believe, the first of your fellow-countrymen to win this honour, and, in investing you with the *Investiture* thereof, I wish you to be a good example in which to enjoy the dignity of a Knight-Commander, and by your example to encourage the people of this Island in devotion to their King and their Country."

Shortly afterwards the Orient Club entertained me to dinner in honour of the distinction His Majesty had been pleased to confer on me. Very nearly a hundred sat, the chair being taken by Mr. Justice Schneider. Besides him and myself, the speakers were Mr. E. W. Jayawardene, K.C., Dr. Bridger, and C. J. A. Marshall.

My departure was delayed by the *ship* having been delayed by the *ship* on February 2nd, when I and a large party of friends and relations went on board and met him. A Thanksgiving

Service at All Saints' Church followed, after which numbers of our people called at 42, Silversmith Street, to welcome him after about five years' absence from the island. He had spent most of his time at Christ Church, Oxford, and was, just before his departure, called to the English Bar. About a fortnight later his home-coming to Veyangoda was made the occasion for great demonstrations of welcome by the inhabitants of Siyane Korle.

At the end of 1926 he stood for election to the Municipal Council of the Colombo Municipal Council, and the opposing candidate being Mr. A. E. Goonasinghe, the Chairman of the Labour Union, the contest naturally excited considerable interest in the whole of Colombo. The result of the poll was that Sohny was returned by a majority of 615 votes. My old friend, C. P. Dias, the veteran City Father, who has just retired, told me that it was the keenest contest he had ever witnessed, and the biggest majority in his recollection of these civic tussles.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ROYAL AND OTHER GUESTS AT HORAGOLLA

DURING the early part of April, 1925, a very exciting and rather unfortunate incident occurred as the result of my bull elephant Gomaraya killing his keeper and clearing out to the nearest forest. He was in a state of must, and the keeper knew his condition perfectly well; but being tempted by an offer from a villager to drag some timber for him, and the Sinhalese New Year festival being close at hand, he took the risk without any authority whatsoever for taking the animal to do this work and earn some money. The elephant did all he was asked to do, and, at the completion of his work, was taken to the water, the last place an animal in this condition should be taken to; and on his disobeying for the first time the order of the keeper to lie down (*hitha*), the latter attempted to force the beast to do his duty. Gomaraya then lost all hold on himself, struck the keeper down, and killed him on the spot. Then, having tossed the mutilated corpse about in the water for some considerable time, he hied his way slowly through plantations into the dense forest.

News of this was brought to me late in the

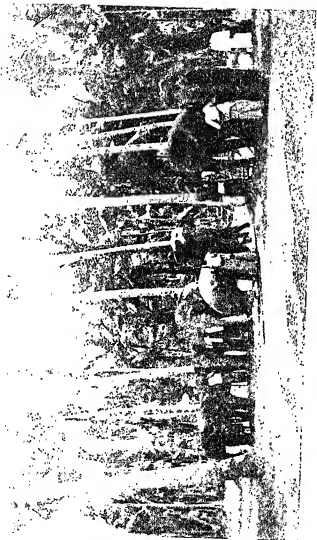
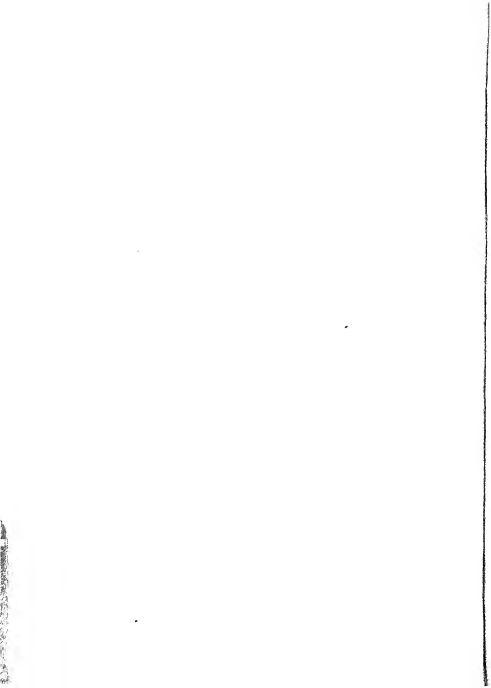


Photo by E. J. R. Radford

ELEPHANTS IN THE GROUNDS AT HORAGOLLA.



evening, and I quickly sent instructions to the villagers and a former keeper of this very beast to keep an eye on him and watch his movements.

Early next morning I proceeded to the scene, and was horrified to hear that the animal had, in addition, killed a woman. It appears that the beast had emerged from its cover quite early, and was roaming about various plantations in search of food. Hundreds of villagers soon collected, and the already insane creature was terrorized to such an extent that a tremendous hullabaloo was raised. A woman who was in a little hut, hearing the noise, took up her child, and hurriedly attempted to cross the village path to seek shelter in a more substantial house over the way. Unhappily, she stumbled right in the path of the angry elephant, and was instantly killed. The child in her arms tumbled into the drain, and even in its demoniacal mood the beast, with a momentary human impulse, went up, patted the child gently on the head with its trunk, and proceeded on its way.

When I arrived on the spot and realized the serious state of affairs, I immediately sent for assistance to Meedeniya Adigar. His son, Hercules Meedeniya, the Ratamahatmaya, promptly came on the scene with a number of tame elephants and professional mahouts, and set to work to capture the truant. Gomaraya, who had by this time again sought refuge in the forest, came out at this juncture; but, seeing the formidable array of tame elephants, which included the Atanagalla tusker, he evidently thought dis-

cretion the better part of valour, and, turning tail, bolted for all he was worth, with the tame elephants and mahouts in hot pursuit. Eventually, after a run of seven miles, he was cornered and captured, to everybody's intense relief, Hercules Meedeniya observing ruefully that Gomaraya ran "faster than a race-horse." But I was really much beholden to him for the successful capture, which terminated a thrilling, but rather dangerous, form of excitement.

In due course the beast that had been the cause of all the trouble regained his senses when the period of must was over, and became as docile as possible. It must, of course, be understood that the keeper had lost his life as the result of his own rashness. An elephant in must is quite insane for the time being, and not responsible for what he does. All mahouts invariably know when an animal is going into this condition, whereupon the proper thing to do is to tie it up securely, and keep it tied up during the whole period. Generally an animal is in must for a month or two at a time, and during this period its food has to be brought up to it by another elephant.

Quite in another class are the habitual man-killers, whose behaviour is quite different, and who are dangerous to keep.

The August Races this year did not bring me much luck, but my horse Pomfeins, ridden by Fozard, won the Channer Stakes in a large field. I was in the stands, and did not see the race run, but the news was conveyed to me over the 'phone from

the race-course immediately after the event. Glenrose ran into a second place on the last day.

At about this time I remember attending a most enjoyable dinner, at which the members of the first Reformed Legislative Council—who showed a remarkable avidity for social relaxations, cricket matches, picnics, *et hoc genus omne*, like schoolboys glad to get away from hardwood benches—entertained the Hon. Mr. Cecil Clementi, the Officer *Administrateur* of the Government on the eve of his departure to Hong-Kong as Governor there. Sir James Pieris, the Vice-President of the Council, presided, and there were many guests, including ladies.

On October 21st their Majesties the King and the Queen of the Belgians arrived in Colombo on a short visit to the island after a tour of India. I went down for the reception, and saw them off to Kandy at the Fort Station. A few days later their Majesties and their suite, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Alexander, who was administering the Government between the departure of Sir Cecil Clementi and the arrival of Sir Hugh Clifford, and Mrs. Alexander, honoured me with a call here on their way to Colombo, and had tea. Their Majesties, who were most genial, spent quite half an hour here, and recalled the reception given by my father to the Duc de Brabant, afterwards King of the Belgians, in 1868. King Albert was in the act of stepping into his motor-car when he turned round and said to me: "Sir Solomon, I haven't said good-bye to your son. Where is he?" My son then stepped forward, and His Majesty said

"Good-bye" to him. This struck me as a very graceful act on his part.

The Queen took a particular delight in feeding a baby elephant with plantains, and as the rain, which had poured in torrents all day, very considerably kept off while their Majesties were with me, we all had a very pleasant time. The only presentations I made to their Majesties on this occasion were Mudaliyar J. P. Obeyesekere and my son.

A few days later Rear-Admiral (now Vice-Admiral Sir Herbert) Richmond and Mrs. Richmond, who were on their way to the Kelani Valley, the Kelani Valley planter, took place at Queen's House on November 21st, 1925, and the arrangements were on a magnificent scale, Alexander being at this time Acting Governor. Unfortunately Queen Alexandra died a day or two before the visit, and the arrangements had to be modified suitably.

Nine days later Ceylon welcomed back Sir Hugh Clifford, who came as the Governor of the Colony. His Excellency and Lady Clifford were accompanied by their Staff, Captain G. L. M. de Silva, D.S.O., and Lieutenant F. D. Bingham, R.N., arrived by the *Yorkshire* on the morning of the 28th and were met on board by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. E. R. Sudbury (private secretary), and myself. I stayed at Queen's House until the next day, and then returned to Horagolla.

Viscount Allenby and Lady Allenby arrived in Ceylon about the middle of December, and I took them out for a motor run round Colombo and

to Mount Lavinia. Lord and Lady Allenby, who were guests at Queen's House, lunched with me at Horagolla on Christmas Eve, when I had several other guests.

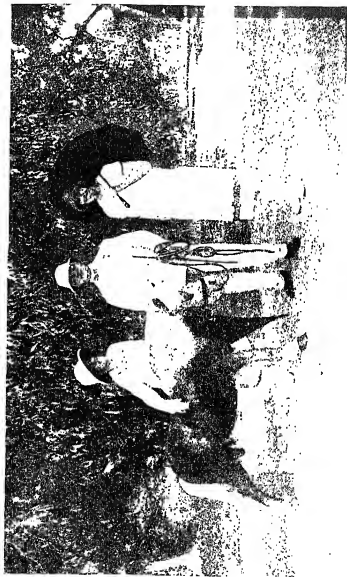
Lord Allenby struck me very forcibly as a born leader of men. I had no idea whatever, until I later read Savage's *Allenby of Armageddon*, that he was a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell. Little wonder that he is possessed of the finest soldierly qualities. I recommend this book to the readers of these pages as one that gives a very vivid description of this great man's remarkable career.

About this time I had to give evidence, in a case arising out of a motor-bus accident, before the Police Court at Gampaha, and later before the Supreme Court. I was out riding one morning near Pasyala when I met a bus full of passengers going towards Colombo at a furious rate. I signalled to the driver to stop, and warned him against further recklessness. I then allowed him to proceed, advising him to drive very carefully. He hadn't gone more than seven or eight miles, however, before he ran into a hackery (bullock sulky), killing the bull and the carter as well as one of the passengers in the bus, which turned completely right about before turning over.

My evidence was, of course, to show that I had seen the man driving the bus recklessly, and that I had warned him. He was sent to prison for four years.

Just a few months later an equally painful accident occurred a few miles from here, when

young Conrad Peiris, a son of the late Mudaliyar J. L. Peiris, was killed on the spot, his body being horribly mangled. He was returning to town when a bus driven at a high speed on the wrong side of the road crashed into him. The Supreme Court sent the bus-driver to prison for four and a half years.



MRS. HERBERT NOYES PETTING "MIGHTY ATOM."

Photo of Major Herbert Noyes



CHAPTER XXIX

A TURF CLUB COMPLIMENT

EARLY in 1926 I was staying at Queen's House with the Governor and Lady Clifford, and during my stay there Mr. Fletcher, our new Colonial Secretary, and Mrs. Fletcher arrived on the s.s. *Macedonia*, and were also guests of His Excellency. During this time Sir James Pieris, Mr. Stockdale, Mr. Morgappah, and Mr. White were invested with the Orders which His Majesty had been pleased to confer on them.

I had some interesting visitors during the subsequent weeks. Major Noyes, R.A., the big-game hunter and a cousin of the famous poet, Alfred Noyes, called here with a letter and with kind messages from the Duchess of St. Albans, and stayed to lunch with Mrs. Noyes and two other friends, and we met again at Nuwara Eliya. Another visitor I had was Lord Westbury, a great sportsman, whom I had met in England at a house-party given by my old friend William Forster at his residence in P. O. Lord Westbury, who also stayed to lunch, has, I believe, a considerable interest in some of the estates in this country.

I had also the great pleasure at this time of receiving again at Horagolla, after twenty years,

Richard Ponsonby-Fane, at one time private secretary to Sir West Ridgeway. Ponsonby had developed a long beard, and looked quite venerable when I saw him on this occasion. He came with Rosamund Viscountess Ridley and Mrs. Roberts, who were attended by Captain Macartney, Aide-de-Camp. Ponsonby had previously made a full and complete account of his health.

A new altar, attached to the Gampaha Church, was laid during the summer of this year by the Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Mark Carpenter Garnier. I attended the ceremony, and was one of the guests at a sumptuous dinner which Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dias Bandula gave in honour of his lordship. A few days later Zanetti, my visiting agent, left for Australia, where all the members of his family are in permanent residence.

I had also the honour, towards the close of this year, of meeting the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden. His Excellency and Lady Clifford entertained a large party to meet them, and in the course of conversation after dinner her Serene Highness told me that Sir Henry and Lady Blake had been very well known to her, and was greatly amused to hear that their son Maurice had married an Australian and settled down in, of all places, Ceylon. On the following day their Serene Highnesses were on their way to Kandy, and I had the pleasure of seeing them, and I think thoroughly enjoyed a refreshing drink of king-coconut water.

At this year's Art Exhibition an oil-painting of

myself, by Mudaliyar A. C. G. S. Amarasekera, was hung, the artist's work being really superb. This was in August, when the Turf Club paid me the very high compliment of presenting a cup, valued at £50, to be called "The Bandaranaike Cup," to be run for annually at the August Meeting, Rs. 5,000 being added in stakes. The first of these trophies was won by a colt belonging to W. Coombe. The Turf Club paid me the further compliment of electing me Vice-President, the first time a Ceylon sportsman held that position. These marks of honour were no doubt in recognition of my long connection with the Club, my colours first running over forty years ago. I was again a guest at Queen's House during the August festivities this year.

In November, 1927, the members of the Kandy Race Club paid me the very high compliment, too, of electing me their President, the Vice-President being my friend Mr. A. Thorp, of Lochnagar Estate, Matale. I attended the next meet at Peradeniya from Mount Colville, Kadugannawa, where I was the guest of Felix Dias, the other guests being Walter de Livera and J. Stanley Perera. Grobeck, who had been showing a great deal of improvement recently, won the Queen's Hotel Cup for me on the second day, beating quite a good field of seven. I was especially glad to win this trophy, which was given away by Lady Stanley, as it was the first time that a cup manufactured in Ceylon was presented to a racing association. It was a fine specimen of the craftsmanship turned out by the Kandy Art Association.

I also attended the Galle Races in December, 1927, myself and Felix Dias being the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. de Silva. I was present at a dinner at the New Oriental Hotel which the members of the Galle Gymkhana Club gave in honour of His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley. When Sir Herbert in return entertained the Club to dinner at the Residency, Lady Stanley was unfortunately, through indisposition, unable to appear, and I occupied her chair and played hostess!

Felix and I took the opportunity at the time of visiting Matara, Tangalle, Hambantota, and Tissamaharama.

In August, 1927, a Fruit Growers' Association was formed, chiefly through the enterprise of Mr. H. L. de Mel, C.B.E., and I was elected its President. If agriculturists only co-operate with it, I am sure this Association will do an immense amount of good, as the local supply of fruit is at present far, far short of the demand, and of the fact that the indigenous varieties of extensive cultivation are just as, if not more, delicious than many imported from abroad.



[Plate Ltd.]

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1925-1927).



CHAPTER XXX

SIR HUGH MAKES AN IDEAL HOST

EARLY in the New Year, which I expected to be a golla, and not, as usual, in December, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Stanley Fisher, arrived with Lady Fisher and assumed duties. Before I went up to Newmarket for the races I, one afternoon, entertained His Excellency the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral W. M. Ellerton, C.B., and Mrs. Ellerton and party to luncheon here. I only got a second with Pomfins, and a second and two thirds with Grobeck, this January—very disappointing when the class of these animals is taken into consideration. I might mention here that one afternoon in between race-days the officials of the Turf Club were the guests of the Governor at lunch.

During the Agricultural Conference in March, I was invited by Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford to stay at the King's Pavilion. One night His Excellency entertained a large party and after which he gave a ball. Hundreds of guests were present, and the function proved a very brilliant one. An attractive feature was the provision of a cinematograph show on the back lawn, and, besides others, a film depicting the great boxing contest

between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney for the world's championship. The numbers of the guests showed that the party was one of the entertainment, the weather, which had been unusually bad on the preceding days, fortunately clearing up wonderfully.

On the following day Sir Hugh handed to the Press representatives a document entitled, "Some Reflections on the Ceylon Land Question," which embodied his views on the land problems of this country, and suggested ways and means in which they might be solved. The document was a masterpiece of lucid reasoning and showed a close study of the subject, and although it aroused some criticism, the passage of time will, I am convinced, prove its true worth. Certainly the country cannot but derive incalculable benefit from the contact of so galvanic an intellect as Sir Hugh's with a problem that has become more and more important to the Ceylon people.

An All-Ceylon Motor and Engineering Exhibition was also one of the big events of the first few months. A piece of reclaimed land opposite the Public Hall was transformed into a veritable miniature Wembley, and all the latest motor and engineering models were splendidly displayed. Every night for two weeks the Show was a blaze of lights, and beautiful women, clad like dreams, fluttered about the many interesting and amusing side-shows that were there to lend a diversion. The Show was formally declared open by the Governor, after a festive luncheon at which the Automobile Club of Ceylon entertained a brilliant assemblage in the

"Palais de Joie"—which corresponded to the "Laucullus" of Wembley. Major-General Higginson presided at the luncheon, at which there were several speeches, and, as usual, Sir Hugh charmed his hearers with a peroration rich in wit and humour, one of his anecdotes concerning a young cavalry officer who, after a week's experience in the field, said, "I got up the horse as being 'dangerous at both ends and damned uncomfortable in the middle'!"

Socially, and to a small extent financially, the Motor Show was a great success, and my friend Hew Kennedy, the honorary organizer, and his helpers fully deserved all the congratulations they received. The atmosphere of a carnival during this period was heightened by the fact that Mr. Gilligan's team of English cricketers were also playing a series of matches in Ceylon at the time.

Another incident of which I had in March was George Bistany, a collector of live specimens of birds and beasts for the New York Zoological Gardens. He brought me a macaw and an Amazonian monkey, and in return I gave him a fine specimen of a lion. Before taking his departure he also very kindly proposed to send me a lion from the Sudan. I do not know what became of Mr. Bistany's lion, but his failure to despatch the lion is that the lion despatched Mr. Bistany. But there the matter stands.

In the same month I was at the Peradeniya Races with Felix Dias, when, to my utter consternation, I heard that Sir Hugh Clifford had been appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements and

High Commissioner of the Malay States, my informant being Mrs. Greer, the wife of the genial Irishman, Major Greer, who was at one time an Extra A.D.C. on the Staff of Sir Henry McCallum, and is at present at Kiriwetiya Galaha, could scarcely believe the news, for Sir Hugh had been with the Governorship is considered junior, if anything, to that of Ceylon. I returned to Horagolla the same night, and on the following day motored into town and lunched with His Excellency, who had come down from Nuwara Eliya by the night mail. Sir Hugh explained to me the reasons which had led him to accept the appointment, which were identical with those he subsequently announced publicly, and, grieved as I was, I could not but appreciate them. After lunch, in the afternoon, Sir Hugh took the opportunity to make it clear that he was answering the call of his first love.

On the following day there was a big public dinner in farewell to F. B. Alexander at the Grand Oriental Hotel. His departure was widely regretted, for Alexander had made himself very popular as a sportsman and an English gentleman. A few days later there was a record cloud-burst in Veyangoda, which lasted for one and a half hours. I do not suggest that Alexander's departure had anything to do with this. I merely record the fact as being of meteorological interest.



[Plate LII.]

MR. A. G. M. FLETCHER, C.M.G., C.B.E.



CHAPTER XXXI

I DECIDE TO RETIRE

It was during April this year that I took the opportunity of being at Nuwara Eliya to call on Sir Hugh at Queen's Cottage, and intimate to him my intention of retiring from the public service. His Excellency, however, refused to entertain the idea for a moment, and requested me to reconsider the matter fully and let him know in a week, repeating more than once that I would be a great help to the new Governor when he shortly arrived. It was by this time known, of course, that Sir Hugh's successor was to be Sir Herbert Stanley from Northern Rhodesia, and absolutely new to conditions in the East. But I had weighed every consideration with the most anxious thought, and my mind was made up. I said to His Excellency again some days later, and told him of my decision to retire as from the day he left the island, thus rounding off forty-three years of public service, during which I had served as Maha Mudaliyar on the Queen's House Staff for no less than thirty-two years.

On hearing this, Sir Hugh had no alternative but to accept my decision, and to inform Mr. Fletcher, the Colonial Secretary, of the fact. I think it extremely apposite to quote here a letter I received

in this connection from His Excellency's own hands, and which speaks for itself :

[*Crest.*]

QUEEN'S HOUSE,

COLOMBO,

Sunday, May 22nd, 1927.

MY DEAR SIR SOLOMON BANDARANAIKE,

On April 19th last—very shortly after my appointment to be Governor of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for Malaya had been made—I was called to see me at Queen's House, and he told me verbally that he intended to retire from active service upon the date, which at that time was not known with any precision, that was to be his final departure from Ceylon.

On the 12th instant, when you were my guest at Queen's House, I called you to me and formally handed to you a letter bearing that date, to which this is my formal and official reply. Having regard, however, to our long, warm and intimate personal friendship, and to the fact that you have acted as my Maha Mudaliyar and have acted so often—alike when I was acting as Governor of Ceylon in 1907, in 1909, in 1911 and in 1912, and more recently, during my tenure of the substantive appointment from November, 1925, to the present—I cannot allow your letter of resignation to be answered otherwise than by a personal letter. I propose to do this by calling on you at your house on Monday, the 29th inst., at 11 o'clock, when I shall have breakfast with you at Horagolla this morning on the occasion of your sixty-fifth birthday.

3. There can, of course, be only one reply to your official request—a reluctant acceptance of your resignation: and, though I realize how heavy the loss which that retirement will be to the Government of Ceylon, and how much to my successors in office, I cannot but be deeply touched that you should have continued to serve on my Staff during every day of my short period as Governor of Ceylon, in spite of failing health, and that you should have postponed taking your well-earned rest until the actual moment of my final departure from this Colony arrived.

4. I cannot pretend to address you, my dear old friend, in ordinary official language. Your friendship, so strong and so unswerving; your advice, so frank, so freely, so freely yet so courteously given, so full of wisdom and discrimination; your wide knowledge of the island, and the people, and the people, with your sound judgment and policy, and your loyalty, have been to me, during all these years, one of the most valued possessions in this island, among the most prized of my possessions.

5. Yours has been a very notable career. The son of the late D. C. H. Dias Bandaranaike, Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate and Justice of the Peace for the Island, whose father—Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike—was described by Emerson-Tennent as "a noble specimen of the native race," you first came into prominence in connection with the Royal Assent by his presence at the Most Gracious Majesty's coronation ceremony, Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, in 1882. You were later in attendance upon His Majesty when, as Duke of Cornwall and York, he made his famous world tour in H.M.S. *Oceanic* in 1901, and upon the earlier of these two occasions you were created a Member of the Governor's Gate, and

were personally invested by the late Duke of Clarence with the insignia of that office. You represented Ceylon at the Diamond Jubilee of her late Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and were awarded the Gold Medal, in 1897. In 1896 you were presented with a Gold Medal by the inhabitants of Siyane Korle East in grateful appreciation of the services you had rendered to its people in your capacity as Magistrate. In 1901 you were appointed a Knight of Honour by public subscription in Ceylon. You were one of the official Representatives of Ceylon at the Coronation of his late Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. in 1902, and on the occasion of your frequent visits to England you have been received in audience by His Majesty King George V. You were created a Knight in 1907, and were appointed a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1902, and in 1925 you were created a Knight Commander of that Order, you being the only Ceylonese upon whom this high honour has been conferred by His Majesty the King. I am recommending to the Secretary of State that your name should be accorded a special place, and that it should be inscribed for your lifetime, on the Ceylon Roll of Distinction, and I am asking Mr. Amery to present His Majesty with a view to the Royal Assent being given to this recommendation.

6. I congratulate you most heartily upon your splendid record as set out in the foregoing paragraph. I trust that you will long be spared to enjoy your well-earned distinction, and that I shall have of you with a very full heart and wishing you many happy returns of this day, and that every good and perfect

thing may be yours in the years of life that still remain to you.

I am, my dear old friend,

Affectionately yours,

(Signed) H. C. ...

Governor of Ceylon.

I have only to add that when May 22nd was fixed for His Excellency's visit to me he was not ... but having learnt of it later, the first thing he did on arriving here was to ... gift of a beautiful pair of sleeve-links. He then proceeded to read aloud the fine letter I have quoted, in the presence of his party, which consisted of Mr. Fletcher and Messrs. A. N. ... R. M. M. Worsley, and W. Holmes, of ... Mr. J. P. Obeyesekere, who succeeded me. It is unnecessary to state in so many words how much I value and appreciate this act of kindness and recognition of my humble services.

The news of my retirement ... came as a great surprise to the ... and the genuine regret expressed by ... all communities, and the very complimentary references to me, both in the numerous letters I received and in the Press, were extremely flattering. It was, I may add, a source of great satisfaction to me to have such proofs of the appreciation in which my humble services were held.

It was at about this time, too, that the Bishop of London, the Right Rev. Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, visited this country in the course of a world tour which he indulged in to mark his

silver jubilee, and I had the great pleasure of meeting his lordship at a large dinner-party given by His Excellency at Queen's Cottage. The season was in full swing at Nuwara Eliya, and at the races Pomfins, Grobeck, and Marshal Haig each carried my colours to victory. On another afternoon, in the presence of a large and fashionable gathering, His Excellency formally opened the new pavilion of the Anderson Golf Club on Moon Plains. This club, which is a Ceylonese institution, is named after Sir John Anderson, who gave permission for its links to be laid down over Crown land.

In the following month, with the stage already set for the closing scenes of the brief but brilliant Clifford régime, I was again a member of the house-party at the King's Pavilion.

The other members of the house-party on this occasion were, so far as I can recall, Mr. and Mrs. Windus, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Miss Barbara Hopkins, Miss Enid Hardwick, Miss Unwin, R. M. M. Worsley, C.C.S., A. N. Strong, C.C.S. (private secretary), Captain Loudoun-Shand, Extra A.D.C., and Mrs. L. A. S. Sir Hugh made an ideal host, and gave his guests as good a time as they could have wished for. I must not omit to mention the fact that His Excellency very often ate his curry and rice with his fingers in the most approved Eastern fashion. On one occasion during this particular house-party he expressed a desire, when all his guests, too, were present, that some of those at table should join him in this mode of

eating our national dish. The only one who had the courage to do so—a prominent member of the Civil Service—drew added attention to his achievement, however, inasmuch as each time he took up a bolus of well-mixed rice and curry to his mouth his forefinger appeared to go, not into the proper orifice, but into his nose! As he was a Ceylonese, some ladies near me actually enquired whether this was the orthodox method of eating with the fingers! My reply, of course, was in the negative. Later I gathered that the gentleman in question was suffering from writer's cramp, and that his forefinger was stiff and could scarcely be bent. This it was that accounted for the nasal phenomenon!

But all good things come to an end, and the house-party breaking up on the 25th, Sir Hugh returned to Colombo. I did so myself, dropping in at Horagolla *en route*, and stayed the night at Queen's House. That evening the Inspector-General and the officers of the Ceylon Police entertained His Excellency to a farewell dinner, at which I was one of a number of guests present.

On the 28th I again went down to Colombo, and stayed at Queen's House until the departure of Sir Hugh Clifford the following day on the s.s. *Ellenga* for Singapore via Penang to take up the duties of his new office. The roads from Queen Street to the Customs House were lined by dense crowds, and the jetty itself was thronged by a brilliant assemblage which had gathered to say farewell to Sir Hugh. His Excellency was anxious to shake hands with as many as possible,

and at one stage invited members of the public to come up by exclaiming aloud : " Please do come ! I must shake hands with everybody !" Noticing a faint murmur of dissent he cried : " Come on ! come on ! Someone give the lead !" It was characteristic of Sir Hugh that in going round, when his towering height enabled him to see a friend in the back ranks who was unable to push through, he himself shouldered his way to the rear to say " Good-bye," with a hearty shake of the hand. A number of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and myself, accompanied His Excellency on board, and Worsley went on with his Staff as far as Singapore, returning later.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STANLEYS

MR. FLETCHER was sworn in as Officer Administrator of the Government, and I returned home the same afternoon, having on the previous day relinquished my duties as Maha Mudaliyar to Mudaliyar J. P. Obeyesekere, who had been duly appointed my successor. On June 2, in response to the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, I went down again and stayed at Queen's House in connection with the King's Birthday celebrations. I had almost completely lost my voice as the result of a chill, but was, nevertheless, practically all right on the following day.

The festivities went off with great éclat, the proceedings gaining an additional impressiveness from the fact that the investiture of a Maha Mudaliyar was taking place after about thirty-two years. Before performing that function, His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, addressing me before those present, said :

" Sir Solomon Dias Bandula, — Before I ask you to present the Maha Mudaliyar, I desire to place on record the Government's warm appreciation of your own most honourable, loyal and devoted service to the Crown during the long

period of forty-three years, in recognition of which you receive the high dignity of Knight of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, which is the highest honour conferred on you by His Majesty the King. You have won the confidence and esteem of all who have been associated with you, and I wish you many years of health and happiness in your retirement."

I briefly thanked Mr. Fletcher for the generous terms in which he had referred to my humble services, and proceeded to present my successor, whom His Excellency addressed as follows :

"Mr. Obeyesekere,—One of the last acts performed by His Excellency Sir Hugh Clifford prior to his departure was to appoint you to succeed him to the high office of Inspector-General of the Police. It is a great pleasure and satisfaction that it has been my lot to invest you with the Insignia of that high office. Your name of a family having a long and most distinguished record serves under the Crown, and the Government, mindful of your own meritorious career, looks in confidence to you to maintain that high tradition."

Mr. Obeyesekere in reply said :

"I thank Your Excellency for the honour you have conferred upon me. It will be my earnest endeavour to uphold to the best of my ability the traditions of the high office to which I have had the honour of being appointed."

The Investiture of Native Ranks and General Levee followed.

About three weeks later Lady Clifford stayed a day or two in Colombo on her way from England



SIR PERCIVAL C. SNEYD, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1927-31).

to join her husband at Singapore, and I went down and stayed at Queen's House, where the Fletchers gave a grand dinner-party in honour of their guest. I must say that my residence at the Queen's House was a most happy one, lasting nearly three months, until His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley and Lady Stanley arrived on August 20th, with their Staff, which consisted of Mr. M. E. Antrobus, private secretary; Captain L. Holbech, D.S.O., Aide-de-Camp; and Mr. R. C. Byng, extra private secretary. Holbech, of course, had also been on Sir William's staff.

Sir Herbert and Lady Stanley were accorded a very warm welcome at the jetty, where I had the honour to be presented to them by Mr. Fletcher immediately after they stepped out of the launch. It was the last day of the big August Race Meeting, and His Excellency was very much amused at how thorough a sportsman he is by accepting an invitation to Lady Stanley and himself to lunch that very day with the Stewards of the Turf Club, within a few hours of their landing. The lunch took place at the Galle Face Hotel, the party leaving immediately afterwards for the race-course.

I was seated opposite to His Excellency at table, and addressing me he said: "Sir Sebastian, I heard all about you from a number of people in England, and the last person who spoke of you was His Majesty the King!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

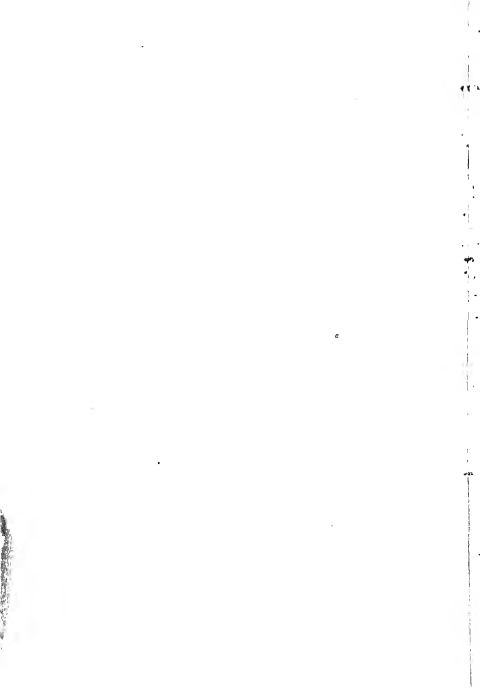
THE UNIVERSITY SITE CONTROVERSY

ABOUT the middle of 1927 an extraordinary amount of heat was in process of generation over the question of the site of the proposed University of Ceylon. In its origin Ceylon owes the whole project to that great scholar whose friendship I have the pleasure to enjoy—Lord Chalmers. Sir Chalmers, through the efforts of the late Sir Ponnappa Arunachalam on the one hand, and Sir William Manning and Sir Cecil Clementi on the other, had been gradually taking shape, and a vote towards its sanction had been given by the sanction of Lord Milner, then Secretary for the Colonies. Up to this stage, although there was no binding decision to this effect, it was generally understood that the University would be in Colombo, on what came to be designated the "Buller's Road site." But an entirely new complexion was put on the affair when Sir Hugh Clifford came as Governor. Sir Hugh, however much he chafed under the limitations imposed upon him by the Reformed Constitution, must be credited with fair-play and straight dealing. Having studied the files on the subject, he was of opinion that no decision had been arrived at



[Photo Ltd.

MR. CECIL CLEMENTI, C.M.G., NOW SIR CECIL CLEMENTI, K.C.B.



regarding the location of the University, that the vote already sanctioned was by no means earmarked for Buller's Road, and that the matter was one entirely for the Legislative Council's discretion. He thereupon summoned a conference at Queen's House to discuss the position, and the upshot was the appointment of a Committee to examine any and all available sites and recommend that which it considered most suitable whereon to build the University.

The Committee consisted of Mr. M. T. Akbar, K.C., as Chairman, and Messrs. Wait, Jayatilaka, Loos, Duraiswamy, and Molamure. So far as I can judge, these gentlemen carried out their duties conscientiously, but their work was looked upon with suspicion from the beginning by those wedded to the Buller's Road site. When ultimately their report recommended a site in Kandy—one of three in the Dumbara Valley area—the fat was in the fire, and a most vehement controversy began to rage. The fact that both Sir F. H. H. and the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. H. H.) gave themselves as being personally strongly in favour of the Dumbara site only served to exasperate those who came to be nicknamed the "Buller's Road Brigade," and for nearly a year what was known as "the Battle of the Sites" waxed fast and furious. It did not take long for everybody but those immediately engaged in the controversy to become thoroughly sick of it. Since, however, the storm does not appear to have blown over yet, I would rather not say more about the matter than that a great deal

too much of personal acrimony has been imported into what should have been a strictly academic discussion.

The adherents of Buller's Road were the first to open their campaign with a well-organized meeting at St. Joseph's College, at which Sir James Pieris, the Vice-President of the Legislative Council, presided. It has all along been my opinion that if Ceylon needs a University at all—and it is a very big "if"—the University must be outside Colombo, and outside Colombo I cannot honestly conceive of a better location than one in the region recommended by the Akbar Committee. Naturally, of course, I had not trumpeted my views aloud from the housetops, and in order to sound my opinion the Dumbura party adopted the novel expedient of commissioning a youthful journalist to obtain my signature as one of the conveners of a public meeting they were, in their turn, organizing. As I had already made up my mind, I was only too glad to give my signature in support of the Akbar Committee's recommendation. The youthful journalist, however, proved to be the forerunner of a series of representative deputations who waited on me to request me to preside at the meeting in question. Although at first reluctant, after giving the matter full consideration, I consented to take the chair, and the meeting was duly held in the Public Hall, which was crowded to capacity with a very enthusiastic gathering. The main resolution at this meeting was:

"That it is regretted and strongly supports the recommendations of the Committee appointed by His

Excellency the Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford, to consider and report upon the question of a site for the Ceylon University."

I was formally voted to the chair, and the speakers were Mr. H. A. P. Sandrasagara, K.C., Mr. Francis de Zoysa, Mr. B. F. de Silva, Dr. S. C. Paul, the Hon. Mr. T. B. L. Moonemale, Mr. J. R. Weinman, G. K. W. Perera, the Rev. W. E. Boteju, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Tambyah, and Mr. C. S. Rajaratnam. On the following morning the newspapers devoted several columns to the proceedings, and one journal described the meeting as the most representative gathering that ever assembled for a public purpose in this country.

The two public meetings, however, only served as a fillip to the controversy in the Press, and in February, when Mr. Akbar moved the adoption of the Akbar Commission's recommendations, the controversy reached its climax. The debate continued for five weeks, not always on a very edifying note, and ended with the adoption of the motion, not of course unanimously. And whether the matter will be allowed to rest here remains very much to be seen.

It will not be out of place to recall here another big meeting in the Public Hall at which, wellnigh twenty years earlier, in June, 1908, I presided. It was a public meeting held to celebrate the assembly of the Pan-Anglican Congress in London, and attracted a very large and representative gathering of Anglican Churchmen and Churchwomen. I see from the *Ceylon Churchman* of the following month

that in the course of my address there I quoted a statement from the Official Handbook of the Congress which summarized its objects. These objects were: "To give expression to the thoughts and desires of the Christian community in regard to the spread of the Gospel throughout the world; to take counsel as to the co-operation and co-ordination of Missions; the building up of independent Churches; the unity of the Christian Church; the promotion of friendly relations to other Christian Communions; the promotion of a true Christian spirit in the dealings of men with men and race with race; the ordering of lay ministrations; the social, industrial, scientific, educational, ecclesiastical, domestic and linguistic problems of all kinds which the Church has to face; in fact, any and all matters which affect the well-being of Christendom and of mankind, so far as the Anglican Communion can touch them."

Besides myself and the Archdeacon of Colombo, who was acting for the Bishop while he went to London for the Congress, the other members of the committee were: Rev. W. J. Rajapaksa, A. P. Dissanayake, O. J. C. Eeven, G. B. Ekanayake, F. L. Eeven, C. Henry, W. J. Wijesinghe, Jacob Mendis, and Messrs. A. de A. Seneviratne, C. E. Horsfall, J. G. C. Mendis and Muttukistna.

In the course of my presidential address on this occasion, I explained to the gathering how I had come to accept this distinguished position. "That it was not of my own accord," I said, "you will readily understand. For unworriedly I am to address you not only as a representative of the Anglican Communion but also as a representative of the whole of the Christian Church. I was indeed with no small hesitating that

I consented to accept the honourable post so kindly assigned to me by the Committee who arranged this meeting. I know my own deficiencies—feel almost that it is an impertinence for me to occupy this seat. Yet when I learned that it was the unanimous wish of the Committee that I should preside, I could not but feel that it was not for me to question their choice. And whatever my shortcomings, I cannot help feeling that I have one qualification for the position which I have accepted to plead my excuse for the seeming presumption of my being your President today. It is the hearty interest I bring, and that I have all through life cherished, to all that in any way concerns the Church."

After some further observations, I read the statement quoted earlier, giving the object of the Congress, and concluded thus:

"I am only a layman, but I cannot ignore the world which the statement I have just read suggests and lays stress upon.

"We are a part of a world with other divisions of mankind, and other principles and pursuits. We have divisions by race and nationality, by forms of government and political institutions; there are religious sects, and scientific and philosophical schools. Only the old and familiar division into 'those of the Kingdom' and those outside, the Church and the world, holds as true and real today as ever. The distinction is a sharp one, but sharp as it is, it allows of mutual interaction. The world needs the Church for its purification and enlightenment, the Church yearns for the spiritual conquest of the world. Its mission is to subdue the world,

and we are assured it will do so. But the warfare on its part is not to be, after the manner of the world, with carnal weapons of physical coercion, or political agitation, or social anathemas, or dogmatic assertions, or arrogant postures, or weak and traitorous compromises. For the victory which the Church hopes for, it looks to the zeal and devotion of her children, to patient study on their part, to correct understanding of questions and conditions, to unwearied labour, to patient endurance, to their high example and prayerful sympathy, to an ever increasing knowledge of the truth, to the final victory that will crown it. And if it be so, who will not count himself happy today that he is privileged to say a word, however feeble, or to bear a part, however humble, in the struggle for 'the victory that overcometh'?"

THE RESOLUTIONS expressing sympathy with and co-operation in furthering, the objects of the Congress were next passed, one of the most stirring of the speeches being delivered by the veteran missionary Mr. Rowlands. The day's proceedings were carried out most successfully, and in bringing the meeting to a close the Archdeacon paid the following tribute to the Assembly. Addressing the Assembly in the *Churchman*, he (the Archdeacon) asked everyone to thank the Chairman for the very useful part he had taken in the meeting. He was pleased, he said, to find how great was his willingness to take the chair on what had been referred to in England as a unique occasion. Mr. Ekanayake had referred to the danger of the Church in Ceylon having a Western dress. He (the Archdeacon) therefore had great pleasure in seeing the foremost member

of the Sinhalese race in the chair, and also the presence of a large number of members of the Sinhalese community. The Church in Ceylon had a great future, and they only wanted more zeal and a greater spirit of co-operation.

The vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. H. J. Peiris.

I must not omit to mention here that in August, 1927, a new political party called the Unionist Association of Ceylon was formed. Before outlining its scope, however, I would like to chronicle the death of Sir S. C. Obeyesckere, at "Hill Castle," in his seventy-ninth year. The funeral was very well attended, His Excellency being represented by Captain H. L. S. , who placed a beautiful wreath from Sir Herbert and Lady Stanley on the grave.

At about this time died Sir Thomas E. de Sarampo, K.C., a retired Judge of the Supreme Court, and I attended his funeral and acted as pall-bearer. Sir Thomas, who acted as Chief Justice, was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished sons of the soil, and withal as unassuming and kindly a man as you could meet anywhere.

This year witnessed yet another break consequent on my relinquishing the duties of Maha Mudaliyar. When the presentation of the annual Maldivian Tribute took place, I was present on the special invitation of Sir Herbert Stanley, as the Staff, including the new Maha Mudaliyar, were naturally unaccustomed to conducting the proceedings.

This was thus the last occasion on which I should participate in this old-world ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE UNIONIST PARTY

THE Unionist Party, to which I have just referred, was formed for the purpose of bringing to the Special Commission on the Reform of the Constitution that there is a strong school of political thought in this country which does not see eye to eye with the Congress. The Commission was sent out on the suggestion of Sir Hugh Clifford, who was not enamoured of the Constitution he found when he came here as Governor. On more than one occasion he characterized the lack of responsibility vested in the Legislature as "mischievous," and whenever he referred to the subject he qualified his dissatisfaction by remarking that the next step must naturally be a step forward.

Congress circles made capital of this utterance, and began to formulate schemes of self-government against the arrival of the Commission, which was to be headed by Sir John Lubbock, Sir Alfred Milner, Sir George Grey, and Dr. Drummond Shiels, with Mr. P. A. Clutterbuck as Secretary. A great many people of mature and sober judgment, however, felt that it would not be in the country's best interests for those who do

not agree with the Congress to remain silent at so important a juncture, and the Unionist Association came into being to represent the political views of those who, while not absolutely opposed to many cardinal points in the Congress creed, nevertheless believe that those objects can more surely be gained by other and more suitable methods.

On the earnest invitation of a number of people interested in the new organization, and after considerable thought, I consented to accept office as its President. The memorandum we subsequently forwarded to the Commission indicated clearly the points where, and the reasons why, we are at variance with the Congress, and gradually, if grudgingly, it will, I am sure, be acknowledged that the Unionist Association is fulfilling an important function in public life in Ceylon.

The Unionist Deputation that went before the Special Commission consisted of myself as President, Sir Marcus Fernando and Mr. Felix Dias. Also present were Mr. A. E. Rajapakse, the Hon. Mr. W. M. Abdul Rahiman, Mr. Leslie de Saram, the Rev. Dr. G. B. Ekanayake, Dr. David Rockwood, and Messrs. Donald Obeyesekere and Lionel de Fonseka (joint Hon. Secretaries). After I had introduced the members of the deputation to the Commissioners, our memorandum was fully gone into, those who spoke and amplified various points made therein being Sir Marcus Fernando, Mr. Felix Dias, Mr. Leslie de Saram, Dr. Ekanayake and Mr. Donald Obeyesekere.

One of the many social functions at which the Commissioners were entertained was a well-

attended dinner at the Orient Club, when, at their special request, there were no toasts other than those of "The King" and "The Governor." I sat next to Lord Donoughmore, and was agreeably surprised to hear from him that he was at one time private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, and that Sir John Keane, who was Sir Henry's private secretary in Ceylon, was a great friend of his. His lordship's home, he informed me, is not far from that of the Blakes—Myrtle Grove, Youghal.

At a social gathering held by the British Commissioners and their ladies were "At Home" one evening at the Galle Face Hotel, the function, which was well attended, being graced by His Excellency. Lord Donoughmore and his colleagues were in his capacity, besides his duties, and besides sitting in the new Town Hall in Colombo, held sessions at Jaffna, Battor, Kandy, and Galle.*

* Whilst this book was in the press, the Report of the Donoughmore Commission was issued, and is now being considered.

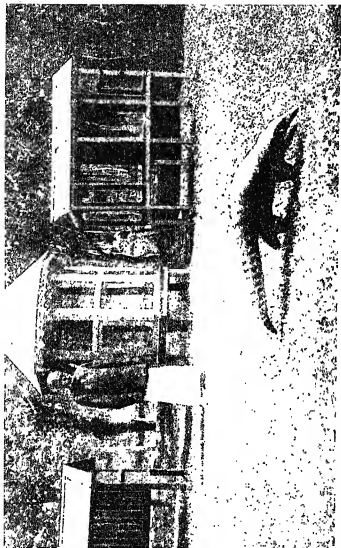


Photo by H. H. H. H. H.

TAME PANGOLIN IN THE MENAGERIE AT HORAGOLLA.



CONCLUSION

ALTHOUGH I have not heard it said, I am sure that writing reminiscences such as these is anything but an unbalanced job. I sometimes wonder if the blessings of memory are counterbalanced, when doing so, by the sorrows, the regrets, and the recollections of far-away days—and friends. I think that anyone who has written on a subject similar to mine must have been faced, when his work was finished, by the same reflection. Indeed, until I had completed this work—such as it is—I hardly realized how many of my friends had left me to wander in the Elysian fields.

Reading over what I have written in the preceding chapters, I am of opinion that much could have been added to them, and, perhaps, something eliminated, or at least abbreviated. I have only mentioned some thirty of my horses, but they and many others well deserve a volume to themselves. Neither do I speak of my many dogs, past and present, although the same might be said of them. Concerning both, I might borrow a verse from the Koran, and derive from it what comfort I can :

"I shall be as they were, and they shall be as I am."

Arc People even as thine : and unto Allah shall they return."

Nor have I discoursed about my private menagerie at Veyangoda, in spite of the fact that the life-history of my elephants, leopards, bears, monkeys, pangolins—sometimes described as armadillos—jackals, and snakes would make interesting reading for those who have a *penchant* for such pets. This menagerie has been placed on the roadside specially for the benefit of visitors and travellers and all the thousands of people making use of the road on their periodical visits to the various temples to attend their religious festivals. I have indeed on many occasions overheard these people expressing their admiration for the animals, and I have been obliged to point out to them the various animals which they were looking at.

For these sins of omission and commission I crave the indulgence of my readers, and despite its shortcomings, I trust at least that they will have derived some entertainment from my book.

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